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TRAVELS IN THE EAST
OF
NICHOLAS II
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA
WHEN CESAREWITCH

VOLUME
I

H. I. H. the Cesarewitch Nicolas Alexandrovitch

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TRAVELS IN THE EAST OF NICHOLAS II EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

WHEN CESAREWITCH

1890-1891

Written by Order of His Imperial Majesty by

PRINCE E. OOKHTOMSKY

and Translated from the Russian by

ROBERT GOODLET (ST. PETERSBURG)

IN TWO VOLUMES : WITH ABOUT 500 ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED ON WOOD; AND NUMEROUS HELIOGRAVURE PLATES

Edited by

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD.

M.D., K.C.I.E., Etc.

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STEEL AND HELIOGRAVURE PLATES

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INTRODUCTION

'The East, in all its beauty, solemn, motionless, a fine web of faces, garments, and ornaments, rises like the billowing smoke of a sacrificial fire, and passes before us in a series of supersensual visions.'

Rumours had long been rife concerning the Emperor's intention of sending the Cesarewitch on a long and arduous journey to India and China, returning thence either through America, or the vast expanse of Siberia; and when, in the spring and summer of 1890, the realisation of the project became a certainty, and the time for its execution drew near, the details of the probable routes attracted universal attention. Nothing gives so much breadth to the intellectual horizon, nothing has so much influence on the character, as immediate and living contact with the life of other lands; and what marvellous and attractive scenes awaited the Imperial traveller! All the past life of humanity is bound up with them. All that ever gave wings to the human spirit is preserved to the present day in their antique monuments, and discourses eloquently on the never-ceasing victory of reason and artistic creation over impersonal and formless matter. One may affirm, without exaggeration, that there is nothing worthy of note in Oriental sociology, religion, and architecture, from which His Imperial Highness, during his journey, did not carry away a clear and deeply instructive impression. The strange and mighty ideas which created and animated Egypt, Asia, and Greece, appeared at every step, in stone and speech, unshaken and unconquered by the chaos of the ages.

The drawing up of the programme of a journey so important to the State was the special care of the tutor of the Cesarewitch, General G. G. Danilovitch, A.D.C. to His Imperial Majesty, assisted by the late Admiral Shestakoff and Captain Lomen, and our well-known geographer,

A. I. Voyeykoff. The details of the projected journey were afterwards elaborated by different departments; but its scope and aim were decided far earlier, in Gatchina and Peterhof.

The number of those chosen to be the constant companions of H.I. Highness was very limited, consisting of Major-General Prince V. A. Bariatinsky, A.D.C. to H.I. Majesty, and chief of the staff of the expedition, with special confidence invested in him by the Emperor; Prince N. D. Obolensky (of the Horse Guards), A.D.C. to H.I. Majesty; Prince V. S. Kochubey (of the Chevalier Gardes); and E. N. Volkoff (Hussars of the Guard). A few days before the start I was detached on duty from the Department of Foreign Creeds in the Ministry of the Interior, and placed at the disposal of Prince Bariatinsky for literary work, and for writing an account of the journey. At Trieste the suite was joined by N. N. Gritsenko, water-colour painter, a pupil of Bogoliuboff's, and at Cairo by V. K. von Rambach, naval surgeon. Through Siberia the Cesarewitch was also accompanied by Rear-Admiral V. G. Basargin, Flag-Captain to H.I. Majesty.

Only the first five above-mentioned members of the party were near the person of H.I. Highness from the moment of leaving Gatchina, on October 23 (November 4), 1890, until his return on the 4th (16th) of August 1891; and on October 21, just before the parting of the Heir-Apparent from his parents, they were present at the last Sunday Mass in the Gatchina Palace, after which the Emperor and Empress bestowed a few moments of gracious conversation on each of those, who were to accompany H.I. Highness. In the future lay much that was novel and charming, but in it too lay hidden something inexpressibly sad and never to be forgotten.

If we let our imagination carry us back to the past, and call to mind, with any degree of detail, all that concerns those nine months and a half, spent in endless journeyings over thousands of miles, we get such a vast, varied, and absolutely inexhaustible store of impressions, that it is, as yet, impossible to say definitely what was the most interesting moment, which page is the brightest and most ineffaceable.

An endless scroll gradually unrolls itself in our memory and imagination. The strange characters traced on it, intelligible only to those initiated into their secret meaning, gradually blend into an organic and significant whole. Like the tracery of the illumination on some ancient and precious manuscript, there appear on its margins the famous monuments seen in passing, the unforgotten beauties of this or that landscape, the soft light of cloudless southern skies. All this seems to awake in us, to penetrate all around us, to draw us back to the irrevocable past.

Words cannot express how much was experienced, as day followed day, and month succeeded month, at each step giving fresh food for thought and enriching the imagination. After falling asleep in the gloom of the railway car as it rolled through the night, in the morning one would awake in a new and strange world of images and colours, to see, sometimes the rays of the sun gilding the greenish-blue surface of the ocean, sometimes the tribes of the interior of India, petrified in their prehistoric life, sometimes the stately creations of Mohammedan art, standing amidst the ashes of a vanished civilisation; at times again such nooks and corners of the earth, where all around spoke of the first moments of creation, virgin forests, with their mysterious gloom, their noisy rushing torrents, their creeping plants, embracing and striving to crush the mighty trunks of the wide-spreading trees, or the smoke of some fire-breathing mountain, groaning and yearning for relief from its internal torments under the impenetrable tropical jungle girdling its mighty breast. To-day we see the gay streets of Vienna crowded with spectators. The thunder of naval salutes rolls, next day, over the echoing bay of Trieste. Soon after, the calm isles of Greece rise up in billowy lines on the horizon. There has not yet been time to grasp and realise what one has seen, it has not yet

been possible to enjoy these impressions to the full, when the peaceful valleys of Greece open up before us, and the sacred ruins of the temple of Zeus lie, a grey mass, at our feet. Within the walls of the Olympian Museum stand, looking into the distance with still, cold eyes, the shattered, mutilated, desecrated images, which represent the work of the giants of Hellenic art.

From the ruins of the Acropolis, so well known to travellers, the tide sweeps us farther and farther towards foreign shores.

AFRICA.—A narrow strip of sand, accidentally and but recently colonised, and considered a town. The Suez Canal, narrow and unsightly; pillars of sand rise and twirl, flying over the neighbouring Arabian desert; on the other side lies the dreary lake of Menzaleh; and suddenly we come on Cairo, the Cairo of the *Arabian Nights*, and of the latest development of European civilisation transplanted into African soil, Cairo on which the pyramids nearest the capital gaze with admiration from their almost unattainable height. Reason enough there is to feel giddy and agitated; the perturbed spirit would fain seek rest and quiet for a while. But it is not to be. Ceremony follows upon ceremony. As before, the flood of impressions rushes on with overwhelming power.

UPPER EGYPT.—The yachts of the Egyptian Court furrowing the mirror-like surface of the stately Nile, ancient heathen temples, palaces innumerable, hieroglyphics.

Here is the southernmost point of our journey up the Nile, the quiet little island of Philæ, beyond the northernmost cataract of the Nile. Near it is the rush of the rapids, dashing against the black volcanic rocks, and the natives plunging into the hell of waters with the agility and lightsomeness of those to the manner born; while higher up, above the islet, we again see the mirror-like surface of the river, gazed on by monuments, which have contemplated the march of the ages. And again we sail on to new sights and to new revelations.

ADEN.—It seems but yesterday that we saw, at Memphis, the colossal fallen statues of the great Pharaoh Rameses II.; that we penetrated into the stifling catacombs, where once slept the sacred bulls of Egypt, and into the spell-bound interior of pyramids so ancient, that it is full hard to say to what remote epoch they may belong. Yet we are already breathing the fiery atmosphere of the Red Sea. Along the coast, in places, we see the bare ribs of vessels, which have suffered shipwreck. Now and again, in the calm of the evening, we meet steamers, brightly illuminated, and apparently loaded with passengers, returning from the Far East. They are returning home to that Europe whence we are borne by a strange and fascinating yet terrible power. We remember Egypt, Cairo; and as we recall the enigmatical creations of the all but mythical kings Cheops, Chephren, and Menkaoora, we suddenly see, on the African coast, some hill whose triangular summit seems to have originated the type of the pyramid. Will it indeed be possible to show, in the course of time, that here too the human spirit, in its artistic development, has slavishly conformed to the marvellous outlines of that South, whence the early civilised forefathers of the Egyptian people made their way northwards, through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, up to the banks of the Nile?

And now the gloomy but picturesque rocks of Aden are also left behind us. We are in the Indian Ocean. There is a complete absence of coast-line, and we feel, that it will be long before we see land again. The vast expanse grows wider and wider; the ocean, prisoned and confined within this little world, reaches forth into illimitable space.

BOMBAY.—The India we have longed for, distant though it be, and wearisome in its vast expanse. Is it conceivable to keep waking up every day in perfectly new surroundings? The costumes are strange, the buildings bear no resemblance to those we saw but yesterday, the new

historical peculiarities are even more complicated and characteristic than those already observed by us.

ELLORA.—Ancient, moss-grown rock-temples, the abode of snakes, and frequented by a comparatively small number of faithful worshippers. A whole city of artistically conceived temples and shrines, hewn out of the hillsides. The dusky, half-naked, wondering people, flocking in crowds to the wayside to gaze on the Imperial guest, who, as they have been told, comes hither from that magic, incomprehensible, and powerful North, where the White Tsar holds his sway. In many of the natives, both men and women, we find a something which reminds us of our own peasantry; the crimson garments, which find such favour among them, the kerchiefs knotted round their heads, as our own peasant-women wear them, the outline of the face; so that in certain details there seems to lurk something familiar and homelike. Is this, then, a mere accident? Or are there not grounds for believing, that we are but little changed by Western civilisation, and that they, congealed in the mould of an almost prehistoric antiquity, are our brothers, not by blood alone, but also by some inner seal, laid both on us and on them?

THE MUSSULMAN EAST. — Is it worth one's while to concentrate attention on purely Hindoo life alone, when before our very eyes lies a far simpler and more comprehensible world, the world of that very mediæval Irano-Turanian civilisation which was borne into the vast peninsula of India from Central Asia, from regions, which are either wholly ours, or else are steadily gravitating towards us? It may seem strange, but it cannot be denied, that Lahore and Samarkand, pious Bokhara and the religious centres of the former empire of the Moguls, are in fact connected by a certain community of historical life, still reflected in their architectural masterpieces, which guard, under the arches of monumental tombs, the ashes of sultans who have earned undying fame.

THE GANGES.—Crowds of Hindoos, performing their religious ablutions. The shrines of Benares, occupying the whole shore-line of one of the most ancient cities in India.

THE SOUTH OF INDIA.—The mingling of an obscure aboriginal civilisation, represented by the Dravidic race, found here by the Aryans, with the religious art of the invaders, resulting in a gigantic pantheon clustering and peering forth on us everywhere, from the gates and the roofs of the temples, from the pillars within, literally everywhere, so that there is neither number, nor measure, nor definite name and meaning to be found for all these fantastic images. After a farewell illumination at Madura, comes the hour of departure from India; for CEYLON scarcely forms part of it. Rather may it be regarded as a portion of that Indo-Malayan world, to see which is to know what the human race was shortly after its expulsion from Paradise. There it was that the longed-for meeting took place between the Cesarewitch and Their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Dukes Alexander Michailovich and Sergius Michailovich, on their way back in the yacht *Tamara* from a journey to the Far East; and there for the first time we come into direct contact with the religion founded by Buddha, the ancient Indian sage, deified by the common people. And all this in the midst of the inexhaustible treasures of nature, in the shadow of the lofty mountains, rising into the sapphire sky, where we find a temperate and exhilarating climate within a stone's-throw of intolerable tropical heat. It seems as if, in this comparatively temperate atmosphere, the human spirit, inspired by the religious life of India, had gradually freed itself from the comparatively gross forms of its idolatry; for in Buddhism, with its simple, clear, and sober ideas, we find another East, the East of a reconciled past, of a more rational present, and a brighter and more active future. In the Brahminical world we have just left behind us we do not find these notes of humanity; its mystically

THE MOSQUE OF HASSAN IN CAIRO.

apprehended deity stands apart from man and from the earth, self-concentrated and terrible. India seems to me like a vast temple hewn in the rock; within it a silent crowd of worshippers. Innumerable idols carved in stone gaze on them from around; familiar features all, the names forgotten. The people bow their heads in the gloom before the altar, distant, dumb, and for ever inaccessible. This inaccessibility of the stern divinity forms at once the strength and the weakness of Brahminism. Its strength was exhibited with remarkable distinctness, when the torrent of Mussulman invasion poured down on the pagan world of India; the Hindoos clung desperately to their faith, and died rather than surrender. Its weakness was most noticeable, when Islam began to take root in the land, and the Great Moguls successively quelled the native population by the force of their marked individuality. Brought up in the fear of unseen and vengeful gods, the natives were the readier to fall down in superstitious awe before their pitiless Mohammedan conquerors. For now, after having left what was once the sphere of their sway, one can look with a calm and unprejudiced eye on those splendid tombs, so often described and all but glorified by travellers. There they stand, viewed without prejudice, in their true light, these mighty mausoleums of strangers, steeped in blood, knowing neither pardon nor mercy! What oceans of love must yet flow to wash out the shame of these prisons of the dead, wherein, in fearful darkness, amidst avenging shades, the Great Moguls await the Day of the Last Judgment! Yet are they magnificent and full of majesty, these sepulchres of the enslavers of India!

JAVA.—Even when the wave has borne us from her shores yet farther eastward, we still meet with the luminous reflection of the religion of India, and her mysterious civilisation. In Java the heaps of fragments, the innumerable idols, and the heathen temples retaining their pristine beauty, still speak of the ancient influence of the civilised Hindoos; and here also Buddhism, in places, has not yet lost its hold on the people. The stone image of Manjuçrî, the god of wisdom, with a sword in his uplifted hand, found in the tropical home of the Malay, is, in spite of an interval of 2000 years, identical with that personification of Buddha which is worshipped in the snowy fastnesses of Thibet; as if certain forms of a religion, having become canonical, were determined to bear witness everywhere, and in all ages, to the immutability of its foundations. Side by side with this last gleam of Indian civilisation, one sees the half-naked aborigines conquered by Islam, preserving echoes of their former spiritual world only in their extremely original music, viz. in the so-called 'gamelang,' in which the soft, silvery notes, like spirit-voices, rising from behind every plant in the jungle, speak of the great and inextinguishable sorrow of a much-suffering nation. Wars and executions, the blast of death-breathing volcanoes, all is incarnated in song and vision, seen through a mist of tears. The will is fast bound by a malign fate, the past is full of sadness and gloom, the soul is under the power of a mysterious spell, and no love is granted to the heart. To the sounds of this magical and yearning music, speaking to strangers in a language new to them, the Cesarewitch, on the 26th of February (10th of March) 1891, ascended the volcano of Papandaya, in the heart of the island of Java. The Emperor's birthday was celebrated by a handful of Russians (among whom was his first-born son) thousands of miles away from home, far beyond the Equator, in the midst of tropical scenery, oppressive in the very superabundance of its fruitfulness.

SIAM.—A land of Eastern fable, a portion of the domain of faëry. From the first moment to the last of the visit paid to the hospitable monarch of the country, H.M. King Chulalonkorn, all was wonderfully original and full of charm. A people and a civilisation standing on the border of two worlds, the Indian world and the Chinese; the silent and as yet bloodless struggle for independence against European civilisation, or rather annexation; fanciful temples, their gilded summits and gaudy roofs reflected in the Menam; native music, native dances, native sports; between two and

three hundred wild elephants trumpeting and dashing about in an enclosure: what standard are we to take in speaking and judging of all this?

CHINA.—The current of incessant change sweeps us away along the shore of what was once Annam, but where now the tricolor of the French waves o'er the land, towards the Celestial Empire. Here it lies, that vast and impenetrable body, to the study and comprehension of which so many Western minds have devoted, and still devote, their energies. A reception from the Government really transcending all that came before, especially if we consider the inimical feeling of the people to all that is foreign; the Cesarewitch in the yellow Imperial litter, and that in the presence of millions of the lower classes, educated in the time-honoured belief, that all other nations of the earth are subject to their sovereign, and knowing, that before the arrival of the Heir-Apparent to the Russian throne such honour had never been shown to any one. May we not see in such an unexampled phenomenon a token of the intimacy of our future friendly relations with China? Even yet one seems to hear, in the narrow streets of Canton, the firm and steady tramp of the sailors, escorting H.I. Highness, while the triumphant strains of the band, which accompanied him, have not yet died away.

JAPAN.—Air, scenery, and light, such as are not to be equalled in the whole world. Tokens of welcome, expressions of general sympathy, and of the hope of seeing the long-expected visitors during a prolonged stay. The most heartfelt sympathy for the life of the country, its manners, its art, and for all it holds sacred. And suddenly!—treachery and darkness, and that, too, in the light of day, in the land regarded by the Cesarewitch with such kindly feelings. It seemed to us as if a storm of fire would sweep past, and the earth, bedewed with blood, would open to swallow up the villain! Unspeakable moral torments suffered in Otsu and Kioto after the murderous attack; a dark cloud veiling all the past journey, and finally the Emperor's telegram, clear as noonday:—'Return to the squadron.' Then the departure for Vladivostok; the approach to the cold, unsightly shore, which was yet so inexpressibly welcome, because it was our unalienable Russian land, separated though it be by an infinite distance from the heart of Russia; and the farewell to the frigate *Pamiat Azova*. Done is the far journey over the azure waves of the ocean; from the warm breath of the autumn shores of Trieste, to the scorching heat of the East and the purple dawn of May on the borders of Siberian snow and ice. And, recalling all this to our memory, we clearly see the moment when, in answer to our dreams, we were swiftly borne from foreign shores out into space and light. Yet how these moments are lost in a crowd of other brilliant pictures!

The review of the journey through Siberia is reserved for the introduction to the second half of this work. It remains for us to recall the 4th (16th) of August 1891. The Imperial train slowly rolls up to the station of Tosna. One's heart beats quicker, oppressed with the thought, that now, after nine months and a half, the time has come to part from one, who during that period exhibited so much gracious sympathy for his companions. Yet one can say:—'We are at home; all is comparatively well, thank Heaven!' The engine gradually slows down. Slowly there float along the platform the figures of the railway servants and the uniforms of the Emperor's escort. The Emperor himself looks kindly into the windows of the carriages. Near him we see the face of the Empress, full of emotion. The doors open, the journey is done. There are moments which can never, never be forgotten!

CHAPTER I

TUESDAY, *October* 23 (*November* 4), 1890.

THE late, bleak autumn weighs heavily on the spirits; but one does not remark it in the hurry and bustle of departure, in the mingled feeling of vague sadness and immoderate happiness: for at last the hour has struck for the journey to distant and magic lands, at last we are about to realise the dream of coming into direct contact with those lands of the East, which are most brilliant and original.

The Gatchina station of the Warsaw Railway, at 2 P.M. We are just about to lose sight for a long time, perhaps for ever, of those familiar faces, gazing so sadly at the Heir-Apparent; familiar places will sink into formless gloom, and many images, precious and never to be forgotten, will retreat far into the inner depths of our consciousness.

The Imperial family enter the carriage of the Cesarewitch to accompany him as far as the next station. The train starts. The crowd reverently bare their heads in prayer, confiding to the Almighty the young life sacred to a hundred million hearts.

After some fifty minutes the speed of the train slackens: and now comes that painful and trying moment, which one has wished to put off, and which may not be prolonged. The Emperor, with his family, leaving his son, and preserving an outward calm, bids farewell in a clear voice to Prince Bariatinsky, and speaks a few memorable words to the other members of the party. One's heart suddenly contracts with an unbearable pain. What, then, must the Sovereign parents feel, sacrificing to Russia and to duty all that is most precious to them in the world? The Grand Duke George is on the sea; their first-born son is intrusted to the same treacherous element and exposed to a thousand other dangers. May God grant strength and courage to our beloved Monarch and to our beloved Empress to bear the burden they have freely laid upon themselves! may He support them in their sore bereavement!

When towards 3 P.M. the special train, which was to take the Cesarewitch abroad, had left the station of Siverskaya, only the Imperial traveller and his little escort remained in the carriage. A cold and dismal day looked in at the windows. The North had not decked itself out for the farewell; and even if it had accompanied us with the frigid sunbeams and the quiet smile of a cloudless autumn sky, what would this pale farewell signify in comparison with that bloom of southern beauty which

awaited us in the near future. The cloudiness kept increasing. Even before crossing the boundaries of the government of St. Petersburg, between 5 and 6 o'clock P.M., candles had to be lit. While going at a speed of forty versts an hour, there were only five stoppages in the interval between leaving Gatchina and midnight, and those no more than from six to twelve minutes each. H.I. Highness passed almost the whole day in conversation with his constant companions, and after dinner examined Laloux and Monceau's splendid work, the *Restauration d'Olympie* (Paris, 1889), as the first excursion worth attention was to be made to that very place, to the site of the recent excavations in the ancient Peloponnesus. . . . One's sleep was sweet in the Imperial train, on the threshold of new and longed-for impressions.

WEDNESDAY, *October* 24 (*November* 5).

At 1 P.M., not far from Warsaw, at the station of Lapy (in the Mazovetsky district of the Lomzha government), the pupils of the local schools formed ranks in the little square before the station, to receive the Cesarewitch. On hearing of this, H.I. Highness came out to the children. He was greeted with three cheers and the singing of the National Anthem. Flowers were showered at the feet of the Imperial traveller, who honoured the masters with a few words of gracious conversation. As the train left the station, the priest of the place, cross in hand, kept making the sign of the cross over it with the crucifix.

At 3.23 P.M. came the arrival at the station of Praga on the Vistula, where the Cesarewitch is eagerly awaited by the local military and civil authorities. General I. V. Goorko, A.D.C. to His Majesty, Governor-General of Warsaw, and his assistant, General Count Moossin Pooshkin, A.D.C. to His Majesty, stand on the platform, among a group of generals, of the chief representatives of the Civil Service, and of a number of officers. The solemn strains of the National Anthem rise from the band of the guard of honour, with its banner, furnished by the Volinsk Regiment of the Guards, H.I. Highness's regiment. The Cesarewitch, leaving the carriage, and saying a few words to General Goorko, passes along the ranks of the company and greets the men, after which the commander of the troops presents the generals to him. After the march past of the guard with its band, H.I. Highness enters the Imperial apartments, where the Governor-General presents the higher officials of the Civil Service; here he converses for half an hour with General Goorko and Count Moossin-Pooshkin, while waiting for another train. The platform is literally covered with a dense mass of officers, desirous of casting a farewell glance on the Grand Duke, if only from a distance.

THURSDAY, *October* 25 (*November* 6).

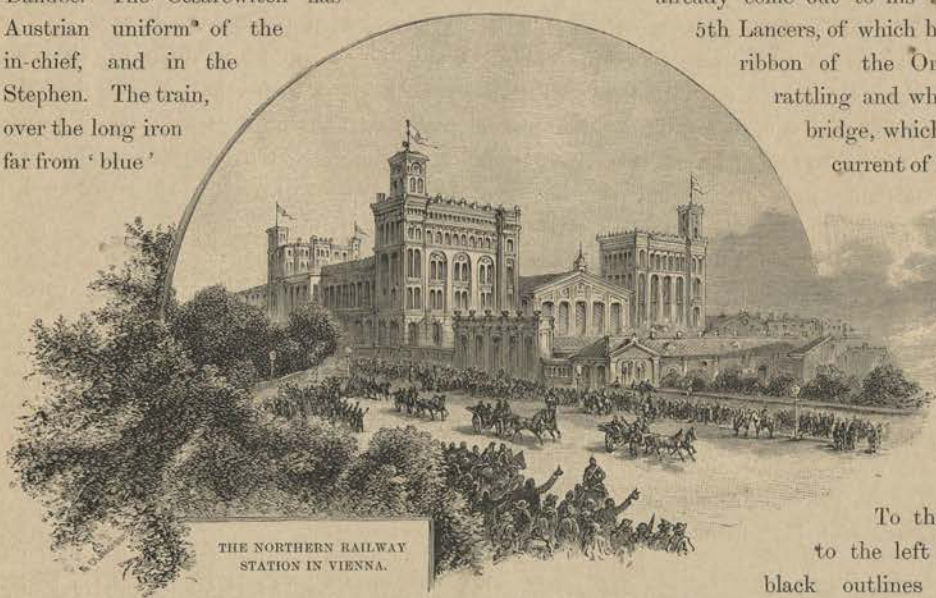
Morning finds us on Austrian territory. In spite of the bad weather, one can see, in the early dawn, groups of curious spectators at the stations of Truchna, Ostrau, and Zauchtel. Nearly every one in the train is asleep, no one looks out of it; yet the inhabitants of these places flock together, striving to note some characteristic detail of the Imperial traveller's journey to Vienna.

Before luncheon, between 9 and 10 A.M., at Prerau, H.I. Highness is met by our Ambassador in Austria, Prince Lobanoff-Rostoffsky. The crowds at the stations keep growing, and the entrance into Vienna, judging by all appearances, promises an extraordinary gathering of people. The weather is clearing up. For the first time since leaving Gatchina the bright beams of the sun light up the country around us.

We have passed Gradisch and Lundenburg. It is noon, and the table is laid for lunch in the dining-car. Quantities of light pour in at the enormous windows, through which we see a perfectly

level country, a flourishing land, very well cultivated. The railway crosses the river Thaya, which separates Moravia from Austria. Soon after the train passes near the Marchfeld, the scene of two historically important battles in the thirteenth century. Here Ottocar of Bohemia vanquished the Hungarians, and here he afterwards perished himself, defeated by Rudolf of Habsburg. Towards the east we see the outlines of the Lesser Carpathians. The road repeatedly runs by the side of the river March; beyond it lies Hungary. Only some half-hour is left, before we arrive in Vienna. It is time to change one's costume, and to see what to take with us for our short stay in the palace. The carriages roll faster and faster over the plain. Can it be, that we have already flown more than a thousand miles away from our native capital!

The summit of the Cathedral of St. Stephen peeps forth from behind the wooded banks of the Danube. The Cesarewitch has already come out to his suite in the Austrian uniform of the 5th Lancers, of which he is colonel-in-chief, and in the ribbon of the Order of St. Stephen. The train, rattling and whistling, flies over the long iron bridge, which spans the far from 'blue' current of the Danube.



THE NORTHERN RAILWAY STATION IN VIENNA.

To the right and to the left we see the black outlines of other bridges. Gradually slackening speed, the engine, exactly at 2 P.M., stops under the arched roof of the Nordbahnhof.

The sun shines brightly on the reception, now taking place in Vienna. The Emperor Franz Joseph, with the Archdukes, has come close up to the train. His Majesty is in the uniform of our Kexholm Grenadiers, H.I. and R. Highness the Archduke Karl Ludwig in that of the Lubno Dragoons, H.I. and R. Highness the Archduke Wilhelm in that of the Russian Horse Artillery, while the Archdukes Franz Ferdinand d'Este, Otto, and Ferdinand, the sons of the Archduke Karl Ludwig, and the Archduke Rainer are in Austrian uniforms. Besides the Emperor, three other members of the House of Habsburg wear the ribbon of St. Andrew.

How many eyes eagerly watch for the meeting of the Emperor and the Cesarewitch! But a little while ago the route to the East was to pass through Constantinople on the way to the Holy Sepulchre. The unexpected change was joyously welcomed in hospitable Vienna.

Last year the Cesarewitch, returning from Athens, visited the Austrian capital incognito. Now he enters its streets, thronged with people, with honours shown to crowned heads alone. His reception is the same as that recently given to the German Emperor.

The Emperor Franz Joseph cordially embraces and salutes his Imperial guest. The stirring strains of the Russian National Anthem impart an especial solemnity to a meeting significant in itself, and of which all political Europe is thinking and talking.

H.I. Majesty and H.I. Highness pass along the ranks of the guard of honour, with banner and band, furnished by the 19th Hungarian Infantry, of which the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este is colonel-in-chief. Then comes the introduction of the principal members of the Emperor's suite, after which the Cesarewitch presents his companions to the Emperor, and finds time to say a few words to our military agent in Austria, Colonel Zuyeff, and to the councillor and secretaries of our embassy, Prince Cantacuzen, Baron Budberg, and Count Pahlen.

The Emperor Franz Joseph and his Imperial guest proceed towards the exit from the station, through the beautiful Imperial apartments. In the crowd, that streams after them, it is impossible to bestow more than a passing glance on some of the frescoes and on a fine fountain.

His Majesty invites the Russian Heir-Apparent to occupy the seat at his right hand in the open carriage, in which they drive out into the Nordbahnstrasse, thronged with rejoicing spectators.

After the Imperial equipage drives our Ambassador, Prince Lobanoff-Rostoffsky, with Prince Cantacuzen; then come Count Paar with Prince Bariatinsky; the Hungarian magnate, Lieutenant-General Count Palffy, appointed to be near the person of the Cesarewitch, with Prince Kochubey; Prince Obolensky, with Count Schaffgotsch, A.D.C. to His Majesty, etc.

On the way to the palace, along the Prater and the Ringstrasse, the ovations are unceasing. Between the station and the Praterstern, the site of the characteristic monument to the 'Austrian Nelson,' Admiral Tegetthoff, the hero of the victory at Lissa, the Croatian and Servian students wave their handkerchiefs and rend the air with their stormy shouts of 'Jivio!'

Further down the streets the Bohemian youth raise the cry of 'Slava!' The impression produced by the reception is a very bright and pleasant one. What a pity it is that our stay in Vienna, under such exceptional circumstances, is so short that every passing moment must be treasured up! On the other hand, one is eager to reach Trieste and our squadron, that we may at last begin the real, long-dreamed-of journey.

After a visit to the tomb of the lamented Prince Rudolf, and attending a State banquet, and a performance of *l'Africaine* at the Opera House, the Emperor and H.I. Highness drive to the 'Southern' railway station, where a small special train is in waiting. The Russian train has to be left in Vienna, as the Austrian engineers would not venture to take it over the exceedingly difficult road to Trieste.

It is 11.15 P.M. The Emperor must himself hasten to another terminus, to proceed on his way to Gödöllö. He again embraces his young guest. One moment more—and each turn of the wheels brings us nearer to warmer shores, nearer to the inviting sea.

FRIDAY, *October* 26 (*November* 7).

Though the arrival at Trieste is fixed for 11 P.M., all the party rise early. H.I. Highness takes his place in a narrow compartment, where a luncheon-room is improvised to hold six people, who are scarcely able to move. On some curves it is almost impossible to keep one's seat, owing to the oscillation and jolting.

After the station of St. Peter we pass through the dreary, arid, and unsightly country of Karst: naked ravines cut it up in all directions, heaps of stones bristle on the brownish-grey surface of the soil, while cracked rocks overhang this wilderness, devoid of all majesty. Some

SCHÖNBRUNN CASTLE BY NIGHT.

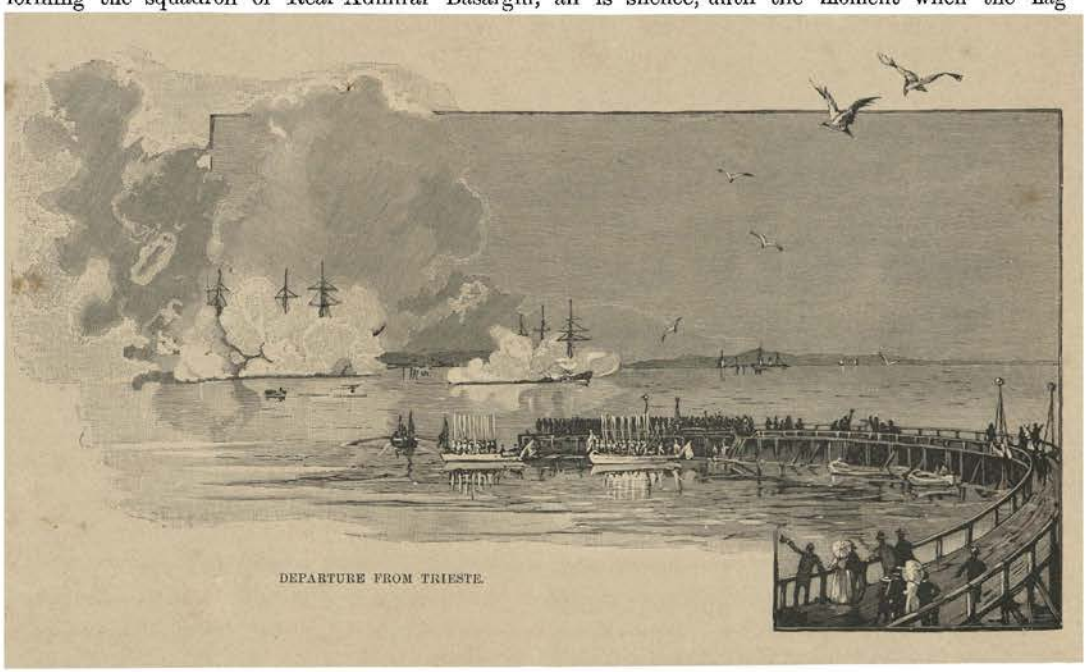
fifteen miles from Trieste the road slopes down towards the sea. We see Italian names. The breath of another life is around us. Blue waves glitter in the distance. Down by the coast one may easily distinguish Miramar, the castle of the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico, Maximilian. And then we see the decorated railway terminus, where the Cesarewitch is awaited by the governor of the district, the military authorities, and the Russian consul. While H.I. Highness is taking his seat in the carriage with Prince Bariatinsky, the crowd gathered at the station bows, and the ladies wave their handkerchiefs. But farther on, as we drive along the quay, towards the pier of St. Andrew, the populace, in spite of the impressionable nature of a Southern race, receives H.I. Highness with indifference. This seems especially strange, when contrasted with yesterday's hearty welcome, the more so that H.I. Highness in his naval uniform, Prince Bariatinsky in the uniform of the suite, finally the Chevalier-Gardes uniform of Prince Kochubey, and Volkoff's uniform of the Hussars of the Guard, seen here for the first time, should, one would think, attract the attention of the populace. As Vienna, unaffected and sympathetic, will always be remembered for the warmth of the feelings it expressed, so does Trieste leave a mixed impression of something cold and unsatisfactory. To make up for this, there is so much sunlight everywhere around, and the sea lies so invitingly before us!

And there is our squadron, lying a little way off from the shore, on which our naval officers have gathered, while on the slope to the water's edge stands a photographer with his camera. The launches await the approach of the Heir-Apparent. In the group, gathered to receive him, we clearly distinguish H.I. Highness the Grand Duke George.

CHAPTER II

October 26-29 (*November* 7-10).

THE day is calm, clear, and warm. The smiling sea lures us onwards into the far distance. On board the frigates (the *Pamiat Azova* and the *Vladimir Monomakh*) and the gunboat *Zaporozhets*, forming the squadron of Rear-Admiral Basargin, all is silence, until the moment when the flag



DEPARTURE FROM TRIESTE.

of the Cesarewitch appears at the bows of the Grand Duke's cutter. No sooner is it hoisted, than light puffs of white smoke rise from the sides of our ships, the deafening roar of the great guns rolls over the sleeping waters, and the sailors man the yards with cheers.

At last we are on board the *Pamiat Azova*. The flag of the Cesarewitch is hoisted at the

main. It is two o'clock in the afternoon, and the squadron will soon weigh anchor. While the luggage is being brought on board, we try to familiarise ourselves with our unaccustomed surroundings, amongst which we are to pass the better part of several months; we make acquaintance with the officers, examine the cabins, and realise, that around us lies that, which is to be our home until we reach Vladivostok, that from this moment the frigate becomes the centre of our sympathies and habits, that outside of it lie strange though hospitable lands.

The number of officers on board of the *Pamiat Azova* is considerable, especially that of the midshipmen. All cherish the thought, that they are near the eldest son of their Sovereign. Great

GRAND DUKE GEORGE ALEXANDROVITCH.

is the good fortune, that has fallen to their share,—first and foremost, on account of the unprecedented conditions of the voyage, and, secondly, because it is with the *Azov*, that some of the most glorious memories of the Imperial Russian navy are connected.

From the moment we set foot on deck, the majestic frigate and its past could not but interest us in the highest degree. The spiritual atmosphere we breathed gradually brought us into accord with what was known, experienced, and thought by our shipmates, justly proud of their flag of St. George, bought with the price of Russian blood.

In the dining-saloon of the Cesarewitch the first thing that caught the eye was a picture of the battle of Navarino, where the 12th Marine Corps of the line gained undying fame by its remarkable courage.

The keel of the first ship bearing the name of *Azov* was laid in Archangel, more than sixty years ago; it was launched on May 26, 1826 (O.S.), and in the following year joined the squadron

of Admiral D. N. Seniavin, who hoisted his pennant on it, and on May 21, 1827 (O.S.), led his squadron into the roadstead of Cronstadt.

Shortly after the squadron had anchored in the roadstead, the Emperor Nicholas visited the *Azov*, and while examining the armoury was struck by the names of the victories of the last century, never to be forgotten by Russian mariners, which had been skilfully constructed of the locks of guns. After the last name stood the word 'and.' Remarking this, the Emperor asked Captain Lazareff what it meant. Lazareff answered, that it signified the continuation of the series of names. 'And what will be the next?' asked the Emperor in surprise. 'The name of the first victory of your Majesty's navy,' replied Lazareff.

At midnight on the 9th of June, the Emperor Nicholas unexpectedly came on board the *Azov*. Signals were made to weigh anchor, beginning with the leeward vessels of the foremost line, and soon after the whole fleet was under sail. The *Azov*, at sunrise, hoisted the Imperial standard along with the pennant, to show that the Emperor in person was in command of the fleet.

After the manœuvres had taken place, the Emperor, when taking leave of the fleet, pronounced these memorable words: 'I trust that in case of any engagement the enemy will be served as Russians are wont to serve their foes.'

The squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Count L. P. Heyden, who hoisted his pennant on the *Azov*, sailed for the Mediterranean.

In October the Russian and the English squadrons met at the island of Zante, and on the same day the French fleet came from the Archipelago to join them.

The conduct of Ibrahim Pasha, who was in command of the Turco-Egyptian fleet, and was ravaging the coast of Greece, showed that arguments and threats were vain; a council, therefore, of the Admirals of the allied fleets, under Admiral Codrington, resolved to bring all the ships into the bay of Navarino, and there to anchor next the enemy's vessels, thus obliging him to concentrate all his forces on this point, drawing them off from the coast of the Morea.

On October 20, 1827, the Turco-Egyptian fleet opened fire. At this moment the Russian Rear-Admiral's frigate, the *Azov*, at the head of the squadron, was entering the bay, and a cross-fire was opened on it from five line-of-battle ships, from the frigates, and from the batteries erected at the mouth of the bay. The other ships, as they entered the bay, had to undergo the same fire.

In spite of the heavy fire from the batteries and from the triple line of ships forming the right flank of the Turkish fleet, the *Azov* went on its way and, without firing, quietly dropped anchor at the place assigned to it. The other vessels of the Russian squadron, also passing through a storm of shot and shell, calmly anchored, each at its appointed place.

Though very reluctant to begin an engagement, the allied fleet at last opened a fire which, within four hours, destroyed a fleet of five times its strength.

The gunnery of the *Azov* was above all praise: she sank two large frigates and a corvette, drove an 80-gun ship on to a shoal, where it was blown up, and finally, what was of most importance, destroyed the frigate which bore the flag of the Turkish Commander-in-Chief.

Among the Russian ships, the one which suffered most from the enemy's fire, both as to the number of killed and wounded and in its spars and rigging, was the *Azov*; her masts were so much injured, that even with a jury-rig it was with difficulty that she could carry sail. There were 153 shot-holes in her hull, seven of them below the water-line.

After the battle of Navarino, the squadron of Rear-Admiral Count Heyden sailed for Malta,

whither a courier soon after came from Russia, the Marquis de Traversaye, one of the lieutenants who had taken part in the action, bringing with him the flag of St. George, with a rescript from the Emperor, worded in the following terms:—

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

WE, NICHOLAS THE FIRST,

EMPEROR AND AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

ETC. ETC. ETC.

TO THE TWELFTH LINE CORPS OF OUR NAVY.

In consideration of the glorious deeds of the Twelfth Marine Corps on board the ship *Azov* on the 8th day of October of the current year, in the destruction, by the united Russian, English, and French squadrons, of the Turco-Egyptian fleet at Navarino, we are graciously pleased to grant to this corps a flag of the Second Division, with the symbol of the Holy Martyr and Bearer of Victory, St. George, in memory of the praiseworthy deeds of the chiefs, the courage and intrepidity of the officers, and the bravery of the rank and file.

Sending herewith the flag, with the pennant pertaining to it, we command, that after this rescript has been read before all those who took part, on board the *Azov*, in the battle of Navarino, these marks of distinction be hoisted according to ordinance, and that they be in future borne by the ships of the Twelfth Marine Corps, towards which, in our Imperial grace, we remain of good will.

NICHOLAS.

AT ST. PETERSBURG, *December* 17, 1827.

The officers of the squadron, in full uniform, assembled for a service of thanksgiving. When the flag had been sprinkled with holy water, the lieutenants of the *Azov* bore this priceless treasure to the poop, and then, at the word of command, given by the admiral himself, the flag slowly rose to the gaff, accompanied by the loud 'hurrahs' of the men manning the yards, and by a salute from all the guns of the *Azov*. The same honours were shown the flag by our other ships and by the English men-of-war.

A copy of the Imperial rescript, engraved on a special plate, is always to be seen in the place of honour on the quarter-deck of the frigate. It hangs on the starboard side of the stern deck-cabin, while on the port side hangs a corresponding plate with a list of the officers who earned this rare distinction—Rear-Admiral Count Heyden, Captain Lazareff, Lieutenants Baranoff, the Marquis de Traversaye, Schemann, Prince Ookhtomsky, Nakhimoff, Bootenieff, Tyreenoff, Moller and other officers. On the top of the cabin, above the tablets, the Imperial two-headed eagle spreads its broad wings, as if it had flown down to admire these scrolls of victory, and was ready to soar again to its native heights, to witness deeds as intrepid. Along the cornice of the cabin run the names of the battles in which the ships bearing the name of *Azov* have taken part.

The very name itself is connected with our most cherished historical memories and our inevitably persistent attempts to reach the southern sea and gradually to solve the Eastern question. The first great 54-gun ship *Azov*, launched in October 1736, and so named after the town, the conquest

of which had long been the dream of the Don Cossacks and of the Muscovite Government, was borne for sixteen years on the rolls of the Russian navy. The second ship of that name did battle with the Turks on the Black Sea more than once in the Empress Catherine's time, on which occasions they, 'not suffering our severe fire, and experiencing considerable damage, did betake themselves to flight.' The third bearer of this name became unfit for service shortly after the battle of Navarino,

THE FRIGATE 'PAMIAT AZOVA.

and its successors, as a reward for distinction, took the name of *Pamiat Azova* (Memory of the *Azov*). Two such ships, bearing the flag of St. George, were built in Archangel in 1831 and in 1848. At last, on June 23, 1886, the Emperor gave orders, that the half-armoured frigate, which had been building at the Baltic works since the month of March of that year, should bear the same renowned name, and be borne on the rolls of the Baltic fleet. The consecration of this, the sixth *Azov*, took place in the presence of Their Imperial Majesties, and its launch,

also in the Imperial presence, on May 20, 1888. After the engines and boilers had been put up for the passage to Cronstadt, it made its first trip on October 30, 1889. In the present year, being appointed to cruise in the Pacific, its arming and rigging were hastened, and in all this work a most active part was taken by the Imperial midshipman, H.I. Highness the Grand Duke George, who then went to sea on August 23, exactly two months before the departure of the Cesarewitch from Gatchina.

The *Pamiat Azova* touched at Plymouth, Gibraltar, Malta, the Piræus, and Trieste, having safely weathered, in the Bay of Biscay, a great storm, remarkable for the size and irregularity of the waves, which ran thirty feet high. In the report of the commander, Captain Lomen, the frigate is said to have shown very fair sea-going qualities on this occasion. In rolling she did not hang for a single second, but rapidly rolled over on to the other side. Once the port boats touched the water.

The new-comers take their places in the cabins. M. K. Onou, our Ambassador in Greece, joins the escort of the Cesarewitch for a long time. Having passed many years in the neighbouring East, he has been ordered to accompany H.I. Highness through Egypt and India, *i.e.* to make a journey of more than three months.

The squadron weighs anchor. The sea air pours in an invigorating stream into our lungs. There is more room around us, and one draws breath with greater depth and freedom.

The calm waters, gilded with the rays of the sun, part, slightly foaming and with a gentle sigh, before the *Pamiat Azova*.

Trieste is veiled in the misty distance. The outlines of the Karst highlands become more and more indistinct. The mountains of Istria, in turn, become clearer. Towards night the ships change their formation and follow each other in order of column.

The sea is almost motionless and the warm southern weather is very grateful after the bleakness of our native land. Bright colours flash on the neighbouring coast, which soon fades again, looking gloomy and deserted under the overhanging clouds. Under this dreary veil the spirit, too, is oppressed by a vague and gentle sadness. The shore at times seems to be quite invisible; the mist grows thicker. It is not hot, but there is thunder in the air. The storm does break, in fact, on the fourth day after our departure from Trieste.

Behind the captain's cabin, along the side of the stern, runs a long narrow balcony, from which we can admire the scenery. After the storm the *Vladimir Monomakh* presents a really magnificent spectacle, being surrounded by a rainbow and forming, as it were, one whole with it and the calm sea.

To the left the coast of Albania rises into view. The squadron enters the straits between Turkey and the island of Corfu. Though much disinclined to touch prematurely on historical associations, especially while yet at sea and far from the coming excursions into the domains of history, archæology, etc., one cannot be in this locality without calling to mind Tyootcheff's beautiful lines on the power of Venice in these waters. It was from this point that 'the shadow of the Lion's wing kept spreading o'er the world with greater and yet greater breadth and might.'

A gentle gloom lies on the dark blue waves and clothes the gigantic mountains on the coast of the Epirus. The straits widen out masterfully, bearing the semblance of a lake. To the right lies the land of Greece, somewhat dull from want of sunlight, yet wonderfully picturesque in its severe finish and the thoughtful charm of its outlines. A veil of silvery blue mist seems to hang over them. It reminds one of the North, and yet it is not the North. Still one is inclined to connect

this or that detail of some Scandinavian saga with these gentle outlines. But near them rise the wild and naked limestone mountains of the Epirus. Looking on them, all illusion of fable is impossible.

The happy abode of the ancient Phæacians turns its blooming hills and undulating highlands towards the mainland. This land, with its olive and orange groves and masses of flowers growing

THE FIRST GREETING FROM GREECE.

at their own sweet will, seems to smile on the grim shore opposite, where only here and there we see torrents rushing down the cliffs, and the verdure of juicy pasture-lands. Thence it is that the poverty-stricken Albanians bring dairy produce, meat, and game to Corfu.

Beyond the islet of Vido we see the dark fortress of the city. Above the stern stronghold, with its cincture of gardens, rises the smoke of the salute. The *Pamiat Azova* replies with the tremendous thunder of its guns. But our squadron is hurrying on to Patras, and therefore passes

by. The mist thickens, however, and though it is near noon the day is so overcast, that it is thought more prudent to cast anchor.

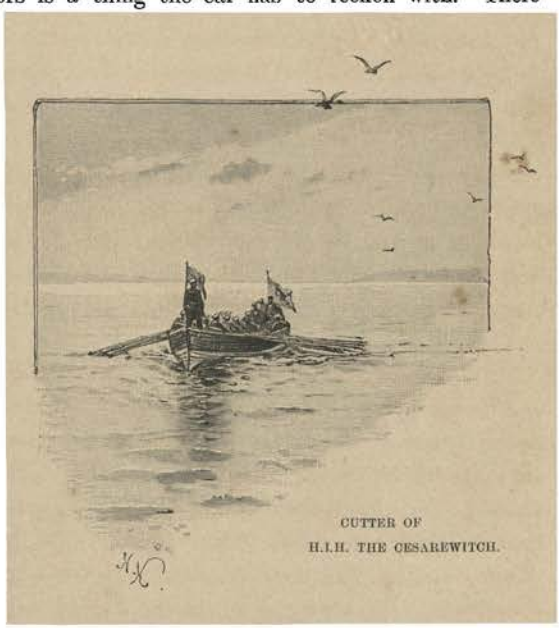
We are in the roadstead of Corfu. The vessels here (English, Austrian, and Greek) are decorated with flags. Along the pier, the quay, and the rocks the spectators crowd in expectation of the landing of the Imperial guests. But the Grand Dukes remain on board. The commanders of the *Vladimir Monomakh* and the *Zaporozhets* (Captain Th. V. Doobassoff and Captain Nevrazhin) come on board with their reports. To the gangway come up the municipal authorities, and a deputation from the people with a magnificent wreath, our first greeting from Greece. Though this is not Greece, strictly speaking, but a mixture originating in the influence of Italy, exercised during centuries, and in general of all the motley Levantine commercial world. Still Corfu, one of the most courageous champions of the West against the Crescent, Corfu, which drove back the Turks, partly with the aid of Slavonic mercenaries, and which at the beginning of this century was even under the Russian flag for a short time, is in some respects no stranger to us.

Towards morning (October 29, November 10) the squadron went on its way, not far from the Ithaca of Homer, and past the gloomy and mountainous island of Cephalonia. Towards evening our ships were at rest in the harbour of Patras under a flaming sunset.

CHAPTER III

TUESDAY, *October* 30 (*November* 11), 1890.

EARLY, very early in the morning, while it is yet dark, there is a rush and a scampering on board the frigate. Clearly the awakening of 580 sailors is a thing the ear has to reckon with. There is a ceaseless patter of light footsteps up the ladders of the vessel, as the barefooted sailors rush on deck. There all is being washed, cleaned and made neat. At 6 A.M. the Cesarewitch is to land, but one sleeps soundly in the fresh sea air, and in the morning twilight it is with some difficulty and unwillingness that one prepares for a journey: in fact, when the Imperial traveller (accompanied on this occasion only by Prince Bariatinsky, M. K. Onou, and by his immediate suite, which is joined by Dr. Smirnoff, chief surgeon of the *Vladimir Monomakh*, and by Gritsenko, the artist) comes on deck, in plain clothes, to bid farewell to the officers and men, it is already broad daylight. But the weather is not promising. The day is overcast. Dense mists creep down the hills on the coast and lie on the dull and lifeless sea.



CUTTER OF
H.I.H. THE CESAREWITCH.

The cutter leaves the *Pamiat Azova*. Admiral Basargin himself is at the helm. The sailors manning the yards give three farewell cheers for the Cesarewitch. The oarsmen of the cutter, at the word of command, reply with the same to their comrades' farewell, while the vessels thunder forth their salutes. The townsfolk, with the representatives of the city at their head, stand in crowds on the pier of Patras to express to H.I. Highness their feelings of joy at this flattering visit, and to set forth how Greece, the Greece which professes the same creed as we do,

remembers the benefits it owes to Russia as a nation, and trusts in the same powerful intervention in the future.

Equipages await us on shore, and mounted soldiers to escort the Imperial guest to the railway at the western end of the town, near the Church of St. Andrew, erected, according to the traditions of the Church, over the relics of the Apostle, who was crucified here and has been from that time considered the patron saint of Patras. Before leaving the city, the Cesarewitch reverently enters the sacred building to offer up a prayer before the relics of one of the first martyrs. The people crowd in after him, filling the porch and making their way to the altar, but giving way before the Russian visitors.

This, the Apostle's last earthly resting-place, has been reverenced by the local population from ancient times. Even before the Christian era the Greeks were wont to offer up prayers in this vicinity to the benign goddess of the earth and of fertility. The environs were indeed noted as the most blooming and fertile land in the Peloponnesus. At its religious centre flowed a marvellous fountain, by gazing into which the heathen thought to peer into the future; the sick, for example, bending over the mirror-like surface, would see their faces, according to the nature of their disease, either obscured by the shadows of death, or else healthy, bright and smiling.

The prophetic power of the fountain is now forgotten, and only some fragments of marble tell us of the temple that once stood here. The breath of a new life, of a new civilisation, has changed and transfigured everything. True, in the ninth century the citizens fought under the banner of St. Andrew against the Slavonic invaders from the north, against a race akin to that to whose settlements on the river Dnieper the ardent Apostle came to preach the truths of the Gospel. But then comes Islam the unconquerable and the men of Patras soon submit to the Turks. The dawn of freedom for Greece appears, after all, in the Slavonic East, thanks to the generous ideas and commands of the Emperor Nicholas. And now his great-grandson and namesake stands reverently under the vaulted roof of the temple, overshadowed by the unseen presence of him who brought the light of the Gospel into ancient Russia. How blind are the ages and the nations in their enmity! how wonderful are the ways of the Lord, bringing all and each to a brotherly union in prayer!

It is but a little while ago, that a considerable time (some two or three days) was required for the short trip to Olympia, as there was no railway then to the south-east of Patras, the first section being opened in December 1888, and the line itself being barely completed as far as the little town of Pyrgos, whither we are now journeying over the wide seaside plain. To our left lie hills planted with currant vines, a sharply defined mountain range, and the shallow beds of the mountain torrents which rush down them. To the right is the smooth surface of the sea with the outlines of our ships, and the misty peak of the far-off island of Zante. All around us lie the chief riches of the district, the object of a colossal annual export, chiefly to England—the short vines which produce a small but delicious raisin, and which grow almost exclusively between Corinth and the Ionian Sea. Next to them are the long storehouses in which the grape is dried and prepared for sale; beyond them lie fields sown principally with barley, and farther still are straggling groves of oak-trees.

The sandy shore, with a few pines growing on it, gradually recedes from us. It was there that, in the time of the Crusades, the French knights from beyond the sea settled among the almost defenceless natives, entrenched themselves in their castles, and erected Catholic churches.

This, in the language of the mediæval chronicles, was called the contest for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. The Teutonic order and the magnificent Templars chose the neighbouring country for their fortified palaces; and the Morea, Slavonic in those days, was divided by the conquerors into two hundred districts, governed by fourteen barons. It was in vain that the Byzantine Court sent forth its armies. The nominal Crusaders were too strong for them.

The railway runs down into the plain of Pyrgos. Here we come to a halt, and the Cesarewitch is received by the authorities. Equipages are ready for our trip to Olympia, and a body of mounted guards, which is soon after dismissed. Then comes the ascent to the local hotel, where a luncheon is prepared. Pyrgos, the centre of the well-to-do neighbouring peasantry, is a small place consisting of little more than one winding street, with wooden houses clustering in disorder, and workshops opening out into it.

The road from Pyrgos to Olympia presents nothing remarkable, and differs little from many parts of Central Europe, passing in places along cultivated lowlands, or among ranges of hills which seem to run parallel to each other, and are dotted with little villages. The houses of the peasantry (who avoid building in the fever-haunted valleys) peep out from behind little orchards, from which, wherever it is possible, cultivated plots of land branch off on each side. Here and there grow spreading firs and dark mastic-trees, not in groves, but scattered over the slope at the foot of the hills. In the distance under the azure sky we can sometimes make out the silvery sea, while at our feet lies spreading wide a flourishing and prosperous land.

We have already passed Varvasaena and Kriekouki. It is two o'clock in the afternoon, and we must be near Olympia, but as yet we cannot see it, nor can we make out the neighbouring river (the classical Alpheus, now called the Rouphiá). By the roadside, under the shade of the spreading plane-trees, past a tottering old mill, a grey torrent runs merrily between its white sandy banks: this is the Kladeos (now called Stravokephale), the renowned tributary of the Alpheus, winding within a few yards of the temple of Zeus, which we are about to visit. Beyond it runs a serrated mountain range.

The road leads through a narrow valley. Reddish-brown rocks project here and there from its sides. The horses are worn out, and, drooping, creep along under the scorching rays of the sun.

Here at last is our goal—the site of the ruins of Olympia. To approach it we must alight from our equipages and descend the hill by a rough and somewhat steep path. A little bridge has been recently built across the Kladeos. Before us lies outspread a large and uneven plain, with heaps of stones, bound together in places by wild bushes, with the yellow ribbon of the river in the distance, and the picturesque mountain range rising majestically still further beyond it. One is conscious at first of a distinct feeling of disappointment, for the imagination has drawn a picture of gigantic proportions, while in reality the ruins are almost toy-like in comparison with the idea of the gathering-place of a whole people. But it is a small scale which must be applied to everything in ancient Greece, in its material aspect. Only the spirit, and the ideas of harmony, beauty, and power which animated it, were great.

The world of Olympia was a world by itself. Thither, in the name of a supreme idea, came the Greeks from all parts of the distant land, half-colonised, half-conquered by them. Here the destructive enmity of internecine war died away. Those who flocked hither to their solemn national games understood that the gross form of victory was not the main question, that it was not the wrestlers themselves who contended in the arena, but elect beings, personifying the most perfect

incarnations of courage, strength, skill, mental equilibrium, etc. The spectators were inclined to believe that even the horses that took part in the races, flying over the plain with the speed of the wind, were conscious of the thirst for fame burning in the heart of the charioteer, who strove, it is true, only for a simple wreath of olive, but also for a crown of immortality, so that the name of the victor might be known and repeated wherever the speech of Hellas was heard, wherever distinction won at Olympia was prized more than all else in the world. The skill of the victor will become known to generation after generation! Poets will laud their fortunate countrymen, and the sparks of hymns of praise will flash upwards from under the hoofs of the horses which bear him to victory. . . .

We must not forget that to Germany alone belongs the credit of having thoroughly investigated this locality, at a cost of some 800,000 marks, and that solely in the interests of science and of the æsthetic requirements of modern civilisation. During several years it was necessary gradually to unearth and describe the region of the ancient temples, with the other objects of note surrounding them, all buried as they were in sand and mud. The German archæologists solved the complicated, and in its way unique, problem brilliantly, applying the experimental method to the material they had to work on, and making their excavations not at random, but according to a carefully thought-out plan, classifying their treasure-trove, with a full appreciation of the results that classical philology had a right to expect. The ancient world soon rose up before the labourers in the field of learning, who had taken up their abode here—in a place at that time without roads, and amidst considerable privations. They most carefully extracted an enormous quantity of all sorts of antiquities, which illustrated the development of Olympia as a political and religious centre. One must stand oneself within these narrow limits to comprehend clearly towards what goal the Greeks pressed onwards, in what they lived and breathed, and what they prided themselves on.

Perhaps it was the geographical position of Elis that conduced most of all to the gradual growth of the fame of this sanctuary. The vicinity of the sea, a certain protection afforded by the mountains against foreign invasions, a fine climate, an abundance of water and of the fruits of the earth, a range of hills along the coast, sheltering it from the burning breath of the sirocco,—a whole group of conditions has from ancient times placed the valley of the Alpheus in a remarkably favourable position. In spite of its seeming separateness from its neighbours, this land, nevertheless, absorbed into itself many foreign elements; even the East itself had a deep and marked influence on it. The Phœnicians settled here, and here the worship of the Asiatic Aphrodite took root. This goddess was at one time, equally with the gloomy Kronos, looked on as the patroness of the little hill whose base we are now approaching.

Tribe after tribe gradually penetrated to the blooming fields of Elis, each bringing with it its own divinity, its heroes, its peculiarities of life and character. Its mixed population managed to gain the friendship of powerful rulers. For example, we have reached the spot where once stood the Doric Temple of Hera. Here at one time was preserved the treaty, engraved on metal, of the native prince Iphites with the Spartan lawgiver Lycurgus. Yet this took place more than twenty-seven centuries ago. The district, little by little, came to be acknowledged as sacred and neutral; none dared attack it. When passing through it, warriors took off their weapons. All Hellas considered it necessary to observe with the greatest respect those rare days on which the people flocked hither for the games. Nothing was to jar on the reverent feelings and æsthetic delight of the spectators.

The simple worshippers doubted not that it was in Olympia that the vine had been discovered, that it was here that the god of wine and mirth had been born. Much that referred to distant and totally different localities was ascribed, in legends, to something Olympian. According to the belief of the faithful, the amorous old river-god Alpheus, flowing past the famous racecourses, rushed onwards towards the Ionian Sea in pursuit of the beautiful nymph Arethusa, who, striving to escape, plunged into the sea, and, passing under it to Sicily, rose in the shape of a fountain at Syracuse. The river-god, however, continued the chase, and, having overtaken the fugitive, tinged her pure waters with the blood of the sacrificial animals, with which the stream of the Alpheus still ran red, bearing ashes and olive-leaves.

The French point out, not without pride, that one of the first to call the attention of scholars to the investigation of Olympia was the learned Father Montfaucon (at the beginning of the eighteenth century), while the English in their turn can say that half a century later the Oxford scholar Chandler wrote of the place as an eye-witness. Systematic information concerning it began to gather considerably later. Unprepared travellers could not at first give any detailed accounts of it. It was only towards 1827, when Europe took serious steps for the protection of the Morea, then ravaged by the Turks, that a whole expedition of educated Frenchmen, among whom were architects and painters, spent some time at Olympia. But the Greeks looked with suspicion on the proceedings of the strangers, who, whenever it was possible, bore off home (*e.g.* to the Louvre) the treasures of classic art; and chance attempts, therefore, to study archæology more deeply within the confines of Elis did not lead, until near our own times, to any fruitful results. Curtius, the famous philologist, dreamed for years of the possibility of making excavations there; and had he not been the tutor of the Prussian heir-apparent, Prince Frederick, Olympia might have remained but little explored up to the present day. Curtius succeeded in interesting not only the Prussian Court, but all Germany likewise, in his project. It was understood that if other nations supplied copious funds for this or that purely archæological expedition into Africa or Asia, it would be unpardonable in German patriots not to make an effort for the execution of such an ideally useful project, especially when it concerned the rehabilitation of classical antiquity, of the monuments of that famous people who, even in the hour of the Persian invasion, when the warriors of Leonidas went forth to die at Thermopylæ, gathered with a light heart to celebrate their sacred games. The Persian leader, Mardonius, learning from a deserter the reason why the Greeks had sent forth so few warriors to repel the foe, asked him for what prize they strove. 'The victor is crowned with an olive-branch,' was the reply: on hearing which an Iranian chief is said to have exclaimed: 'Woe unto us! whither have we come! These people are braver than all others in the world if they value such a crown more than gold or silver.'

For many centuries the admirers of Hellenic art could sorrow over Olympia, uncrowned and destroyed. It was known that the place held sacred by the artists and the poets of the ancient world was turned into a wilderness, and that the river Alpheus, under the scorching rays of the sun of the Morea, rolled its waves through a plain void of all relics of the past. A series of remarkable modern discoveries dissipated these errors; the mud left by the waters as they changed their course had preserved no small quantity of ruins and fragments, which, in the light of Western knowledge, rise up as the immortal creations of the genius of man. Olympia is being freed from the oblivion in which it had been swallowed up, and, in all probability, rises up in our broader consciousness with even greater brilliancy and magnificence than in the mind of many a simple Greek who in a far-distant age made his way hither to the festival. The shady eminence above the temples—the Kronion, so

called by the Pelasgi in honour of Kronos, the son of Uranus and Gaea—is still overgrown with grass and myrtles. The wild pear-tree grows on the slope down to the very foot. Below it spreads out the plain, once occupied with various temples, treasure-houses, and racecourses. A range of rounded hills, with bare summits, girdled with olive-trees and pines, with here and there the little white houses of the peasantry, stretches away into the distance towards the south. The broad, smooth river flows from the east towards the west. The Arcadian mountains rise darkly on the horizon, near the dark ravine out of which it flows; but, having admitted it into Elis the smiling, they open out a broad track for it to the neighbouring sea. The Alpheus seems for some time to waver in its path thither, and winds under the shade of the laurels growing along the sandy shore. But the rushing mountain torrent Kladeos, falling into the river from the north, seems to hasten its current, and they both disappear behind the hills.

In the course of twelve centuries Greek art and Greek religion, being originally connected, made the adornment of Olympia their care. The whole of the so-called classical world, down to its most distant nooks and corners, sent forth to the Olympian games its athletes, charioteers, artists, thinkers, and poets—in fact, such men as rose above the average level. Each generation, each city, strove to leave here some trace, some memory of itself. The worshippers must have been so lost at the sight of this accumulation of rare and remarkable objects, that, standing here amidst the ruins of the past, our generation, trained in the ideas of the Græco-Roman civilisation, understands it in some respects better than the Greeks themselves.

The Cesarewitch attentively surveys the area of the excavations. One is struck by its dead nakedness. The fragments and the stone platforms rouse in one a feeling of sadness. We came here in the hope of seeing something whole and symmetrical, but before us there seems to lie a cemetery of open graves, and temples shattered to their very foundations. The earthquakes in the sixth century of our era, the landslips of the Kronion, the ignorance of the neighbouring peasantry, who used inimitable fragments to build forts and dwelling-houses,—all this becomes clear as day when one enters the confines of the Olympia of to-day. But our imagination still sleeps: it does not see with wondrous vividness the majesty of bygone days, nor has the dry list of ancient names anything to say to it, supplemented though it be by historical references.

The chief source of the topographical data concerning Olympia is the work of Pausanias (in the second century of our era), who describes it in such detail that, from the time of the Renaissance, the general plan of the place has been known with some degree of accuracy. To the left lies the circular foundation of the Phillipeion, erected in memory of the victory over the Athenians at Chæronea. Three marble steps lead up to the centre of the monument, where once stood within a wondrous colonnade the statues of the royal family of the north, carved in gold and ivory. Next to it stands the temple of Hera, perhaps the most ancient in all Hellas. Here sixteen priestesses were kept constantly weaving the veil of the goddess, who was moreover served by a number of virgins. In spite of a certain degree of honour shown the feminine principle (the worship of which occupied an honourable position at Olympia), no woman dared be present at the games, that exclusively male festival: she who broke this strict rule was put to death by being cast down from a rock. To the right of the Heraion stands the temple built in memory of Pelops, the hero from the East. Here all predisposed the people to adore the souls of the departed. The spot was surrounded by white poplars, which supplied the pious worshippers with fuel for the sacrificial fires. Nothing now remains of the ancient groves.

The air is close, and the sky is covered with thick clouds. We must hasten our survey of

the ruins. The museum is close at hand, and, in case of rain, one may pass many a delightful hour there.

We walk, now and then stumbling over a stone, within the boundaries of the vanished altar of Zeus, where the priests, in the gloom of the sacrificial smoke, used to foretell the future. Olympia abounded in mystical qualities. According to tradition, when it was once assailed by an impious foe, and the warriors were already moving to the attack, suddenly a woman with a child in her arms appeared before the ranks of the men of Elis. The infant suddenly turned into a serpent, and, having plunged the invaders into a state of indescribable terror, vanished into a dark cave, whither it afterwards became the custom to send an ugly old woman, with bandaged eyes, bearing honey-cakes and a vessel of milk for the mysterious being called Sozipolis, 'the saviour of the city.'

THE MUSEUM IN OLYMPIA.

Its chief patron, Zeus himself, was also wont at times to astound Elis with supernatural phenomena. Once, by means of an earthquake, he terrified the Lacedæmonians, who had come hither with evil intentions; once he struck his own statue with lightning; once even he caused it to laugh wildly at the sight of the messengers of the insane Caligula, who was seized with the fancy to replace its head by his own.

H.I. Highness approaches the ruined abode of the supreme heathen divinity. The air is full of the breath of the coming storm. Little by little one's thoughts drift back to the days of that intense activity when the architects, sculptors, and painters of the ancient world vied with each other in magnifying their national sanctuary. A most perfect and unsurpassable school of art impressed the stamp of its genius on all the creations of this memorable epoch. The Olympian monuments, as one is convinced on seeing them, arose and spread without any strict and definite plan; chance and

inborn taste conduced at times to the genesis of this or that characteristic detail. By degrees, as quantities of rich offerings accumulated here—echoes and reflections of the national enthusiasm—so did artists arise, experiencing a lively impulse to immortalise themselves by their creations. Temple after temple was built, each of wonderful beauty. Each new sculpture strove, as it were, by the finish and charm of its form, to surpass all that preceded it. But the centre of all was the fane of Zeus, while around it were grouped, in beautiful disorder, the other altars, the treasuries, the racecourses. The aggregate of these national objects of reverence was called 'Altis' (ἄλτις—the Æolic form of ἄλσος)—'the grove.' In this sacred grove the spirit of the gods and the heroes might and ought to find pleasure.

At regular intervals, every five years, came respectful embassies and crowds of worshippers, called together by special heralds from all the land of Greece, and, in later years, from the more civilised parts of the Roman empire also. Numbers of guests and foreigners were crowded into a small space. Religious processions passed by, chanting hymns. Zealous worshippers reverently offered up sacrifices in fulfilment of vows made in all sincerity. Travellers from afar offered up prayers to Zeus. Great orators addressed the people.

The latest political news formed the theme of the secular conversation. The victors, cheered by the spectators, crowned with flowers, agitated by the contest and by the state of suspense which preceded it, passed by to give thanks unto the gods. It seemed as if all the vital energy peculiar to the Greeks burst forth in such moments with the maximum of force and brightness. Then again for a period of four years Olympia was deserted. Only the priests and a few strangers quietly stole from altar to altar, surrounding the sacred statues with the fumes of incense; nought else broke the deep silence of the spot chosen by the gods.

At some distance from the Kronion, nearer to the Alpheus, lie, slightly raised above the surrounding ruins, the miserable remnants of the great temple of Zeus. The bases of the few remaining pillars have sunk deep into the soil. The fragments of the capitals lie scattered around, evidently cast down by some terrible earthquake shock. The Imperial traveller ascends to it from the east, where stood the gates with the bronze doors, which once hid the interior of the temple from the profane eye. It was divided by colonnades into three parts: in the central and largest part stood the chief statue, the work of the great Phidias, who lived an exile in Olympia after having been banished by the Athenians—the creator of the statue of Pallas, wrought in gold and ivory. The same precious metal was used by him for the glorifying of the divine father of Pallas. Zeus was represented sitting on a lofty throne, adorned with ebony and precious stones. A wreath was on his majestic head. In his right hand stood a small statue of Victory. His left hand held a royal sceptre, surmounted by an eagle. The robe and the sandals of the ruler of the world blazed with gold, while under his feet reposed two lions.

The whole figure was the incarnation of the highest degree of calm and reconciliation. This personification of Justice and Mercy seemed to live, and to be perfectly free from the bonds of matter. It is said that the artist, when his work was finished, fell on his face in the temple in which it was placed, and prayed for a sign that it was faultless.

'O Zeus, the thunderer! behold! thy slave and thy creator, Phidias, in deep agitation asks and waits for an answer. The divine image looks down from the dumb throne; the shining face grows larger in the smoke of the incense. Vain 'tis to seek in the motionless eyes for approval or kindness: the mysteries of life veil the all-seeing eye. What is to him the mortal artist, amidst the dust of the earth? But he uplifts his hands in intense supplication. . . . All is still in

the empty fane, and Phidias rises in confusion; the temple is shaken; fire runs through it;—a thunder-peal. . . . Oh, wondrous! the altar is clear. Ay, Zeus answers, and the heavens speak in thunder.'

The traces of the thunderbolt are still visible near the altar. The artist could triumph now. His posterity, from generation to generation, enjoyed universal honour at Olympia. They charged themselves with the care of the marvellous statue, anointing it with oil, which ran into a basin of black marble. If we consider how much the statue must have gained in appearance from the bronze and the mythological paintings adorning it, from the purple woollen robes with Assyrian patterns, presented by Antiochus Epiphanes of Syria, and from the comparatively small size of the fane (only 70 feet high, about 210 long, and some 85 or 90 in width), the delight of the Greeks in this work of genius becomes more than comprehensible. It is the more painful to remember that, in the days of Byzantine intolerance, it was carried off to Byzantium as a rarity, and was there destroyed by fire.

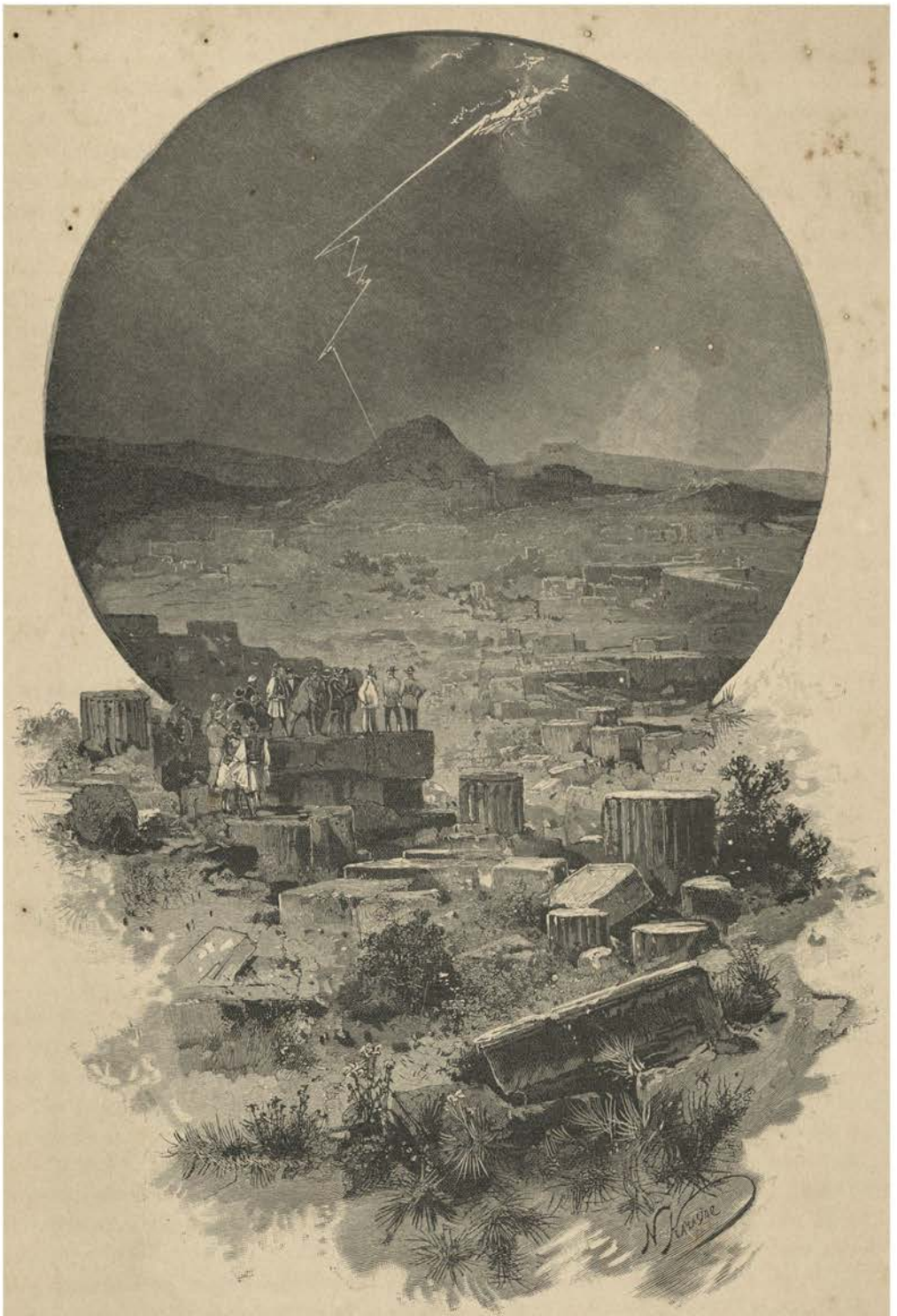
The tardy storm breaks at last. The sky is riven by flashes of lightning. The rain falls in large drops. The Cesarewitch leaves the temple of Zeus and ascends the hill.

The museum is open, in readiness for the visit of the Grand Duke. It is but recently that all that has been recovered from the earth lay piled, or rather heaped, up in an old ruin with a wooden door. The Athenian banker Zyngros offered to supply the funds for decently storing these national treasures. By the time the German commission had finished its work, their number had become very great: 14,000 objects of bronze, 6000 coins, 400 inscriptions, and 130 statues and bas-reliefs. The classification of these objects has been going on for ten years already.

At the entrance to the museum, the porch and the two columns are copies of those which were at the entrance to the temple of Zeus. From the vestibule one can already distinguish, at the end of the central hall, the mutilated figure of Victory, the work of the sculptor Paeonius (*circa* 420 B.C.). Once the marble quivered with life; the goddess seemed to soar downwards to the earth. The fragments of her wings and of her fluttering garments could not be attached to the pedestal which received the statue. The goddess, incarnated by the human mind, is for ever deprived of the power of returning to her native ether. To repeat how beautiful she is would be a platitude; can one look on the highest creation of the Hellenic chisel without feeling oneself in touch with what our poet Count Alexis Tolstoï so justly calls 'the fatherland of fire and of speech'? It was not in vain that Prometheus stole fire from heaven. The Greeks breathed this principle into the matter which obeyed their voice.

Here, in Olympia, as one surveys these objects of archæological interest, one acquaints oneself, step by step, with the slow and very gradual development of its art. The artless prehistoric images of men and of animals, brought to the altars as sacrifices, or hung up on the trees of the sacred grove; the increasing thought and anatomical significance in the personifications of Zeus, who appears at first only as a threatening power, and only later comes to be defined as the ideal of royal wisdom, justice, and beauty, with the features of a sovereign divinity, of a sage, and a national leader; the severe womanliness of the lines in the majestic head of Hera, the outlines of the warriors, etc. etc.,—all is in the highest degree instructive, all speaks of the inner life of the people who came to Elis to worship and rise higher in spirit.

What was it, then, that animated them, and hardened them for the doing of glorious deeds in the field of the universal rivalry of nations? For the ancient Greeks it was the idea of contest—ἄγων. This word meant much more than the ordinary contest of athletes and charioteers; rather it stood



AMID THE RUINS OF OLYMPIA.

for the final result of the interaction of two contrary forces. The contests expressed the tension, not of the individual only, but of a whole party, a whole district, a whole nation. The visitors gathered at Olympia in summer, in June and July. It remains an unsolved problem how these famous gatherings could take place just during the season of the most intolerable heat. Probably it depended on tradition, on some religious event whose influence was stronger than external circumstances, but what it was remains unknown. It is not even clear who it was that founded these historically important games. They are said to have been celebrated from the days of the Doric Heracles, famed for his gluttony, who planted an olive-tree here, that the victors might be crowned with its branches. According to the belief of the Greeks, the gods themselves took part in the pugilistic contests and the foot-races. The Cretans brought Zeus here as a child, and for his amusement got up a wrestling-match, in which Apollo defeated both Hermes and Ares. It is about the end of the fifth and the beginning of the fourth century B.C. that Olympia reached the height of its glory. From the confines of Northern Africa, from Marseilles, from the Black Sea, and from the far-off lands of Asia, worshippers flock hither in crowds. Owing to this stream of people, the valley of the Alpheus becomes richer and more thickly populated. It becomes necessary to build treasuries for the reception of the precious gifts pouring in from all sides. Of these buildings, the most magnificent was that of Megara.

Around the temple of Zeus grew and spread a marvellous park, amongst the verdure of which stood innumerable statues, columns, tripods, etc. Only men of Greek origin were admitted to the 'noble' racecourse. Admission was at first denied even to the kings of Macedon, who were looked on as all but barbarians. The national pride reached its summit, and was then humbled to the dust. Under Roman rule the disgrace reached such a climax that a Cæsar who was defeated in the contest nevertheless received the crown of victory. The last victor in the Olympian games was a foreigner, from Armenia.

In the palmy days of Olympia the people not only watched the physical contests, but listened also to the speeches and the teaching of men of note. At these games Herodotus read to the people a portion of his immortal history. The representatives of the most distant Hellenic colonies grew accustomed to regard each other as shoots from the same tree, and, acknowledging this, applauded the cleverest statesmen and the intrepid leaders. When, after the battle of Salamis, Themistocles came to the Olympian games, thousands of the spectators rose from their seats to greet the great Athenian. Thales, the sage of Miletus, came here in his old age to admire the famous sight, and, worn out by the long journey, peacefully sank into his last sleep, amidst the rejoicing people. Pythagoras also visited Olympia, as did Socrates, Plato, and Diogenes.

As early as the sixth century, the enthusiastic Greeks saw fit to put up a statue to an inimitable musician, who for a quarter of a century had charmed the worshippers flocking to Elis by his flute-playing. A small statue of him was placed near the central fane. At first the statues of people so highly honoured were carved in wood; afterwards they were cast in bronze. The enormous number of pedestals found at Olympia can give one but a faint idea of the number of magnificent works of art with which the place abounded.

Passing through the museum, and lingering with fascinated eyes now over this, now over that object of interest, one involuntarily pauses for a long time in the main hall, before the melancholy fragments of the ornaments on the temple of Zeus, which speak most eloquently of its once stately appearance. How can one but stand in motionless contemplation before the figures which once formed the famous group on the roof of the temple? This group represented the

approaching contest between the horses of the hero Pelops, a stranger in Elis, and the steeds of the Pisan king Œnomæus. The sovereign god stands calm between them, towering over them both. On one side recline the spectators, the personifications of the river-gods Alpheus and Kladeos. Pæonius the Thracian seems to have been the creator of this artistically conceived group, on the brink of the coming contest. The figures have suffered severely, having been cast down by an earthquake from the top of the building; but, thanks to the careful and thoughtful work of the archæologists, the group has been, as far as possible, gathered together and arranged in its former order.

What was there in this semi-mythical episode to tempt the sculptor to try his magic chisel on it? The ancient classical tradition is very simple, and gives but little material for the imagination to work upon.

Œnomæus has an only daughter, Hippodamia, of marvellous beauty; her father is jealous of her numerous suitors, the more so that there is a prophecy to the effect that he will die by the hand of his son-in-law. For the purpose of deterring them Œnomæus makes it an absolute condition for all suitors that they are to defeat his extraordinarily swift horses by the whirlwind pace of steeds as swift, or lose their lives in default. In the face of such a risk the suitors come no more. The Pisan king is so sure of the superiority of his team, that at the beginning of the race he does not even start at the same time with the hated candidates for the hand of Hippodamia, but, allowing them to drive on, he first offers up a sacrifice to Zeus, and only after that flies furiously over the plain, overtakes the suitor, already dreaming of his bride, and mercilessly pierces him with his spear. After thirteen wooers had perished in this manner, Pelops comes forward and defeats Œnomæus.

It is difficult to conceive how with such a simple plot it was possible to breathe life and poetry into the marble. Yet here it stands before us, in the midst of that temple of art which is called the Olympian museum. The marble group, half-defaced as it is, is full of life and tension. Neither of the actors in the contest looks on the kingly figure of Zeus; he is probably invisible, turns away from the cruel father, turns towards the youthful hero. Œnomæus is represented as a stern, helmeted warrior. Hitherto unconquered, the father of Hippodamia seems to feel a presentiment of his improbable defeat. Next to him stands his wife, motionless, with an expression of quiet sorrow on her face. The artist has placed the daughter next Pelops. She is resigned, passionless, and wonderfully beautiful in the soft folds of her marble garments. An exactly similar figure stands close by amidst the other Olympian treasures. Among them is a bas-relief, with a woman standing behind Hercules, who is supporting the sky, while Atlas departs for the apples from the gardens of the Hesperides. Her face and that of Hippodamia are very like each other.

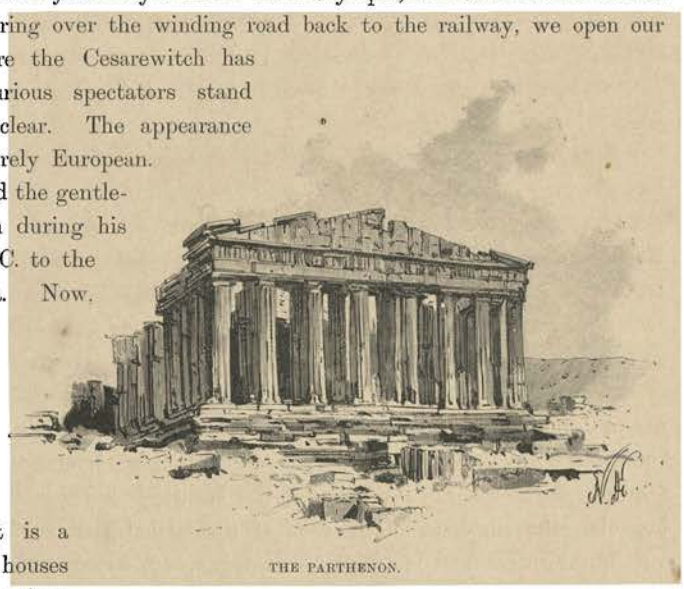
Within the walls of this museum there is so much to arouse admiration, that it would be worth while devoting several days to it. But it is time for us to return to Pyrgos and Patras. The thunderstorm is over. The rays of the sun gild the windows of the room where stands the most precious monument of Olympia—the statue of Hermes, by Praxiteles. The god holds the infant Bacchus, and seems to be amusing him with something, but the hand at which the child is gazing is broken off. The face, however, and the torso of the immortal youth are untouched, and shine with an inimitable perfection. There is so much humanity, so much simplicity in him, that sculpture has never achieved a greater harmony between the idea and the form.

CHAPTER IV

WEDNESDAY, *October* 31 (*November* 12).

WHILE yet wholly under the influence of yesterday's return from Olympia, in the midst of a second thunderstorm, with dark clouds lowering over the winding road back to the railway, we open our eyes in the hotel at Patras, where the Cesarewitch has passed the night. Crowds of curious spectators stand before the windows. The day is clear. The appearance of the town and of the people is purely European.

Last night H.I. Highness received the gentlemen appointed to be near his person during his stay in Greece—Colonel Vasso, A.D.C. to the King of Greece, and Captain Metaxa. Now, at early dawn, they are ready to accompany him to the hospitable capital of the kingdom.



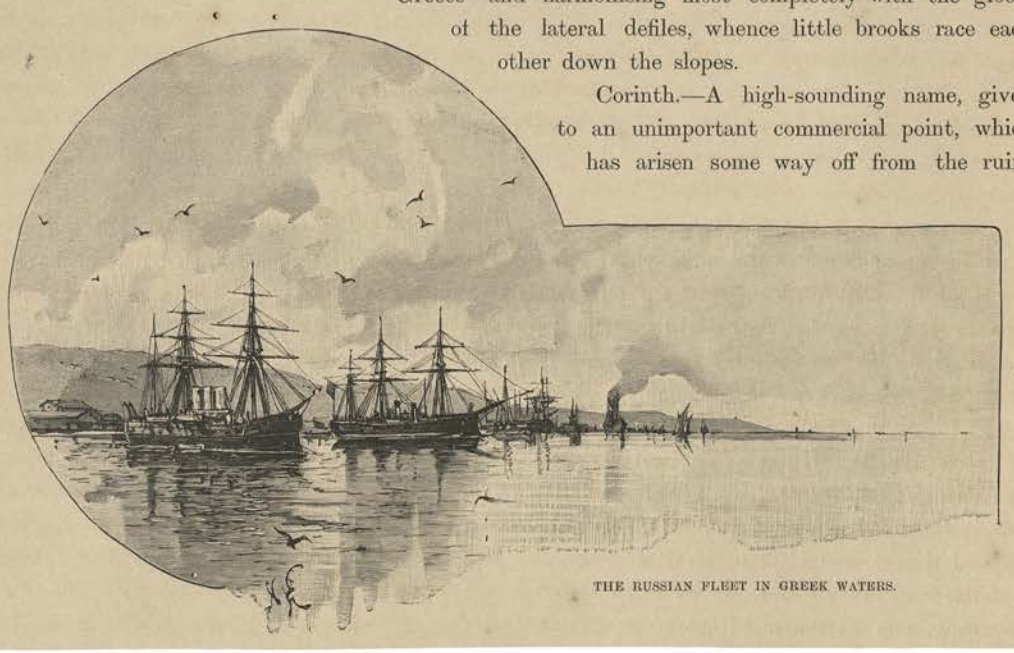
THE PARTHENON.

As the Imperial traveller enters a special train composed of the Royal carriages, the bells ring out in all the churches. It is a beautiful morning. The little white houses of Patras rapidly vanish from the view. The motionless waters of the Gulf of Corinth lie on our left, sparkling and basking in the sun, and parting into two sharply defined strips of blue and steel-grey. To the right of the railway, currant plantations stretch in a monotonous line, hills rise up into view, and a distant mountain-range spreads out its mighty mass. In striking contrast to its heavy and sombre outlines, we see the charming airiness of the Ætolian mountains on the other side of the gulf. They seem to rise directly out of the water in a pale-blue wall, cloven in places by the dark hollows of their valleys, with their majestic summits sailing away calmly into the radiant sky. How wonderfully beautiful is Greece! what glorious colouring Nature has bestowed upon her!

The hills on our side close in more and more on the gulf. The train passes now among the rocks on the shore, now over steep embankments and numerous little bridges, now past vineyards and olive-trees. The overhanging cliffs become more and more threatening. It becomes comprehensible how earthquakes here should be so dangerous to the inhabitants. We reach the little town of Ægion (or Vostitza), destroyed two years ago by a terrible earthquake. It is nearly all rebuilt, lying scattered picturesquely over the verdant slopes at the foot of the hills, and smiling on the sunlight and the refreshing breeze from the north.

The features of the surrounding country gradually change. Thick rows of pensive cypresses line the way, forming the semblance of a forest—a thing apparently not found in other parts of Greece—and harmonising most completely with the gloom of the lateral defiles, whence little brooks race each other down the slopes.

Corinth.—A high-sounding name, given to an unimportant commercial point, which has arisen some way off from the ruins



THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN GREEK WATERS.

of its famous namesake. The railway, having reached the isthmus which joins the Morea to the mainland, turns eastward. As the broad expanse of the gulf recedes from us, we bid farewell to its soft, wavy lines, its beautiful bays, and the silvery summit of Parnassus, crowning the distance. The cape of St. Nicholas dips abruptly into the azure surface of the vanishing waters. The train, slackening speed, approaches a place where a canal is being dug between the Saronic Gulf and that of Corinth, which must perceptibly diminish the distance from Constantinople and Athens to the Italian ports and Trieste, not to speak of its influence on the development of commerce within Greece itself. The idea of connecting the two seas sprang up as early as the days of the Roman Empire. But no serious attempt was made to carry it out until our own days. The works were begun in 1881 by a French company, with the Garibaldian general Türr at its head.

It is already past noon. The train which carries H.I. Highness runs down to the little harbour of Kalamaki, where we are again to go on board the *Pamiat Azova*. We see our ships resting on the mirror-like surface of the Saronic Gulf. The tiny railway station is decorated.

The members of the Russian Embassy, and our military agent, Colonel Baron E. A. Rausch von Traubenberg—are here to receive the Imperial traveller.

The frigate, under the flag of the Cesarewitch, steadily ploughs its way through the calm waters. About two hours after lunch we can clearly distinguish the rocky island of Salamis, with its numerous little bays. Seen from a distance, the island seems to be connected with the mainland.

In the transparent atmosphere the hills surrounding Attica grow and take form with wonderful distinctness. Were we two thousand years nearer to her past, the helmet, shield, and spear of Pallas Athene would flash from the Acropolis in a blaze of gold. But the goddess has deserted the ruined citadel. The domes of Christian churches shine above the roofs of the modern city. A whole forest of masts and funnels, with innumerable flags, decks the animated harbour of the Piræus. The entrance into the harbour is exceedingly narrow, especially for our gigantic ironclad. Doubtless the triremes of Themistocles flew into it like birds, and the 'snekrs' of Harald Hardraada, under the guidance of his vikings, must have made their way in here with an ease not to be thought of by modern men-of-war.

Five o'clock in the afternoon. There seems to be no end to the deafening roar of the guns from the batteries and the ships. The *Pamiat Azova* slowly glides into the crowded harbour. The bands play the national anthems, and the salutes are literally countless. When the smoke began to clear away, a steam-launch, flying the Royal standard, left the southern pier and came up to the gangway of the Cesarewitch's frigate, where the guests were received by the Cesarewitch and his brother, in full uniform (with the ribbon of the Order of the Saviour). The visitors were H.M. the King of Greece (in the uniform of a Russian admiral, with the ribbon of the Order of St. Andrew), H.M. the Queen of Greece, the Grand Duke Paul (in the uniform of the Hussars of the Guard), the Grand Duchess Alexandra, Prince George (in a lieutenant's uniform of the Second Corps of the Imperial Navy), Prince Nicholas, and the Princess Marie. About five o'clock the launch left the *Pamiat Azova*, bearing the Royal standard and the flag of the Cesarewitch. The Royal Family and the Imperial travellers steamed up to the landing-place near the railway station. The Mayor of the Piræus was there to greet the sons of the Tsar. The cadets of the Euelpidian military school were also there to receive them with military honours. A rejoicing crowd had gathered to see the train leave, and the strains of the Russian Anthem rose solemnly above the cheers of the populace.

In the capital an equally hospitable and enthusiastic reception awaited them. At the station they were received by the Ministers, the representatives of the different foreign Governments, the municipal authorities, etc. The party then drove along the street of Hermes to the palace. There, in the society of their near relations, the Cesarewitch and the Grand Duke George intended passing a few days in comparative seclusion before starting for the far East.

The hours of our stay in Greece pass unnoticed. The weather is rather gloomy and rainy. The Grand Dukes do not survey the city and its lions, having done so on a previous occasion. Their sole motive for visiting Athens is the wish to spend some little time with their near relations, and to take with them, according to the wish of the Emperor, Prince George of Greece, who had determined in this way to acquaint himself more thoroughly with the Russian language.

There is an air of simplicity and calm about the Royal residence in the capital—the Basilicon.

A massive palace of white marble, with colonnades, erected in 1837-1838, during the reign of Otto of Bavaria, it stands in the principal square, surrounded by the best hotels and *cafés*. To the latter descends a boulevard, along which crowds of people are constantly passing. The quadrangle among the oleanders growing here is occupied by a beautiful velvety lawn.

Behind the palace rise the noble outlines of Mount Lycabettus, with the Chapel of St. George. The spacious Court garden, open to outsiders, abounds in shady trees and parterres of flowers. Inside the palace the apartments are connected by long and very lofty corridors. The rooms are of a very great size. The stillness in the Basilicon is almost unbroken. Evidently it is but rarely that it is invaded by the fervid animation of the young city, which is often in a state of political agitation. It is within the stately walls of the Royal abode that the cares of State come to maturity and bear fruit.

The Royal Family and the Imperial guests visited the theatre. Her Majesty, with the Cesarewitch, made a trip to the Piræus to visit the *Pamiat Azova*. On Sunday, November 4/16, service was performed in the Russian church in the presence of the Royal Family and their guests. This church is remarkable for its great antiquity, and for its Byzantine architecture, so unlike that of all other Athenian buildings. The foundation was laid in the ninth century, in the reign of the Empress Irene. The Russian Government has supplied ample funds for the restoration and for the embellishment of the interior of this ancient church.

On the day after the arrival of the Grand Dukes a grand dinner was given in the palace, while on Saturday the halls of the Basilicon were in a blaze of light at a ball given in honour of the Imperial guests. There were several hundred persons present, and the ball lasted until four o'clock in the morning. On the following evening another ball was given by Count Montholon, the French Ambassador. His Majesty and the Cesarewitch, who were present with the whole of the Royal Family, wore the star and ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Finally, on the fifth, the festivities were wound up by a ball at the house of our Ambassador, M. K. Onou. Two officers of the *Vladimir Monomakh* (Messrs. Diadin and Povalishin) tastefully decorated the balcony for the occasion, transforming it into a beautiful tent, occupied by the band of the *Pamiat Azova*. The *élite* of Athenian society was present at the Russian festival, graced by the presence of so many guests from the North. No false note marred the general gaiety and cheerfulness. Somehow the approaching hour of parting did not seem to weigh very heavily on the spirits of the Royal Family and their guests; it appeared to be still far off.

On Tuesday, November 6/18, the Grand Duke Paul and the Grand Duchess Alexandra left the capital on their way home to Russia, carrying with them the warmest and best wishes of those who had come to bid them farewell at the terminus of the Corinthian railway.

WEDNESDAY, *November* 7 (19).

The time for our departure has also arrived. We have been preparing for it since morning, experiencing an involuntary tension, looking forward to our life at sea, with its vague yet sweet dreaminess. A strong wind has been blowing since morning, raising doubts as to the possibility of our squadrom making its way out of the narrow harbour in such weather. But these passing thoughts do not interfere with our preparations. The luggage is brought out, the carriages are ready. It is time to bid farewell to the hospitable Basilicon and the sympathetic city of Athens.

We drive to the Piræus. At one of the turns of the road the beauty of the place we are leaving strikes us — in spite of the lowering sky — with its characteristic individuality. The

Acropolis stands forth, a stronghold of reddish rock, amidst the dull verdure and the yellowish-brown soil of the surrounding country. Hymettus and Parnes lie right and left. On the grey background of the amphitheatre formed by the country, the broad summit of Pentelicon stands out like the front of an unfinished temple. Whole groves of olive-trees are seen between the hills. The ruined yet ever living Acropolis proudly reigns over the spreading city, an altar of art, unshaken by all the horrors of Vandalism and invasion! . . .

Before going on board the frigate, Her Majesty drove with the Grand Dukes to the new Russian sailors' cemetery, situated near the port. Admiral Basargin, the Russian Archimandrite Michael, the captains of our ships, the chaplains of the *Pamiat Azova* and the *Vladimir Monomakh*, and others, had already come here.

The all but empty enclosure set apart for the dead lies open to the wind, which rises and howls as the service for the departed proceeds. The prayers are heard but indistinctly. The waves of incense are blown aside. The gusts become unbearable. But the service continues amidst the reverent silence of those who have met to offer up their prayers for the nameless mariners of their native land. 'Sleep ye in peace in a foreign land! The sons of your father the Tsar sign themselves with the cross in prayer for your souls. The Royal daughter of your Grand Admiral, she who is ever watching and mourning over you, prays earnestly for your rest in heaven!'[1]

We are at sea. The steam-launch with the Royal Family has already left the slowly moving frigate. It is rapidly growing dark. Before increasing our speed, the admiral waits until the other men-of-war have cautiously made their way out of the harbour. Night hovers over us in her star-woven garment. The pungent smell of the salt water, combined with the gentle rocking of the vessel, induces a slight giddiness and an invigorating intoxication. In the wide expanse of the distance we make out our companion frigate and the signal lanterns of the *Zaporozhets*. The *Pamiat Azova* moves on at full speed. In the darkness we hear three cheers given from three Greek torpedo-boats, which have been under the command of Prince George, and are bidding farewell to their beloved chief.

[1] H.M. the Queen of Greece, as the daughter of the late Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaievitch, Lord High Admiral of the Russian navy, is remarkable for her care and motherly kindness towards Russian sailors in Greece.

CHAPTER V

SATURDAY, *November* 10 (22).

IT is past six o'clock in the morning. We are assured that Egypt is visible—it is said that Port Said lies right before us; but, however much we may rub our eyes, however intently we may gaze into the pale-green waters, whose colour bears witness to the proximity of the Nile, it is long

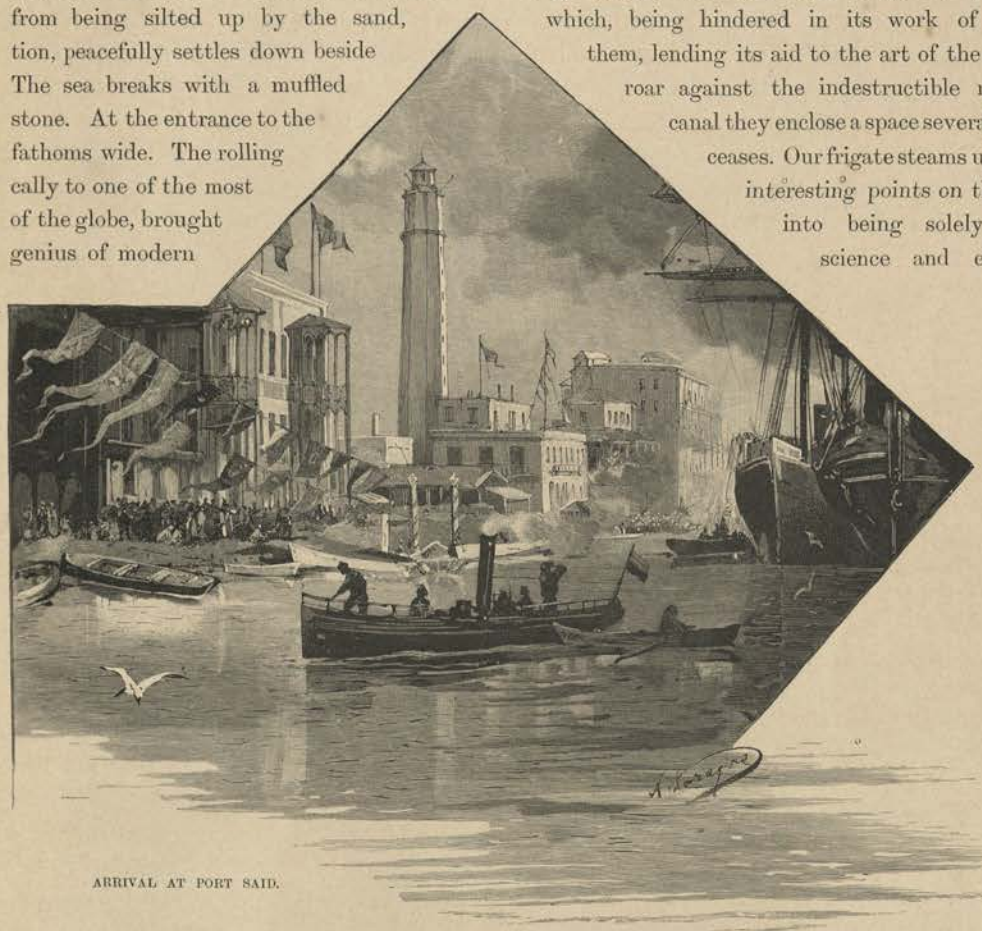
PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

before we can venture to guess where the promised harbour lies. Where are the minarets, the palm-groves, all the beauties of Egypt? They cannot be on this strip of sand on the horizon, ending in as deserted a waste as that over which our squadron is steaming at full speed.

The masts and spars of the shipping appear on the flat grey surface, an enormous lighthouse

rises up before us, houses and flags come into view, but the shore is still indistinguishable. Is it not a mirage, an optical illusion? No; the smell of the Nile mud is wafted towards us, and the warm breath of a southern land.

We are not far from the entrance to the Suez Canal. Two gigantic moles—one about a mile and the other about a mile and a half long—stretch out east and west, to protect it from being silted up by the sand, which, being hindered in its work of destruction, peacefully settles down beside them, lending its aid to the art of the engineer. The sea breaks with a muffled roar against the indestructible masses of stone. At the entrance to the canal they enclose a space several hundred fathoms wide. The rolling ceases. Our frigate steams up majestically to one of the most interesting points on the surface of the globe, brought into being solely by the genius of modern science and enterprise.

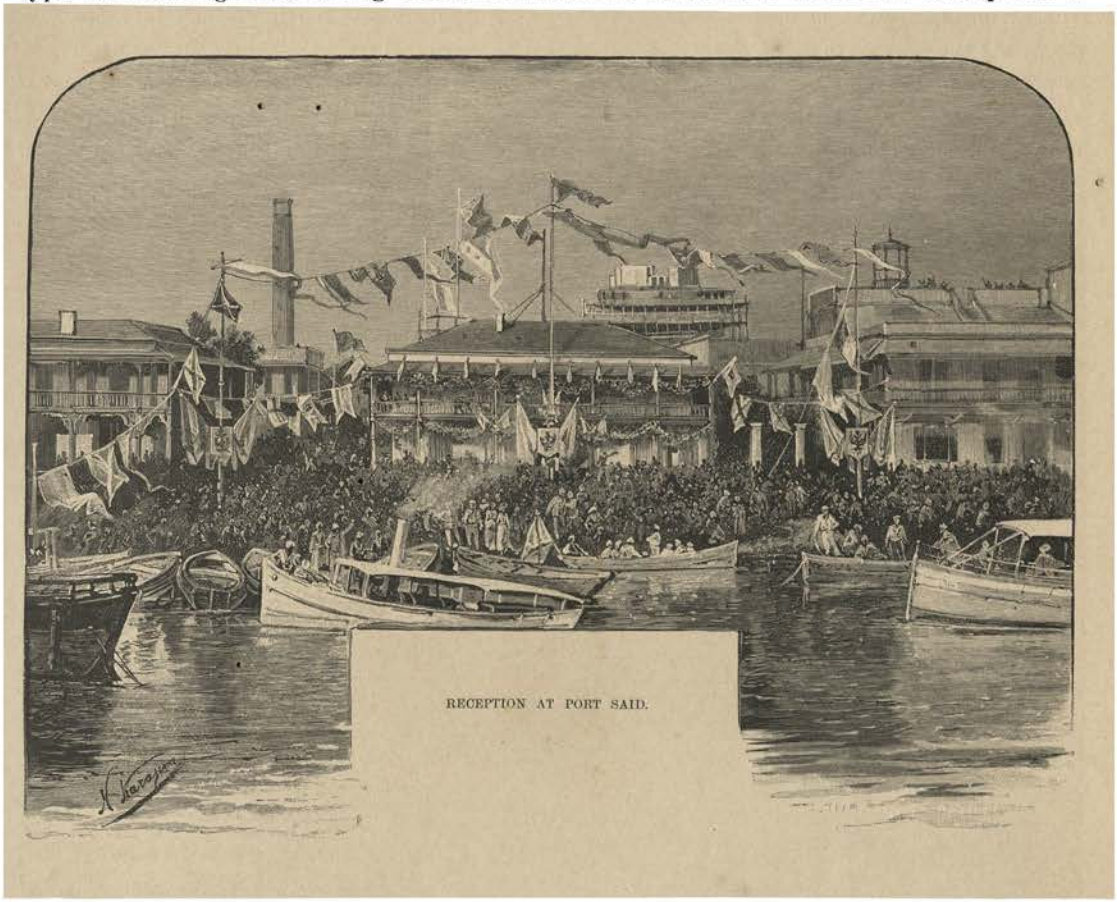


ARRIVAL AT PORT SAID.

Eight o'clock in the morning.

We can clearly see before us the narrowing basin towards which we are directing our course. The thunder of a salute and shouts of greeting come from the Egyptian man-of-war stationed here. The vessels crowded in the harbour join in the reception. The shore is literally covered with people. One must examine the crowd very intently indeed to bring any order into one's heterogeneous impressions. It presents a thorough mixture of languages and nationalities. Whom do we not see here? There are Tunisians and Algerians, Syrians and Persians, Hindus and Chinese. Then come Levantines and Europeans of all possible professions. Finally, preponderating over all the other elements of this motley crowd, come the half-savage Arabs and the poor fellahs. The whole

population, numbering some twenty thousand, seems to have turned out for the occasion. In their garments yellow vies with red and green, and is overpowered in its turn by blue in all its delicate shades. Several stone and brick houses stand along the quay, all of them small, with verandahs, and somehow having the air of temporary buildings. The majority of the houses are of wood. The regular streets stretch right out into the desert, if we may so call the artificial stretch of sand lying around this strange town. Pavements do not exist. Yet the hotels, shops, coffee-houses of a Western type, steamboat agencies, banking offices, consulates, etc., witness to a considerable development of



RECEPTION AT PORT SAID.

trade, and to the breadth of the interests involved in it. The chaotic abundance of flags, hoisted in honour of the Imperial and Royal guests, is relieved by scanty decorations of green branches and plants. The ovations are ceaseless. In the first crash of the salutes it is difficult to distinguish the singing, intermingled with the strains of instrumental music. Boats full of spectators looking on with curiosity, shouting and waving their hats, row to and fro about the *Pamiat Azova*. The white garments of the girls from the Greek school strike the eye pleasantly in the sunshine. The 'Zeto!' of the Greeks, the *vivats* of the numerous French inhabitants of Port Said, the extraordinary zeal of a female string band on one of the landing-places,—all merge into one inharmonious burst of enthusiasm.

For a short time our squadron stops at Port Said. Ibrahim Pasha, the Governor-General of the

IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

isthmus, and the Egyptian admiral, Privilegio Pasha, come in the name of the Khedive' to present themselves to the Cesarewitch. H.R.H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, commander of the *Scout*, now on an expedition to the Red Sea to put down the slave-trade, pays a visit to H.I. Highness.

Our stay of an hour and a half passes imperceptibly. On shore the irrepressible excitement still continues. Our national anthem is repeated a countless number of times. As one listens to it under this scorching African sky, in this marvellously constructed harbour, one involuntarily recollects how, exactly twenty-one years ago, a confusion as joyous and elemental shook and overwhelmed the new-born Port Said on the day when the Suez Canal was opened.

It is past ten o'clock. The *Pamiat Azova* slowly moves away, through the Ismail basin, from the town which gave it such a hospitable reception; but the green shutters and reddish roofs of its simple little houses are long visible. We go onwards—whither, we cannot at first comprehend, as the waterway runs straight through a sandy desert, fringed by what may be either flooded marshes or the surface of that same sea which still heaves and foams in the distance. What a wonderful sight! What a peculiar entrance into a strange continent! A straight, narrow, and seemingly endless strip, accessible to ships, runs into it. We must trust ourselves to this unique road, with its banks of yellow clay. Having entered on it, the ironclad becomes a hampered giant. From the blue expanse of the sea it seems to have passed into a brook. Its motions depend on the pilot's tug which tows it along. A little way behind, a similar little vessel sends up its smoke. The Governor-General of the isthmus, according to the orders of the Khedive, accompanies the Imperial travellers through his district. The administration of the Canal, in its turn, has taken the necessary measures for guiding the *Pamiat Azova*, as swiftly and carefully as possible, to our next stopping-place—Ismailia.

Seeing Lesseps's project realised, it is difficult to conceive how the East and the West managed to do without this Canal. The gigantic figures representing the capital and the enormous amount of labour expended on it, give but a vague idea of the means used for the solution of this problem—a solution which cost about £20,000,000, and ten years of work at high pressure. Yet this invaluable waterway is not a striking sight in itself. It is, perhaps, wanting in beauty.

A strange feeling comes over one as one passes along the Suez Canal. Our gigantic vessel glides along the narrow strip of water, through the most peculiar country one can imagine: on the one side lies sand of a blinding whiteness, the fiery silence of the desert, now and then a string of camels, with a few Arabs, and behind it all a dark and lofty wall of dust, raised and swept along by the desert wind; on the other side, the boundless plain of the vast and dreary Lake Menzaleh, whose shoals and islets are covered with countless rows of various waterfowl, both pink and white, this being their favourite resort in Egypt. This vast expanse, with its innumerable feathered fishers, was once occupied by fat pasture-lands, frequented by semi-nomadic Semitic tribes. The commercial towns of this locality were famed for their luxury and for the development of their trade. At that time the arms of the Nile turned their course hitherwards, to the east. But human neglect led to the loss of this cultivated and flourishing land. Pelicans and flamingoes have taken up their abode in the marshy waste which has replaced it. The colourless reeds sway gently along the edge of the muddy water, the breeze whispers softly over the shoreless marshes, and only the imagination of the archæologist strives to awaken the memories of a vanished past.

Psammetichus I., in the middle of the seventh century B.C., settled a number of Ionian and Carian mercenaries at Daphnai (where we now find Lake Menzaleh), for the protection of the

north-east frontier of Egypt. At that time the country stood in need of fortifications on this side; the proximity of Asia was no idle threat.

The Canal penetrates deeper and deeper into the isthmus. To the right and left lies the frowning desert, with its hills of sand. At one station, that of El-Kantara, the ancient track is still kept up for caravans coming westward from Syria. The name of the place itself means 'the bridge.' Beyond it, farther south, they again come to a lake, which bars their way. The *Pamiat Azova* passes this point also. The desertedness of the country keeps increasing. The banks grow higher. What a deep silence surrounds us! what an absence of the slightest signs of life!

Our frigate glides along at a rate somewhat faster than that of other vessels. If all were allowed to enjoy this exceptional privilege, the banks of the Canal would be washed away at a much greater rate. As it is, the great dredging-machines work unceasingly to widen it and to keep it clear. It is said that, in some four years more, two large vessels will be able to meet and pass each other without any special difficulty, and that the depth of the Canal will then reach some 100 to 110 feet.

The setting sun tinges the sands with crimson. Fantastic combinations of colour glow and dissolve in the cloudless sky. The metallic tint of the water is shrouded in darkness. We move between two lofty walls of sand. Only a gentle rippling at our stern reminds us that not all is dead around us. A feeling of something new and mysterious wakens in one's soul. For all one may wish, one cannot comprehend how the genius of the age could have made this daring sea-road through the mountains of dust piled up by the whirlwinds of centuries.

We enter Lake Timsah, where we are to stop. In the blaze of electric light, pouring from the frigate into the awful and boundless desert around us, it floats spectre-like before our eyes, in its lifeless nakedness, lit up by a sort of supernatural azure dawn.

We cannot but acknowledge that our day on the threshold of Egypt has been rich in characteristic impressions. In bidding farewell to the Suez Canal, we must note a curious detail. Of the hundreds of vessels that pass through it every month, the smallest number (some two or three) flies the Russian and the Spanish flags. Yet, on our way to Ismailia, it was a Spanish man-of-war that we overtook, parting with it amidst the thunder of salutes.

SUNDAY, *November* 11 (23).

In a few hours we shall be in Cairo. Again we have to leave the frigate, but this time for a whole fortnight.

The east begins to pale. A red, flaming sphere rises out of the misty veil which overhangs the chaos of the sandy waste. Around us lies the azure surface of the lake. Little hillocks, overgrown with trees, are seen along its western shore. Not far from us, in a setting of date-palms, lies Ismailia, De Lesseps's favourite town, the centre of the administration of the Suez Canal, the scene of brilliant festivities in 1869, when the Canal was completed.

At 8.30 A.M. a steam-launch approaches the *Pamiat Azova*, with several guests in full uniform—Prince Hussein Pasha Kamil; Zulfikar Pasha, the Egyptian Minister of Foreign Affairs; and Abderrahman Pasha Rouchdy, Grand Master of Ceremonies, bearing greetings from their sovereign to his guests. The Egyptian national anthem is performed.

The thunder of the salutes at the departure of the Pashas has scarce died away, when both

the Grand Dukes and Prince George of Greece make ready to land. The preponderating elements in Ismailia are the French and the Greek, so that the reception will, no doubt, be as cordial as at Port Said.

In the midst of the smoke of the farewell salutes, we start on our way to Cairo. It is but a little while ago that the place now occupied by Lake Timsah was nothing but a grim desert, with prickly plants growing on the slopes of its hills of sand, and with low brushwood on its salt and

KHEDIVE TEWFIK PASHA.

marshy plain. Not even the cry of a bird broke the deathly silence. Only now and then a hyena might be seen slinking to its lair. . . . But now our launch comes nearer and nearer to a little town with a church, a mosque, villas, real streets, and neat gardens, with oleanders blooming in the depth of autumn, and golden oranges ripening amidst the dark-green foliage.

We reach the landing-place of Ismailia, where their Highnesses are once more received by Ibrahim Pasha, by the administration of the Canal (with the chief manager, Rouaille de Rouville, at its head), and by the pupils of the local Greek school for girls, attired in white, who present bouquets

to the Grand Dukes and Prince George. An equipage awaits them, sent hither from Cairo by the Khedive. The Grand Dukes are accompanied on their journey through Egypt by Prince Bariatinsky, Admiral Basargin, M. Onou, Prince Obolensky, Prince Kochubey, M. Volkoff, Dr. Smirnoff of the *Vladimir Monomakh*, M. Gritsenko, our artist, and the author of this work.

The crowds, gathered to meet us, rush after the equipages to the railway station. The road runs somewhat uphill, and the horses move slowly. Shady acacias line the avenue along which we drive.

The Court train is prepared for the guests of the Khedive. The curious crowd breaks through all barriers to come near it—the ladies (mostly French and Greek) being in front. About nine o'clock in the morning, amidst the shouts of the crowd, the train bears us away from Lake Timsah. Three engineers, Prompt, Nicour, and Scander-bey, superintend the driving of the train. Besides Prince Hussein, the suite of the Cesarewitch, and two Pashas, there are in the train our diplomatic agent and consul-general in Cairo, A. T. Koyander (who has already presented himself to their Imperial Highnesses during their passage through the Suez Canal), the Greek consul general, M. Argyropoulo, and Prince Dabizha, secretary to the Imperial Legation.

Beyond Ismailia the desert begins again. Only the telegraph wires intersect the country, and now and then a caravan is faintly seen in the distance. The reflection of the sun's rays is intolerably bright. Large grains of sand find their way everywhere, and, as we move rapidly forward, settle in a thick layer on the furniture and on our clothing, hovering in a dense haze in the track of the train. This, however, does not keep the Grand Dukes from electing to sit on the covered platform between the compartments in preference to remaining in the more comfortable carriages.

We flash past the dreary, lifeless expanse which now occupies a district where, in days of yore, agriculture, aided by a skilful system of artificial irrigation, reached a flourishing condition, where the Israelites toiled and suffered under the stern sway of the Pharaohs. The latest investigations of archæologists, started by the English Egyptian Exploration Fund, have determined, with some degree of accuracy, the very spots where the events mentioned in the Bible took place.

Beyond Tel-el-Kebeer, on the left-hand side of the road, a small strip of well-cultivated land (el-Wady) runs into the waste. At last we see palms, the dwellings of the fellahs, and irrigated fields. The region of culture gradually grows wider. This is the famous land of Goshen, so flourishing in ancient days, which a few years ago lay barren and neglected, but is now recovering its former fertility, thanks to a sufficient supply of Nile water brought here through the fresh-water canal. Along the borders of this fertile land lies the grim yellow plain of the parched and thirsty desert. It seems to be in a delirium of mirages; one after the other they rise and vanish in the distance.

At the station of Zagazig there is an official reception, with firing of salutes, picturesque groups of natives, the mudir (governor) of the province of Sharkeeyeh, and behind him a crowd gathered to greet the guests of the Khedive. If even here our reception is so brilliant and cordial, what, then, are we to expect in Cairo?

This spot was, at one time, the site of an important religious centre of Ancient Egypt—Bubastis, which contained a temple remarkable for its dimensions, mentioned by Herodotus. Pilgrims flocked hither in hundreds of thousands, to worship in unbridled licence the goddess Sekket (Aphrodite or Astarte). She was represented either in a terrible form (with the head of a lioness) or in a playful one (with the face of a cat). This supernatural being was the personification of the scorching heat of the sun, of the fiery yearning of passion, and so forth.

Formless piles of stone are all that is now left of this ancient city; and all the interests of the inhabitants are centred in the disposal of their cotton and their corn.

The train that bears the guests of the Khedive passes on through a fertile and even wooded strip of land. Plantations grow along our way to Cairo, of which we have already passed one-half. The time slips by imperceptibly. At the station of Benha, another grand reception is given their Highnesses by the governor and people of the province of Kalioobeeyeh.

Orange-trees surround this little town. On the horizon the Arabian and Libyan ranges come more clearly into view. The Pyramids and the citadel of Cairo will soon be visible. But when preparing for a grand reception, and donning one's uniform, and watching vigilantly the moment of the meeting of the Khedive and his guests, there is but little interest felt in the sight of that which can afterwards be examined at leisure.

Twenty-five minutes to one. A suburb of Cairo, with its gardens, villas, and sycamore avenue, flashes past us. We have reached our goal. A prominent figure among his courtiers in their gorgeous attire, the ruler of Egypt bends his gaze on the open car in which stand the Imperial travellers.

The station is decorated with green garlands, with the Russian, the Greek, and the Egyptian colours, with the Imperial eagle and the initials of the Khedive above them. The top of the passage leading to the equipages is covered by a ceiling of linen. The station is filled by a numerous company. Next to H.H. Tewfik Pasha are the Princes Achmet Pasha, Osman Pasha, and Ibrahim Pasha: then come the Ministers, the Sirdar of the Egyptian army, General Sir Francis Grenfell; the members of the foreign diplomatic corps (with Sir Evelyn Baring at their head); M. Ivanoff, our vice-consul in Cairo; General Sir James Dormer (commander of the British troops in Egypt); several Russians (Mme. Koyander, Prince and Princess Gagarin, Prince Muruzi, M. Abaza, M. and Mme. Balas, Mlle. Dmitrieff, Golenishtcheff the Egyptologist, and others). Some of the Egyptians wear the ribbons of our orders of St. Anne and St. Stanislaus.

The Khedive, welcoming the Cesarewitch, holds out his hand to assist him to alight from the carriage. H.I. Highness introduces the Grand Duke George and Prince George of Greece to the Khedive, who in his turn introduces to them his relations, the Princes. The Cesarewitch presents his suite to the Khedive, and M. Koyander presents the representatives of the foreign Powers and the members of the Russian Legation to H.I. Highness.

The 7th battalion of Egyptian Infantry is on guard at the entrance to the station. As the Grand Dukes come out to their carriages, they are greeted by the strains of the Russian anthem. From this moment it is impossible to note everything, and to relate what takes place in strictly chronological order. The storm of enthusiasm that arose was overwhelming, and it was impossible to collect one's thoughts for calm observation It will perhaps be better to give a description of the wonderful entrance, returning in imagination to the different features of the panorama unrolled.

November 11 (23) is a memorable day for Cairo—so memorable, that many years hence the older inhabitants of the city will call to mind how the capital and the country received the Heir to the throne of Russia.

The sky is somewhat cloudy. One breathes freely. Crowds of people flock from all sides, with a sort of subdued hum, along the road from the railway station to the Ezbekieh Square. The indistinct hum grows louder and louder towards the hour of noon, when the Imperial train is to

arrive. The excitement passes in an electric current from house to house, from street to street. When noon is past, the general impatience is noticeable at every step. Hark! a succession of shots from the fortress and from the broad Ismailia canal rolls through the echoing air with deafening loudness. This is Cairo's greeting to its welcome guests. It means that the procession will soon pass through the decorated streets of Cairo, that unconsciously a good understanding will be established between the guests and this people, that the bands will begin to play and the air will ring with joyful shouts. And now all this actually takes place. A wave of confused talk and sympathetic murmuring runs through the crowded streets. The Imperial and Royal visitors will drive past immediately. The mounted escort is already visible.

The way is lined with troops, the strains of the Russian and Greek national anthems are borne on the breeze. The sea of people heaves and sways; the crush is tremendous. In spite of all the efforts of the police, the Court equipages can scarcely move forwards, so that the running footmen accompanying them have no occasion for running at all.

In the first carriage, drawn by four white horses, harnessed *à la* Daumont, sits the Cesarewitch in the place of honour, in the uniform of H.M. Hussars of the Guard, with the ribbon of the Order of Osmanieh and the diamond star. Next him sits the Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, wearing the order of St. Alexander of the Neva, with thoughtful eyes but smiling face. The sovereign of the country is evidently well pleased with the cordiality of the welcome given by Cairo to his guests.

After them come H.I.H. the Grand Duke George and H.R.H. Prince George of Greece (in Russian and Greek naval uniforms, respectively). Then follow the Princes, and then the suite. Bodies of cavalry open and close the *cortège*.

Near the end of the Shoobrah Avenue, across the Kantarat-el-Lemoon (a bridge over the Ismailia canal) stands a double arch with the Russian inscription, 'Welcome.' Its parts are joined by garlands of flowers. It has been erected by the Russians. An energetic part in its construction was taken by our Asiatic Mohammedans, and by those of Khiva and Bokhara, who sometimes spend a long time here, either as pupils at the famous Arabic college at the Mosque of el-Azhar, or on their way to Mecca, waiting for the customary caravan to start. They took advantage of this occasion for the spontaneous expression of their loyalty, and showed most clearly, before all the mullahs and dervishes of Cairo, how dear to them is the prestige of our empire, and what their idea is of showing honour to the sons of the White Tsar.

Our arch—at the very entrance into Cairo—is surmounted by a fine two-headed eagle. The arch is decorated with green branches and coloured Venetian lanterns. On each side of it stands a tent, in one of which the Russian colony is gathered. Its representatives present bouquets to the Khedive and his guests. In the other tent a band of music plays the Russian anthem.

From the bridge the equipages proceed along the street of the Bab-el-Hadid. It is with difficulty that the procession makes it way to the centre of the town.

Here is the famous square of Ezbekieh, in a quarter of the town abounding in shops. The spot where a pond once lay, with the kiosks of the Mamelukes on its banks, is now occupied by a public garden, laid out in 1870 by the Frenchman Barillet. Several streets radiate from this point. The growing crowd presses in on all sides. How fascinating are these Orientals! how picturesque the attire even of the poorest! Both blue and white suit them so well. Those who are somewhat richer than their neighbours are decked out in turbans of different colours and long silk caftans. Arab sheiks drape themselves in their ample cloaks. Veiled women, with painted eyes strangely

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO CAIRO.

glittering, peep through the holes in their veils at the brilliant uniforms of the strangers. Half-naked boys with shaven heads keep running across the road through the noisy crowd, endangering their lives among the horses and the carriages; Copts in their dark garments force their way through; the white-veiled inhabitants of the harem, jealously guarded by eunuchs, look through the plate-glass windows of their elegant carriages. Foreigners mounted on donkeys make their way through the dense mass of people. Whom do we not see in the motley crowd gathered to welcome the Imperial travellers! The Nubian stands next the Turk, the Persian with the Abyssinian, the European adventurer by the Syrian. It positively seems as if no less than a hundred thousand of the inhabitants had poured out into the streets on this grand occasion to be present at this unheard-of, indescribable reception. The confusion is most exciting, especially when the thought arises, 'I too am a Russian.' The balconies and windows, decorated with carpets, are filled to overflowing with smiling ladies. Rose-leaves are showered on our path. The unceasing strains of the band are at times almost drowned by the shouts of the populace. The gay confusion rapidly increases.

Photographers with their cameras are seen on all sides. Thousands of flags of all sizes wave gently above the streets they shade, along the path of the Grand Dukes, forming at times a heaving vault, displaying wondrous effects of colour. In the Ezbekieh garden the flags are attached to the trees along the railing, twenty feet above the ground, forming a mass of beautiful colours against a background of dense foliage.

Near 'Shepheard's' Hotel, so well known in Cairo, rises a pale lilac arch, some fifty feet high, resembling the Parisian 'Arc de l'Etoile.' On the one side a welcome is inscribed in Russian; on the other a simple inscription in French: 'The French to the Cesarewitch.' The air is filled with shouts of 'Vive la Russie!' Amidst the jubilations of the amicably disposed French rise the strains of the orchestra supplied by the management of the opera, that a worthy reception might be given to the Khedive's guests.

A similar scene takes place on the Place de l'Opéra, at the Greek consulate, where we find a Greek arch, with the inscription, 'The Greeks of Cairo.' Next to it is a platform with a band of music. Hard by, near the New Hotel, we find the guards mounted by the first battalion of the Devonshire Regiment and the second battalion of the Royal Irish Rifles, the pupils of the Greek schools, and a deputation from the people of that nationality, of whom there are some sixty thousand in Egypt. The boys and girls from the different schools present bouquets to the Khedive and his guests. The children sing our national anthem.

The carriages move on again, and are lost in the dense crowd. It is only by the white horses of the bodyguard that we can make out which way the head of the procession is going.

The Khedive and his guests turn into the street that leads to the Imperial diplomatic agency, in the best quarter of the town—Ismailia.

The tumultuous crowd follows them thither. When the Grand Dukes and Prince George, having arrived at the house of M. Koyander, where they intend to lunch, pass from the sight of the people crowding around the garden railing, dense masses of spectators still flood the road. It is enough for some one of the Grand Dukes or Prince George to appear at the windows, and the air rings with uncontrollable shouts of rejoicing.

So passes an hour, and yet another. The same excitement reigns in the streets.

The Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, having accompanied his guests to the Russian consulate, has long ago returned to the palace. The Orientals do not greet him with noisy ovations, but, according to

custom, bow in silence, touching their foreheads and placing one hand on the breast. Only the excited Greek crowd, keeping up its feast of feasts, continues its ceaseless 'Zēto!'

Again the shouts of greeting burst forth. The Grand Dukes and Prince George are driving amidst a mounted escort to the Abdeen Palace, where they will be received by the Khedive. The natives cannot take their eyes off the Cossack of the Emperor's bodyguard, who is mounted on the seat behind the carriage of the Grand Dukes. His powerful figure, in Caucasian attire, evidently impresses the Mohammedan citizens, who, in a comparatively recent past, were in constant communication with the Circassians. Half of the local traditions and historical memories are bound up with this past—hence the more prominent is this bodyguard of the sons of the White Tsar in his Oriental attire, in the brilliant setting of the jubilant crowds of Cairo.

Three o'clock in the afternoon. The spacious Abdeen Square is occupied by troops. The two long, low white fronts of the palace stand with their simple exterior, destitute of all ornament. The flat roof does little to beautify it, and the absence of all vegetation around gives the place a stern aspect.

The military salute is given by the first battalion of native infantry. The Russian and the Greek anthems greet the Imperial and Royal visitors. The thunder of a salute reaches us from the fortress. On reaching the main entrance, the mounted guard of honour falls in along the way our equipages have to pass.

The Cesarewitch has Prince George of Greece by his side, while the Grand Duke George sits opposite them. The landau of their Highnesses is drawn by four splendid horses. After them come Prince Bariatinsky, M. Onou, M. Koyander, and the Grand Master of Ceremonies, Abderrahman Pasha. The rest of the Russian suite and the Greek consul, M. Argyropoulo, close the *cortège*.

The senior officials of the Egyptian Court await the guests at the entrance of Abdeen. Their host descends from the upper story to lead his guests into the reception-rooms. Having greeted them, the Khedive presents to them some of his Pashas. Downstairs, before the white marble staircase, decorated with flowers, and also at the entrance into the State apartments, stand in a picturesque line the armed Albanians and Circassians who attend Tewfik Pasha, forming a sort of palace guard; they wear tall caps and brown uniforms, with gold cords on the breast.

Their Highnesses pass into the great corner drawing-room, where they seat themselves by the window, opposite the main door. To the right of the Khedive sits the Cesarewitch; to the left, the Grand Duke George and Prince George of Greece.

A light-coloured carpet, of immense size, covers the whole floor. This room and the neighbouring ones are furnished completely in European style. The furniture, the curtains, the chandeliers, etc., are evidently from Paris. The suite occupies a crimson sofa, running along the wall; it is not of an Eastern fashion, and is covered with Lyons silk. The native and foreign elements mingle strangely, though pleasantly, to the eye in the internal luxury of the strictly official Abdeen Palace, opened only at the hours of audience and on State occasions. It is used for receiving, not for dwelling in.

The Pashas and the masters of ceremonies (attired in blue and gold, with their stars and decorations) constantly wear their headgear. According to Mohammedan ideas, to doff it would be to show grave disrespect to all around, and to transgress the time-honoured rules of politeness elaborated by the followers of the Prophet.

A whole series of Court servants, clad in black, offer us long pipes of sandal-wood, with

shining supports for the bowls. To keep them from going out, the 'chubukchis' kneel before the smokers. The amber mouthpieces, encrusted with diamonds, are extremely original.

It seems that, until the English set their face against it, the sovereigns of Egypt used to present foreign guests of rank, at their State receptions, with richly caparisoned horses and arms of Damascus steel, agreeably to ancient custom in Mohammedan lands, as for instance in Bokhara. The East holds different views from ours on the expression of a sovereign's hospitality and magnificence. As Northern Africa assimilates European views and prejudices, the charm of this mediæval world fades, and loses the characteristics of an independent social order. It is with the greater pleasure that we inhale the aroma of the fading world.

The conversation of the Khedive with his guests lasts but a short time. Immediately before their departure they are offered the inevitable coffee. At 3.20 P.M. comes the return, as stately

CASTLE OF PRINCE HUSSEIN PASHA AT GIZEH.

and as enthusiastic. The firing of salutes and the shouts of the populace blend into one inseparable whole.

The carriages drive towards the left bank of the Nile, to the suburb of Gizeh, where one of the palaces (belonging to Prince Hussein Pasha) is for a fortnight placed at the disposal of the Imperial travellers by its hospitable owner.

About four o'clock the Khedive, accompanied by one of his aides-de-camp, General Jusuf Pasha Shookhdi, returns the Cesarewitch's call.

After this H.I. Highness is visited by the Swedish Crown Prince—staying at this time in Cairo—and receives calls from the master of the house, Prince Hussein, and from the Grand Commissary of the Ottoman Empire, Ghazi-Akhmet-Mookhtar Pasha (the brave opponent of our troops in the last war).

The representatives of the Russian colony in Egypt present themselves *in corpore* to the

Heir-Apparent. The oldest of them, M. Abaza, presenting him with bread and salt, addressed him in the following words:—

'Bread and salt have from ancient times accompanied, in Russia, the expression of the boundless devotion of the Russian people to the throne and their fatherland. Holding sacred the traditions of their native land, even on the banks of the distant Nile, the family of Russians in Egypt have the boundless happiness to express their feelings personally to the first-born of their beloved sovereign.'

The order for the silver dish and salt-cellar was given to the large establishment of Parvis. Along its rim runs a border of lotus-leaves. In the centre, enclosed in a circle, are two sphinxes holding a tablet, on which the name of the Cesarewitch is engraved in hieroglyphics. Within another and larger concentric circle the most remarkable native monuments of antiquity (the pyramids and the sphinx at Gizeh, the temple at Edfoo, and the island of Philæ) are reproduced with extreme elegance and delicacy. Among these engravings, inscriptions in hieroglyphics speak of the wishes of the Russian colony in the land of the Pharaohs for the well-being of H.I. Highness. The gift is enclosed in a morocco case.

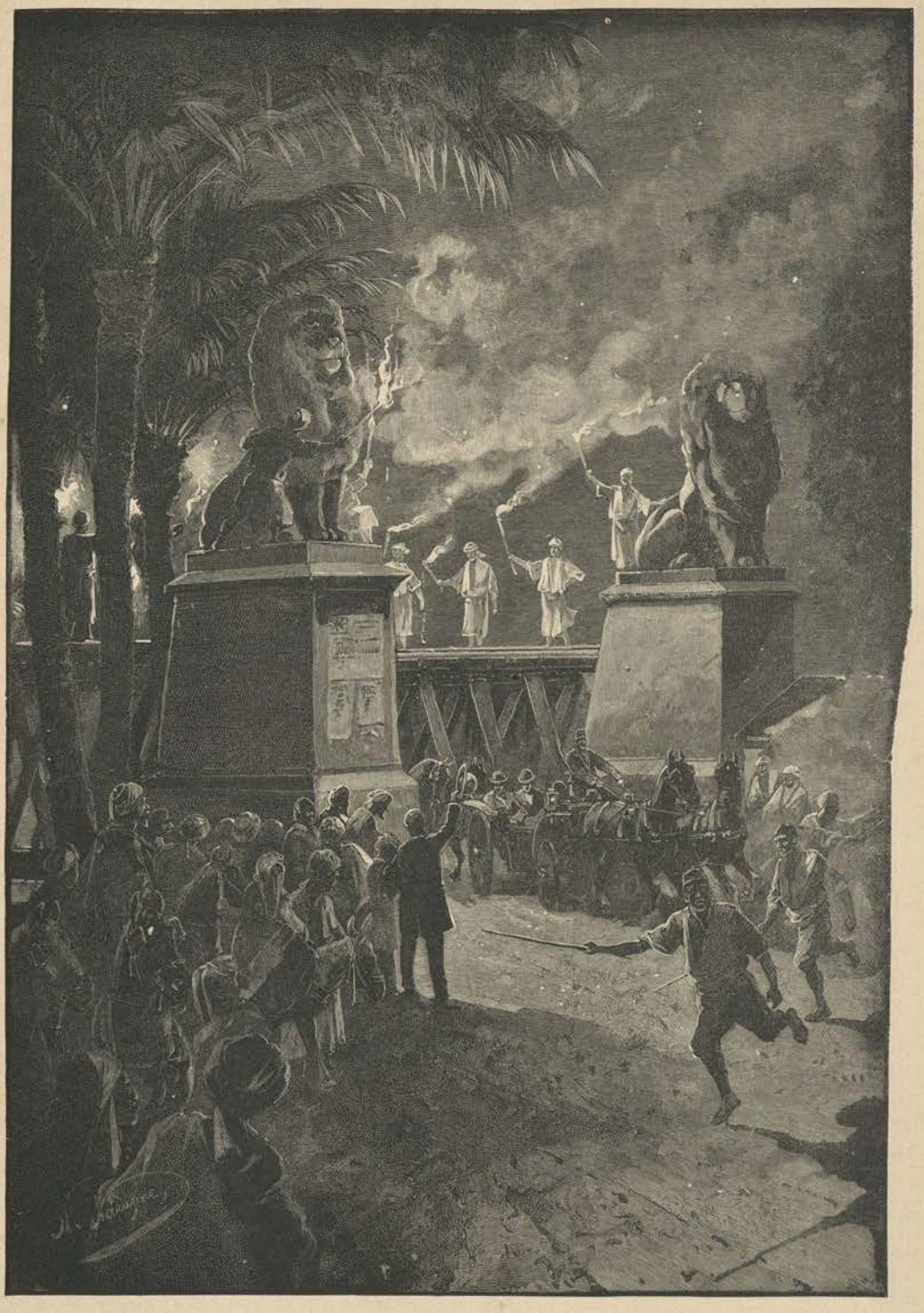
After a quiet dinner at home—with no one present but the suite—the Cesarewitch, his brother, and his cousin go out for a drive about 9 P.M., their landau being accompanied by a mounted escort.

We drive through dark avenues to the bridge thrown over the Nile; we hurry through the dim and deserted streets of the European quarter of Cairo, which to-day were filled with a heaving crowd of people. In about half an hour the Grand Dukes reach the Place de l'Opéra, where the Greek arch was erected. Suddenly we find ourselves in the midst of an enormous crowd. The decorations put up, in honour of the occasion are brightly lit up, and blaze in the warm gloom of the evening. Lines of fire mark the course of the long-expected guests. The jubilations take place as in the morning, but in more fantastic surroundings. The crush is even greater than in the daytime. The horses can scarcely make their way forward through the smoky gloom of the illuminations in the quivering blaze of the Bengal lights. These bearded faces around, all this Oriental world now flooding the road, which rings with their shouts, this fervid and uncontrollable animation, all acts on one in the strangest way.

At times the scene seems quite familiar, comprehensible, majestic. Waves of shining light heave before our enchanted eyes. The carriage of the Grand Dukes floats in a torrent of flaming reflections. The flags swing above the streets with a measured motion.

But, again, the lights are hidden in smoke, sink and die out; until fresh ones are lit, we move onward in a sort of formless twilight. The spectre-like forms of the people crowd around with unceasing shouts. And then again comes the brilliancy of the hearty welcome. . . . The commercial quarters of the city have done all in their power to make the first drive of the Cesarewitch as beautiful as possible. The hotels, *cafés*, shops, and even private houses are studded with points of light. The enthusiasm is heightened by the music. Yes! Cairo has not belied the character which it has borne for ages, as a city of fabulous splendour, as a source of enjoyment for strangers.

We drive back to Gizeh by the same dim and deserted boulevards which lead to the river. It is 11 P.M.; the neighbouring villas wear an air of calm after the deafening noise within the sphere of the illuminations. Nothing falls on the ear but the faint tinkle of the fountains in the gardens shrouded in darkness. Here is the dark, gigantic bridge Kasr-en-Nil. Two lions in a sitting posture



LIGHTING OF THE NILE BRIDGE.

adorn the end which projects out of the shadow. The silence and the gloom seem to have grown deeper. What we have seen and heard is only little by little taking form in our memory and consciousness.

The iron mass spanning the Nile, which we have to cross, in its turn unexpectedly bursts into blaze of Bengal lights; they burn blue and white on both sides along the lofty parapets, where natives in picturesque garments stand at a distance of several paces one from another. The happy thought to wind up the reception of November 11/23 with this surprise was artistically carried out by our countryman Prince Muruzi, who lives permanently in Cairo, and has a thorough knowledge of all the nameless charm and inimitable beauty latent in it.

Leaving behind us the light-transfigured bridge, our equipages roll again through dark and lonely avenues. The southern sky, with its brilliant stars burning brighter and brighter, overhangs the sleeping earth. A grateful coolness is experienced after the heat and incessant fatigue we have undergone. The palace is already in sight. At the gate, where the guard has formed rank in a long line along with the mounted guards, trumpet signals and the clash of arms ring out loudly in the still air.

CHAPTER VI

MONDAY, *November* 12/24.

ADVANTAGE must be taken, from the very morning, of the Cesarewitch's short stay in Cairo.

It is time to start on a survey of the city. The fortress, which the Grand Dukes and Prince George are about to visit, lies several miles away.

We dash once more through Ismailia, without its rousing our curiosity. That the guests of the Khedive may form an idea of the less well-ordered quarters of the city, they are driven through one that positively seethes with native life.

Now we are really in that fabulous city of Arabic civilisation, which has grown up on the ruins of hoar antiquity.

What a motley sight is presented by the streets of Cairo! To-day comparative order reigns around, yet, wherever the streets widen out a little, equipages, horsemen, and pedestrians are every moment involved in an inextricable tangle. We see strings of loaded camels, mules (with velvet saddle-cloths, and brass gimcracks on their bridles), mounted police, English soldiers, tourists in pith helmets, fellahs, Bedouins, and negroes. Some are selling water, some are hawking sweets or fruit, others, again, are begging. Now and then a native woman rides past in dark-blue garments, clumsily veiled from the bold gaze of the passers-by, and mounted on a silvery-grey donkey, with a red saddle. Tiny slippers peep forth from the high stirrups, and black eyes sparkle under the thick veil.

Every pose, every movement of these bearded Mussulmen is invested with dignity; it depends to a great extent on the overhanging turban and the caftan which drapes the Oriental.

A most characteristic feature of the scene is formed by the sayces or running footmen, who, according to Eastern custom, run by the side of our carriages. The valley of the Nile knew them even in the days of yore.

Bare-footed, with sticks in their hands, in gold-embroidered jackets and bright sashes, with body inclined and shoulders thrown back, they skim along lightly before the fiery horses, shouting at the people in the way. Their sleeves flutter behind them like the wings of butterflies. The tassels of their tarbooshes leap as they dash along. The grace of their movements

is in complete harmony with the wondrous activity of these untiring men, who, it is said, generally die of consumption.

The story runs, that the grandfather of Tewfik Pasha, Mohammed Ali (the founder of the reigning dynasty) had an indefatigable sayce, who was never known to fall behind his master. On one occasion, the latter, having received news of an insurrection, started for the place on a swift dromedary. Their goal was many miles away. But the sayce kept running on, holding by the trappings of the animal; when they had reached the goal, he fell down dead.

Through deep and gloomy gates we drive into the citadel (el-Kala). The rising road is broad and well paved. Soon after the barracks of the British troops come in sight, with the cannon of the stranger pointed at the city. Here, too, is a little square among the somewhat crowded buildings, while a little way off to the left lie the ruins of an ancient mosque, with glazed bricks of a Persian type. To the right is a guard, drawn up to receive the Grand Dukes, with the band playing our National Anthem.

As late as the beginning of this century, the palace of Saladin, famed among the Crusaders, still stood here among the spurs of the Mokhattam range. Now we see here the scarlet uniforms of foreign sentinels, and the two slender minarets of the Mosque of Mohammed Ali (finished in 1857) rising up into the sky like hands stretched forth in prayer, the mosque itself (built of yellowish alabaster) shining with blinding brilliancy in the rays of the noontide sun.

At the entrance we have to put on slippers over our boots. Coming out of the brilliant sunlight, we suddenly find ourselves in a region of twilight, within a building somewhat resembling St. Sophia's in Constantinople.

Behind the mosque lies a long, narrow ledge, running along the verge of a steep cliff. Looking westward, we obtain a most picturesque view of Cairo: a sea of houses with flat roofs, gardens, innumerable airy turrets, palaces, white domes, ruins, light-grey buildings crossed by stripes of red, and beyond all this the broad sparkling blue ribbon of the Nile, winding among green fields and groves of palm-trees. At times it even seems to be a chain of calm, shining, motionless lakes. Further still beyond it lie the pyramids of Gizeh, and the yellow Libyan desert; on the northern side is the boundless delta of the Nile, while towards the south, between two converging desert plains, lies an agricultural region, won from the arid waste.

Not far from us, below the citadel, lies the circular place of Rumelieh.

In the midst of the sandy plain stand the silent and lonely tombs of the mediæval sovereigns. It really seems as if one were listening to a tale from the *Arabian Nights*, told not by night, but in the scorching, almost silvery, sunshine. But here, in Cairo, everything since yesterday seems a ravishing dream, an enchanting fairy-tale.

As we drive away from the tomb of the ancestor of the Khedives of Egypt, we cannot but admire the fragments of those elegant glazed bricks, with a greenish sheen, which still glitter on the minarets of the Mosque of Sultan Nasr, now shorn of its pristine glory, and which are known as 'kashani' (as in Central Asia, principally on the monuments of Bokhara and Samarkand). The art of baking them was brought hither by fugitives from Iran, in the terrible days of the Mongol invasions.

The Grand Dukes and Prince George accept the invitation of the Colonel of the Royal Irish Rifles, quartered here, to visit their mess-room, situated in what was once a palace, from the windows and terraces of which there is a beautiful view of the surrounding country. This regiment was in

India a little while ago, but has now been transferred to the land where, in the beginning of the century, it fought gallantly against the French, in memory of which it bears a silver sphinx on its cartridge-boxes.

Their Highnesses then go through another former palace, which the English have made their central military hospital, with accommodation for 500 patients. To-day only one-quarter of it is occupied. The eye involuntarily lingers on the very primitive and glaring paintings running along the walls of the spacious wards.

In the days of the Khedive Ismail, el-Kala was inhabited by some one of the princes. Now the British element stands forth as the chief representative of authority and order in the citadel.

The principal countries that supplied Egypt with the ambitious and gifted slaves, who afterwards gained power and influence over current events, Central Asia and the Caucasus, were the source of an influx of fresh young life, which contributed to the political independence of Cairo, and to the originality of its life.

The prestige of this centre of Islam necessarily impressed both East and West in the middle ages. Even when besieged by the Crusaders, the capital of the Fatimidi on the Nile was able to buy off the knights at a comparatively cheap price. Now all the inexhaustible riches of the valley of the Nile are insufficient to release the natives from a foreign protectorate.

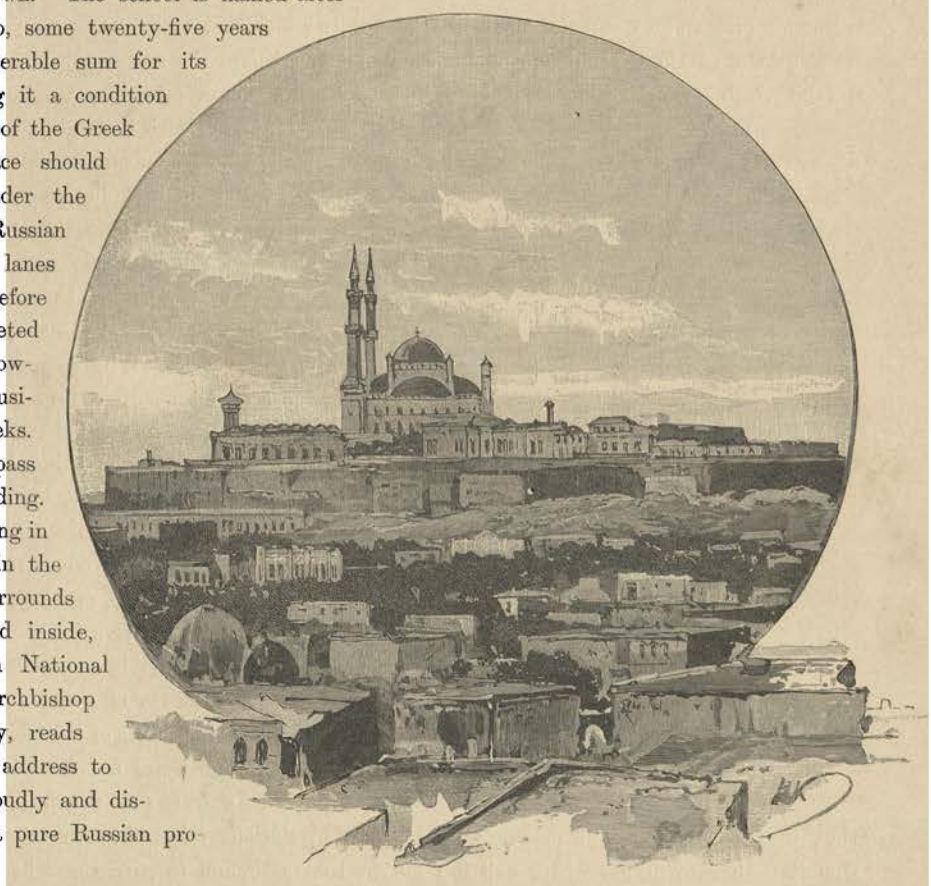
During our visit to the citadel our eyes have often been drawn to the tallest of the minarets of Cairo (surmounting the crumbling Mosque of Sultan Hassan), which adorns the place of Rumelieh, and is one of the most beautiful relics of the middle ages. Looking on this dark and majestic building, one feels that the Islamite world of the fourteenth century possessed its own Michael Angelo, imbued with the spirit of the Koran, in an age when the very name of the rulers of Egypt inspired fear and trembling. The architect may have been under European influence, for the trained eye of a traveller has noticed some little details which speak of the influence of Gothic architecture. But it is not this that is important; it is the spiritual aspiration that is significant.

We drive through some very narrow streets. In places massive gateways loom dark and grim, while old inscriptions are still visible over the picturesque arches. Within some of these buildings there must be quiet little courts into which, some hundred years ago, the mamelukes used to ride proudly on their priceless steeds. Now all this place is occupied by warehouses crammed with casks and bales, its only and valued guests being camels with their loads of merchandise.

The burning rays of the sun do not penetrate into these half-covered lanes. The houses are built very near each other for the sake of coolness. This is naturally produced by the slightest motion of the air, which is increased by the wise construction of the large windows, closed to the outer world, but supplied with a number of apertures, their carven outward side projecting into the street.

This seems to be a bazaar day. We drive past minarets and domes of fantastic shape and with curious ornamentation. Endless rows of shops, with their owners sitting gravely in them, line both sides of the road. Every building has some point of interest about it: either the combination of colours, the intricate arabesques on the stone, the airy outlines of the arch over the opening—part window, part door—which leads into the shop and dwelling-house with its various merchandise. The inevitable groups of curious spectators gather along the line of closely packed houses. Driving without pause along the winding streets of Cairo, one passes rapidly from

trade to trade, from foreign work and goods to the produce of native industry, from the characteristic figure of some one dignified Mussulman to another as typical incarnation of Eastern self-restraint and imperturbability. The most beautiful mosques appear to the right and left. All the charm of native architecture pervades this part of the city; but it is given to us to enjoy this Cairo only for a few moments of eager admiration. The equipages roll on towards their goal. The Imperial and Royal travellers intend visiting the Greek school of Abet, which lies in one of the older quarters of the town. The school is named after a rich patriot who, some twenty-five years ago, left a considerable sum for its foundation, making it a condition that the education of the Greek youth of the place should be carried on under the patronage of the Russian Government. The lanes and the court before the school are carpeted and filled to overflowing with an enthusiastic crowd of Greeks. Their Highnesses pass through the building. The scholars standing in the second story, in the gallery which surrounds the little courtyard inside, chant the Russian National Anthem. The Archbishop of Sinai, Porphyry, reads out the following address to the Cesarewitch, loudly and distinctly, and with a pure Russian pronunciation:—



THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

'Your Imperial Highness!—The educational establishment of Abet enjoys the great honour of being under the august patronage of the Emperor of all the Russias. As the president of the managing council, as superior of the monastery of Mount Sinai, which can count up not a few tokens of the Imperial favour, I consider myself incomparably favoured in being able to express to your Imperial Highness our most respectful gratitude for the high honour shown to us by your visit. The memory of this day will never be erased from the hearts of the pupils of the school of Abet.

'I raise my humble voice to Almighty God in heartfelt prayer, that He may be pleased to protect with His mighty power the father of your Imperial Highness, the Emperor of all the Russias, Alexander the Third; that He may preserve your Imperial Highness, the pride and hope

of all the Russian nation, from all misfortune and calamity, and that He may guide your feet into the ways of peace and prosperity, to the glory of the Russian nation and of the Holy Orthodox Church.'

The venerable, grey-bearded representative of the ancient monastery of Mount Sinai; the glad, excited faces around the Imperial and Royal guests; the abrupt passage from the brilliant originality of the teeming streets and bazaar to this cordial little world,—all this harmonises strangely with the yearning to assimilate oneself more and more closely to the intense life of the East which surrounds one, and to experience all the unexpected incidents of travel.

The Grand Dukes' equipage again leads the way before the suite, which hastens after, through the labyrinth of native houses, picturesque niche-like shops, minarets, variously rising upwards, shimmering with their glazed brick, and bordered with fretwork of stone. All this strange world has an air of inexplicable fascination. It seems as if it had, at some time, appeared to one in a dream, and had only now bloomed before our waking eye. Driving through these streets, one begins to understand the simple views and beliefs of this people. Why should they not believe in the miracles attributed to this or that religious monument? How should they not be fatalists in the very nature of things? Under the golden sky of Africa, in that dreamy state of spirit wherein a man can scarce draw the line between truth and fable, can one treat life with the cool logic of the people of the North? It is quite natural for the native of Cairo to assume that the power of healing has been inherent for centuries in the garments of some virtuous Sultan; that the departed saints of the 'faithful' come by night to the nursery of universal learning, the Mosque of El-Azhar, to perform their appointed ablutions; that in another house of prayer assemblies as mysterious take place, at which the enlightened shades gather to decide where evil is done on the earth, and to give the Khedive mystic warning of it. How intact is this people in its psychic life! How immutable in its sound foundations is the East!

WATER-CARRIER.

The Grand Dukes and Prince George also visit the so-called 'Arabian' museum in the street of El-Goorieh.

It was in vain that the gorgeous Mussulman capital of Egypt decked itself out in its fantastic architecture. Its art is now fallen. But recently it was scarcely acknowledged at all. The mosques had grown poor, and had lost their inherited property. It was only owing to the taste and the influence of some European lovers of art that a movement began for the preservation or restoration of the relics of antiquity. Even private individuals began to form collections. At last the Government (under Tewfik Pasha) turned its attention to the subject, though in a lesser degree

than to the relics of the days of the Pharaohs. The idea of the necessity for a museum of Arabic antiquities gradually ripened. Rogers Bey, formerly British consul, the German Franz Pasha, architect to the Khedive Ismail, and the enlightened Armenian Artyn Pasha, a *connoisseur* of mediæval archæology, contributed to the realisation of this idea. This morning Artyn Pasha was appointed to accompany the Grand Dukes and Prince George through the native quarters of Cairo.

The Mosque of El-Hakim, the Fatimidian Khalif, built in 1003, soon after the foundation of Cairo, was chosen for the temporary accommodation of the Arabian antiquities. This monarch seems to have been insane. At one time he would ride through the town, impressing the people by his unusual splendour, while at another he would wander about almost in rags. The greatest cruelties were committed during his reign; yet, at the same time, an excellent public library was collected—a library which soon after reached the total of some 1,600,000 volumes—which was afterwards destroyed by Saladin as a source of heresy.

As one enters this museum, a corridor lies before one, with rooms on each side. Along the walls hang specimens of wood-carving—the shutters of harem windows, and the doors of mosques. Metal lamps of strange form hang from the ceiling. In one room we find rare Cufic inscriptions; in another, ancient candlesticks, two brass tables, encrusted with silver, and brought here from the house of prayer of El-Kalaoon, a charitable Sultan, who lived in the thirteenth century.

Besides all this, one finds inimitable enamelled lamps, as well as stained glass of Syrian manufacture, brought from the Mosque of Hassan for safety. His name may be clearly distinguished on some of these objects. More or less remarkable, too, are some marble slabs—cases for the Koran—ornamented with ivory, etc.

The modest proportions of the museum will scarcely admit of many new finds being placed in it, in which case theirs will be but a sorry fate in a few years.

The morning survey of Cairo is wound up by a visit to the well-known *atelier* of Parvis, where native antiquities are skilfully imitated.

After lunch (at home, in the palace of Hussein Pasha) the Grand Dukes and Prince George drive to what was once the Boolak museum of Egyptian antiquities, so called while the collections remained in the suburb of that name. Since last year they have been kept in one of the Khedive's palaces (in the suburb of Gizeh), set apart for them by the generosity of the Government. It is not far from the temporary abode of the Grand Dukes. On the stair leading to the hall, where we are at once plunged into the chill of deposed majesty, and of a civilisation that has perished, their Highnesses are met by the conservator of the museum, Emil Brugsch Bey, the brother of Heinrich Brugsch, the famous Egyptologist.

There are few places on the surface of the globe where one may find, within a very limited space, such a collection of statues, relics, and monuments of antiquity, where the spectators are surrounded by the memories, not of hundreds, but of thousands of years. Whoever is capable of investigation and thought in such exceptional surroundings—in the Gizeh museum more than anywhere else—must experience a feeling of mingled pride and humiliation. The individual is so infinitely small and insignificant before the deathless majesty of these relics of antiquity! At the same time, are we not animated by the feeling that the whole of this ancient world, with all its deeply mysterious images, is the creation of men like ourselves, with the same divine spark in their bosoms, with the same earnest, though vague, longing for the ideal?

One drives away from the Gizeh museum thoughtful and stirred to the bottom of one's soul.

The vague hum of Cairo is heard in the distance, a perceptible animation is noticeable everywhere: time is measured by the business of the day; but it is long before one can forget and efface from one's imagination the picture of this lonely palace with its helpless inhabitants, who once stood at the head of Egypt.

In the course of the day their Highnesses call at the principal palace to enter their names in the visiting-book of the Khedive's wife. The Cesarewitch also leaves a card for Prince Hussein Pasha.

The overwhelming amount of this morning's impressions, and the prolonged survey of the Gizeh museum, have not yet entitled us to complete rest. That we may expect to enjoy, to a certain extent, only on our journey southwards up the Nile.

Towards 7 P.M. the Grand Dukes and Prince George, with the suite, drive off to Abdeen to a grand dinner given by the Khedive, to which ninety people are invited, including the above-mentioned Russians. Besides a few of our countrywomen, the wives of the most important foreign residents are to be present. The banquet is to be distinguished by extraordinary splendour, and to be followed by another evening *fête*.

The halls that we saw yesterday seem to be more splendid and stately in the blaze of light. At 7.30 P.M. the procession to the banqueting-hall is opened by the Cesarewitch with Lady Baring, their host walking by their side. Next comes H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Sweden, with Madame Koyander; Prince George of Greece, with Countess Landberg, the wife of the Consul-General of Sweden and Norway; H.I.H. the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch, with Countess d'Aubigny, the wife of the French Ambassador, etc.

Before the banqueting-hall lies the ballroom. Then the guests enter a hall literally flooded with brilliant light, where, mingling with the colours and gilding of the surrounding decorations, flowers and lights adorn the table. As they enter they are met by the alternating strains of the Russian, the Swedish, the Greek, and the Egyptian national anthems. The Khedive's private orchestra plays under the windows in the garden of the harem.

On the right hand of the host sits the Cesarewitch, on the left the Crown Prince of Sweden. Opposite them are Prince Hussein Pasha, with the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch on the one hand, and Prince George of Greece on the other.

The band plays a selection from Glinka's opera, 'Life for the Tsar'; the Swedish march, 'Koenig Iven Gardets'; Laurent's waltz, 'Alexandre Romanoff'; the Greek March; a selection from Meyerbeer's 'Etoile du Nord'; and a fantasia, 'Les Patineurs' (*danse russe*).

About 8.30 P.M. the guests leave the hall to the strains of the four national anthems. They fill the State reception-rooms, which look out on the Abdeen Square. Coffee is handed round. M. Koyander presents some of the foreign diplomatic agents to the Cesarewitch.

The windows are open. A grateful coolness steals into the heated rooms of the palace. As one looks on the groups of guests—in this borderland of the Mussulman East, which accepts the influence of the West more boldly, and at the same time with more originality, than other Mohammedan lands—one cannot, at first, realise where one is: on the one hand, there is not a single member of the fair sex of the country, there is the marked absence of any hostess,—on the other hand, we see pashas with a European education conversing unconstrainedly with the ladies, within the walls of a palace belonging to the successor of the Pharaohs, yet with nothing of Africa about them; we see the dark, closely buttoned 'stamboulines' (a sort of frock-coat) of the official

world, with the inevitable fez; in the severe simplicity of their attire and in their affability we find something common to all Egyptians, beginning with the Khedive and his brother. The contrast is a very marked one.

It is past nine o'clock. Their Highnesses pass from the hall, where the receptions took place yesterday, out on to the balcony. A grand torchlight procession is to file past immediately, arranged principally by the Greek colony, under the superintendence of M. Ambrosius Sinadino, who has, in general, undertaken the chief arrangements for the reception of the Imperial and Royal travellers.

The square is almost dark and silent. To the right we catch the faint glimmer of the plain white front of the palace; to the left, throngs of people are vaguely seen in the gloom: we begin to distinguish figures with lanterns and torches. The lines of light grow and grow; they seem interminable. It is enough to say that from six to eight thousand people take part in the procession, of whom no less than three thousand carry lights. When, having formed ranks in the Place de l'Opéra, it moved on to Abdeen, the first ranks were already in sight, while the last were still far away in the neighbouring street.

With measured tread the stately procession marches past the palace. It is headed by horsemen in police uniforms, followed by numbers of musicians (including two military bands). On the flanks of the torchlight procession march Egyptian infantry with lanterns. The flame of the torches streams slowly back over the sea of heads in the calm air. Though countless throngs of people surround the brilliant undulating line, there is no hum of voices, not a word is to be heard from the spectators.

Their Highnesses stand near the balustrade of the balcony, which is hidden in the shadow. On reaching it the procession breaks forth into a storm of sound. The national anthems ring out in honour of the Khedive and his guests. The air is rent by ceaseless shouts of exultation. The energy of the Greek 'Zeto!' in its burst of enthusiasm is indescribable.

Then comes an exhibition of fireworks, which only the East can bring to the highest degree of beauty and ingenuity. A sea of fire surges before us, with a wondrous play of colours, now just heaving in the luminous gloom, now blazing up with greater brilliancy than before, rising and swelling, and then sinking again. Then in the midst of the gloom, surrounding the spectacle, some pillars of swirling flame still continue to blaze, and wheels of fire revolve helplessly before their extinction.

Of all the devices in which this pyrotechnic exhibition was so rich, the most striking and appropriate were a steamer and a locomotive, which long flamed and moved before their Highnesses.

By ten o'clock the square of Abdeen is full of smoke. The torchlight procession wearily glides back through it to the centre of the town. In the impressiveness of the images called forth in our imagination, and in the charm of our surroundings, our second day in Cairo is in no way behind the first. Yet it seemed as if the first could not be equalled, as if what we passed through yesterday was more ineffaceable than anything that could follow it.

TUESDAY, *November* 13/25.

In the morning the principal members of the local community of the Orthodox Greek Church came to Gizeh to present themselves to the Cesarewitch, headed by the aged Patriarch Sophronius, who for eighteen years has governed the Church of Alexandria.

The Patriarch addressed the Cesarewitch in the following words:—

'Your Imperial Highness!—The ancient Apostolic Church of the Alexandrian patriarchate, through me, its head, welcomes your Imperial Highness, the Heir to the throne of the most Christian Empire of Russia, on your safe arrival with your illustrious companions, offering up her prayers for you and invoking on your head those blessings which are meet both for her pious and elect son, and for the future Father and Ruler of innumerable faithful members of the Orthodox Church, with whom our hearts are closely bound up in the unity of dogma and in the unity of the same divine teaching of Jesus Christ.

'Your Imperial Highness!—May the Holy Name of the King of Heaven be glorified in that in His Divine Providence He has bound together in the unbreakable bonds of His faith, as with a chain of gold, those nations who have been appointed by Him as the guardians and defenders of the pure and immaculate Bride of the Saviour, the Holy Church. May God, the Giver of all good things, send down His Divine Spirit and blessing, like heavenly dew, on all the Imperial family, keeping it in health and free from all evil and calamity; may He strengthen and preserve the whole Russian nation, to the glory of His most Holy Name, and to the joy and safety of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, our Mother.

'Rejoicing that to our share has fallen the honour of receiving the Heir to the throne of the vast Russian Empire, the Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, we offer up, from the bottom of our heart, our patriarchal prayers for your Imperial Highness and your companions. May the Spirit of God abide with you all the days of your life, guiding your feet in all your ways.'

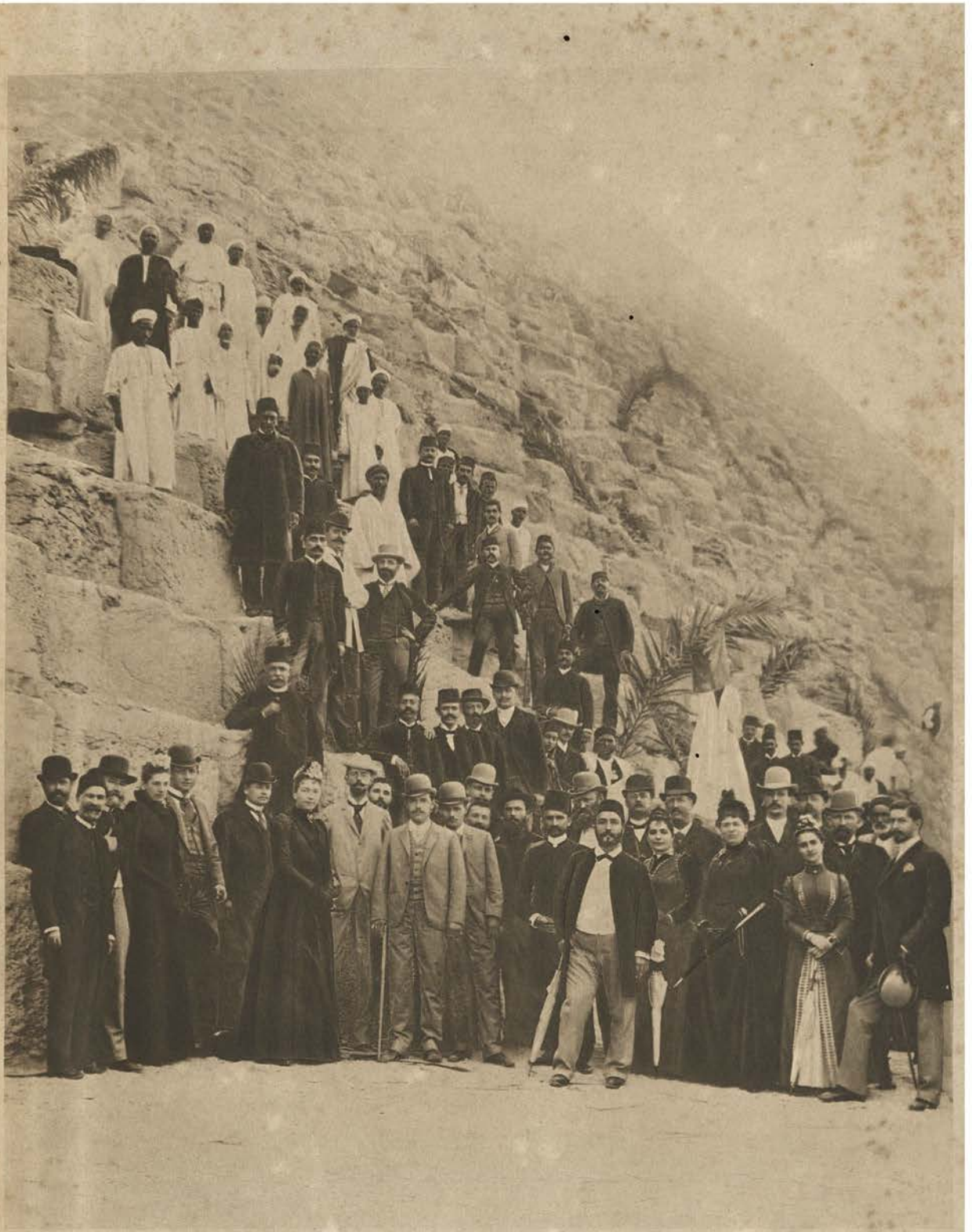
After this the Cesarewitch received the Coptic Patriarch Cyril, the spiritual representative of the 400,000 Monophysites of Egypt, the head of the Abyssinian Church, the leader of a whole people, concentrated within itself, which, during fourteen centuries, has stubbornly defended its religious convictions and racial characteristics. Its name itself is probably a corruption of the common Greek name for the land of the Nile, or else is derived from Coptos, an ancient city of Upper Egypt.

A little before noon their Highnesses, with the suite, took their places in a long 'char-à-bancs' and drove off to the Gizeh Pyramids. The mounted escort sped gallantly along. The shady avenues along the roadside flew past us. It was hot, but not oppressive.

Five minutes past noon. We come in sight of the little pavilion prepared by the Khedive Ismail for the reception of the Empress Eugénie at the opening of the Suez Canal. We may remark that the Mussulman sovereign received her on that occasion with unheard-of splendour, like Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba.

All around us is bare, dreary, and of a monotonous yellow colour. The equipage of the Imperial and Royal travellers comes to a halt. The Khedive himself receives his guests at the ancient monuments of his country. By his side are the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Sweden.

The Arabs, well accustomed to the Pyramids, offer their services to those who wish to climb the Pyramid of Cheops. Steps, strictly speaking, there are none. One must clamber up the ledges, many of which are half the height of a man. The higher one mounts above the earth, the more peculiar become one's sensations. It is not like mounting a tower, or, in general, an

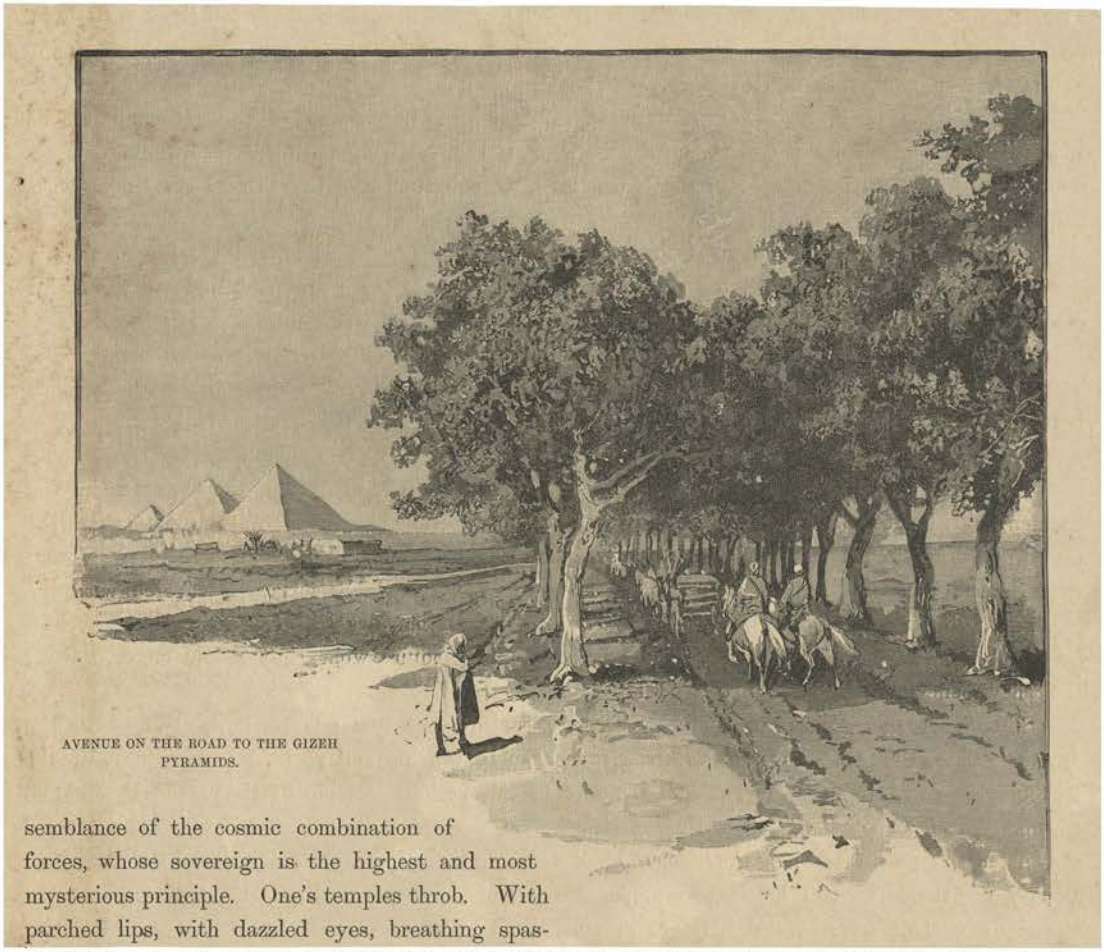


At the Pyramid of Cheops

Druck v. F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig

endless stair. There one feels oneself confined, and does not take in anything clearly. But here one is all the time under an open and burning sky.

Three natives support, shove, and pull one without giving any time to collect one's senses. Little by little one's breath begins to fail. The objects in the plain below are reduced to microscopic dimensions. Overhead a series of gigantic blocks rises up into the azure sky—one more massive and stately than the other. They all seem to be drawn upwards to that summit which unites the separate points, merges them into a harmonious whole, moulds the structure into a



AVENUE ON THE ROAD TO THE GIZEH PYRAMIDS.

semblance of the cosmic combination of forces, whose sovereign is the highest and most mysterious principle. One's temples throb. With parched lips, with dazzled eyes, breathing spasmodically, one surrenders oneself to the Arab guides, and mechanically moves onward. They, on the other hand, leap on like wild cats, scrambling up the uneven surface with the activity of monkeys, without the slightest sign of fatigue, and look on the strangers making the ascent with a kind of curiosity, perhaps even irony. The strangers receive no money for the ascent; on the contrary, they spend it, and fatigue themselves into the bargain. What extraordinary beings!

If one sits down to rest, some persistent Arab boy tempts one with a draught of water from a dirty clay pitcher, which accompanies him up and down the Pyramids. Then one hears first timid proposals, and then earnest requests, to buy some pseudo-antique trifles. But, seeing the summit so near, one takes a simple view of the simple cunning of these people, who depend for

their daily bread on the relics of ancient Egypt. It is they, too, who express their willingness to rush up the enormous neighbouring Pyramid of Chephren and come down as rapidly, at the risk of breaking their necks. The inhabitants of this locality have, from ancient times, been distinguished for such talents.

He who finds no pleasure in such a sight declines the offer of the indefatigable guide, and hurries on with redoubled energy to the little platform on the partly ruined summit. From a distance it seems a blunted point. Now one realises the extent of this breakage. The platform occupies a space of some 25 or 30 square feet. Some of the displaced stones are large enough to afford shade even at noon. The air around is as clear as crystal. The first to ascend the Pyramid of Cheops, this thirteenth of November, was the Cesarewitch.

Towards the town, strips of verdure appear amongst the traces of the late inundation. Roads no bigger than ant-tracks appear here and there. The outlines of dwelling-houses, temples, and palaces are merged in the bluish mist. Mokhattam and the Citadel are tinged with fiery red.

But if we look from the immense height of the Pyramid of Cheops toward the Libyan desert, we see a vast sandy waste with naked rocks scattered over it: there are no bounds to the awful desolation—all is colourless, soundless, unmarked even by monumental tombs.

At our feet, on the other hand, lies an enormous quantity of material for such monuments. There is enough of it to construct many Gothic cathedrals of an average size. Some idle mortals have calculated that of these blocks of stone a wall, higher than the average height of a man, might be built round France, or across the African continent, or from England to America.

Their Highnesses (the pyramid has been ascended by the Grand Dukes, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and Prince George of Greece) give the guides permission to carve their names on the upper platform. Some of the party also carve their names here, but it does not seem likely that these inscriptions will be preserved as long as the first. The whole surface is covered with the useless inscriptions of 'ephemeral tourists.' The Arabs most naïvely erase those very letters which they had themselves carved but a little while before, and inquire what they are to engrave about their new benefactors instead. It is both pitiable and laughable. . . .

Standing here on the very summit of this structure, one understands how, even before the days of Islam, the Arabians used to come from afar to worship and to offer up sacrifices at the foot of this royal tomb. Here we find a sort of unconscious worship of time: the Pyramid of Cheops is at least six thousand years old.

After the ascent of the 'grave-mound' of Cheops, their Highnesses passed into the pavilion already mentioned, where lunch was prepared for thirty-five people. Besides the suite of the Cesarewitch, there were several Russians present, the companions of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden (Baron Blixen Finecke, Count and Countess de la Gardie), and several Egyptians of rank. Descending from the châlet to the terrace lying below it, the Imperial and Royal travellers spent some time in watching what the natives call a 'fantasia.' The Arab Sheikh Menzi got up a sham-fight of Bedouins. The centaur-like wild horsemen careered below, over the grim, sandy waste amidst which the Pyramids stand, firing, dashing along like a hurricane, and presenting, on a small scale, the attack and impetuous retreat peculiar from time immemorial to the people of Mahomet.

In spite of the heat, a survey remained to be made of the surrounding country, with the monuments of antiquity still preserved here. We proceeded to them at first on foot, along a path

AT THE PYRAMIDS.

laid through the drifting sand. The further we went, the more fatiguing grew this mode of progression, the more so that it followed our visit to the great pyramid.

Not far from it, with its face towards the city, lies a sculptured mass of stone, which, if we come closer and examine it, turns out to be a semi-human figure, with the body of a lion. The upper part of the figure, which in the Middle Ages was a model of symmetry, spiritual beauty, and expressiveness, has been mutilated by the shot of the Mussulman fanatics. The lower part is sunk in the sand, which is gradually burying the lonely, much-suffering giant, with faint traces of royal headgear and of colouring on the left cheek, with a painfully distorted mouth, broken nostrils, and the grimace of a hideous negro.

The natives have given it the name of Bel-hit (having its heart in its eyes—watchful), or Abu'l Hol (the father of fear). It is supposed to lie on the border of the desert to guard the fertile fields from it, to drive away by its magic power the principle of evil. The ancient Egyptian saw in it the personification of the sun 'Ra' in its ascending phase, awakening life in the torpor of night. Lying next the tombs, it is itself the symbol of immortality. Lying next to the stifling and terrible Libyan waste, it looks towards the east, where, beneath its intent and creative gaze, the Nile flows cheerfully, fields and trees array themselves in verdure, and innumerable human beings bless heaven for its gifts.

The sand, gradually but constantly, drifts over the Sphinx (which seems to have lain down to rest), burying its body, and creeping upwards to its face. Thus it always was, and so it shall ever be.

This bold image came into existence long before the Pyramids. Between its gigantic paws, from time immemorial, the smoke has risen from the sacrificial altar. The whirlwind buried it in dust, and the service was discontinued. Pious kings then made it their care to rescue and free this sovereign and holy image of the valley of the Nile from the power of the earth.

Again we come out on to the yellow path, which winds back to the Pyramids. But the path selected does not lead straight back to them, past the Sphinx; it swerves somewhat to a side, so that we may form a clearer conception of the grim desolateness and sterility of the desert which lies hard by the tombs of the kings.

Saddled camels are brought for their Highnesses. Though the distance to the pavilion is not great, yet a camel-ride on the very borders of the desert is both interesting and pleasant, at a time when the heat is becoming more and more unbearable.

Towards 4 P.M., having bidden farewell to their hospitable host, the Grand Dukes and Prince George ride off from the Pyramid of Cheops to the neighbouring hotel, 'Mena House,' to call on the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Sweden. Their Highnesses passed some time there, and took afternoon tea.

This is our third evening on the banks of the Nile, but this time on the very brink of the water. Our diplomatic agent and consul-general, M. Koyander, has arranged a *fête* in honour of the Grand Dukes, to which more than two hundred members of the society of Cairo and Alexandria have been invited.

At the landing-place by the palace of Gizeh, which contains the museum, lie two of the yachts of the Egyptian Court (the *Nour-en-Nil* and the *Ziah-en-Nil*); both are transformed into a charming pavilion, decorated with exotics from the famous gardens of the Gezireh palace, and giving a beautiful view of the illuminated vessels lying at some distance off. The vessels are brought alongside each other, their decks forming a large and extremely original hall, which is

illuminated by about 2000 lanterns, hanging from the temporary ceiling draped with a bright awning.

While yet on their way here, the Grand Dukes and Prince George, when driving along the avenues of Gizeh, could admire the winding, shady road along the Nile. Gaslight being absent in the suburbs, the road was lined with posts supporting vessels of blazing petroleum. Long shadows coursed along by the sides of the equipages. On the bank, where the arrival of the Grand Dukes was to begin the *fête*, a number of Russian, Egyptian, and Greek flags marked the entrance to the gangway leading to the yachts—all in flowers, verdure, and Persian carpets. Having passed through this vestibule, we found ourselves in most enchanting surroundings, quite original in their finish, in the combination of colours and lights.

H.I.H. the Cesarewitch, received at the landing-place by the host and hostess, passed with Mme. Koyander on to the decorated yachts, which were honoured, moreover, by the presence of H.H. the Khedive and the Crown Prince of Sweden.

The orchestra of the Court, on one of the neighbouring vessels, played almost without ceasing. Dunkler's air, 'The Crown Prince of Sweden,' is followed by the strains of 'Boccaccio.' After the 'Greek Patriotic March' comes a quadrille, 'Turkish Airs,' and Waldteufel's waltz, 'Jeunesse dorée,' etc.

A series of prettily illuminated dahabiehs (among them that of our Egyptologist Golenishtcheff) sailed past the pavilion improvised by our consul-general. Brilliant fireworks blaze and hiss over the calm surface of the Nile. Finally, a little steamer comes alongside. It contains a group of Greek amateur musicians with guitars and mandolines. The strains of their national anthems greet the Imperial and Royal travellers and the Khedive. The sound of voices chimes in with the solemn chords. Gazing into the darkness that lies beyond the throng of lights, one experiences an involuntary yet pleasing excitement.

In the course of the evening our diplomatic agent presented to the Cesarewitch M. Coronat, as deputy from the French colony in Egypt. M. Coronat was commissioned to express the feelings of joy which animated his countrymen on the occasion of the reception of H.I. Highness. The reception itself was intended to bear witness to the cordiality of their feelings towards the person of a mighty monarch and towards the Russian nation. The Grand Duke thanked him warmly, saying that he was deeply touched by the expression of French sympathy, and requested M. Coronat to inform the French colony of this.

WEDNESDAY, *November* 14/26.

This is the birthday of her Majesty the Empress. Our thoughts carry us away into the bleak and distant North, where the heart of the Imperial mother, sorely oppressed by the parting, amongst loyal congratulations and the warm sympathy of a vast nation, ever abides in silence with her absent sons.

The Imperial travellers, with the suite, in full uniform, attend divine service in the church of St. Nicholas (built partly at the expense of the Emperor Nicholas), in the native commercial quarter of El-Hamzowee, where all the Russians of Cairo have gathered from the morning. The service is conducted by the Patriarch Sophronius himself (assisted by several bishops), in the ribbons of the orders of St. Alexander Nevsky and of the Saviour. Among others, Zulfikar Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is present as representative of the Khedive.

A countless throng of Greeks fills the church, crowding in from the streets, and, even during

ON THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

the service itself, giving way to bursts of enthusiasm at the arrival of the honoured guests. It is enough for the Patriarch to offer up a prayer for the health of the Imperial House of Russia, and for the Royal Family of Greece, when some Greek, turning to the congregation, exclaims loudly, 'Zeto Cesarewitch! Zeto Georgios!' Thousands of voices take up the cry. Ladies, children, whole schools, the galleries inundated with people, all join the surging, joyous cry. For us, unaccustomed to such noisy expressions of joy within a sacred building, it is yet comprehensible how our brothers in the faith, living within the confines of the Turkish Empire, and long bowed beneath the moral oppression of Islam, in the ardour of their spirits concentrated their political ideas and impulses around the faith of their fathers, as the chief stronghold of Hellenism, and, to some extent, had to educate and harden the spirit of patriotism within the walls of the sanctuary. What the 'agora,' with its lofty and passionate animation, was for the ancients, that the Christian Church afterwards became to the Greeks under the pressure of circumstances. And if to-day hundreds of hands are held up in greeting, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and the sound of the impulsive and feverish uproar rolls through the air, this is not to be wondered at; it is in the natural course of things. The Greek East is solemnising the triumph of its most vital principle, the triumph of its faith and national spirit.

After divine service, and the service of prayer for the welfare of the Empress, the Cesarewitch revisited the Patriarch Sophronius in his apartments, where he expressed to his Holiness his sense of the hospitality and devotion of the Greek inhabitants. Their Highnesses then drove home through the Muski Street to the palace placed at their disposal. A short excursion through the environs of the capital is contemplated in the course of the day. In the evening the departure for Upper Egypt is to take place. The weather is gloomy.

It is a rainy autumn day, with the warm drops falling in the gloom from a sky nearly always blue and cloudless. In Cairo, it is said, there is rarely any rain in November; but to-day, when we set off for the little oasis of Matarieh, it begins to rain rather heavily between two and three in the afternoon, on the way from Gizeh to the station of Kantarat-el-Limoon, whence a special train will bring us to our destination in a few minutes. The speed is so great that one can scarcely distinguish the various objects flashing past the carriage windows; barracks, an observatory, orchards and vineyards, palaces, cotton and sugar plantations, olive-trees, fig-trees, and cactuses lining the way. We are speeding towards the confines of the fertile land of Goshen again.

At the appointed spot closed carriages are in waiting. The Grand Dukes, Prince George of Greece, and the suite drive to a sort of park, situated not far from the little railway station. Here their Highnesses leave their equipage, and, in the midst of the rain, approach a low, railed-in space, within which grows a mighty sycamore, the famous tree under which, according to a very ancient tradition, the Virgin Mary, with her Divine Child, rested in the days of the flight into Egypt. The servants of Herod the persecutor appeared in the distance. Seeking safety, the Virgin hid within the large hollow trunk, which was immediately and miraculously veiled by a thick cobweb. The pursuers passed by. In the neighbouring spring the Virgin washed the swaddling-clothes of the Child, and bathed her Divine Son. Wherever the drops of water sprinkled about at this moment touched the ground, there did it give birth to balsamic bushes, which were nourished by the water of the spring, bitter before, but now sweet to the taste after the descent of the Divine power into it.

These plants becoming known to the whole Christian world, were long supposed to be found nowhere but at El-Matarieh, and their fragrant and precious balm was used, as in Abyssinia, for the sacrament of baptism. About the beginning of the seventeenth century the supply of balm ceased, and the remaining trees disappeared.

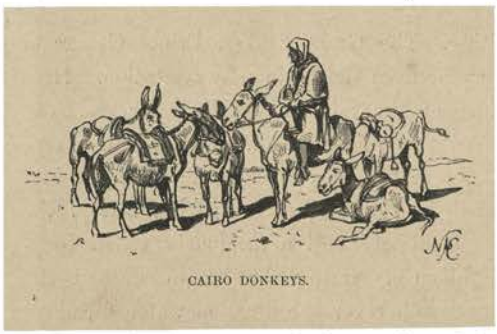
The Copts and the Arabs have reverenced the sacred tree of El-Matarieh from ancient times. The original trunk may have decayed and fallen, but new shoots have always sprung from the branches. The last of the shoots, before which the Grand Dukes now stand, began to grow about two hundred years ago, and is already a decrepit old tree.

Wishing to gratify the Empress Eugénie, Ismail Pasha very strangely made her a present of this treasure of ecclesiastical history. The wife of Napoleon III. accepted it, but soon forgot all about it; and since that time the authorities have devoted some care to the bent and distorted trunk, surrounding it with props, and engaging men to look after it, and preserve it, to some extent, from the vandalism of tourists, who were constantly carrying away twigs, with some of the few remaining leaves, as a memento.

From time immemorial this spot has been considered sacred by the natives. The far-distant days of heathendom knew this fountain by no other name than 'The Eye of the Sun.' The orb of day, the god Ra, was supposed to bathe himself in it. The Ethiopian king Piankhi, having conquered the north of Egypt, first of all, according to ancient royal custom, cooled his face in its waters. Tree-worship also was known to the dwellers on the Nile in days of yore. On some of the sacred trees, according to the teaching of the priests, the names of the Pharaohs were inscribed; on others the river phœnix used to perch.

The Grand Dukes gaze in silence on the withered and all but leafless tree, so remarkable for its fate and its meaning. The scanty raindrops patter gently on the ground. A small crowd of spectators has gathered by the railing with a policeman at their head. The melancholy sky, the perishing tree, the significance of the touching legend which has survived so many centuries, all this induced a devotional state of mind and stirred the fancy. What a wondrous picture might be imagined and painted by an artist who would transfigure this dull autumn day, and the summit of this tree bowed down with age, by a stream of light falling on the dead branches and leading the Holy Family down its airy path to this shelter!

Their Highnesses drive back to the station of El-Matarieh. The weather becomes somewhat clearer. A whole crowd of donkey-drivers, with asses ready saddled, offer them for a ride to the ostrich-farm. The latter lies only about half a mile away. So for the first time we try a merry scamper over the sandy ground on these amusing long-eared quadrupeds, to whom the name of 'les savants' was given rather maliciously by the soldiers of Bonaparte's army, which, as we know, was accompanied by a regular expedition of very respectable and well-known men of science.



CAIRO DONKEYS.

The somewhat inconvenient saddle with a massive leather saddle-bow, the still more inconvenient stirrups, the jog-trot and the sudden halts of the donkeys, are both laughable and irritating. Now we jog at a pleasant amble along the path lined with scanty clumps of aloe bushes; now we gallop on nearer and nearer to our destination, accompanied by the shouts of the donkey-boys running after us.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S TREE, AT EL-MATARIEH.

There are plenty of harmless and amusing tumbles. The hasty cavalcade stretches out into a disorderly string. The gates of the farm, decorated with green branches and flowers in honour of the Imperial visitors, stand wide open. The owners, M. Dervieu and M. Kénos, receive them at the door of a two-storied house situated in the middle of the establishment.

Listening with interest to the explanations, and examining this realm of ostriches, their Highnesses walk through the yard surrounding the chief building, with its strong fence separating the pens in which the great, long-legged birds, which seem to belong to some antediluvian age, stalk about in a dignified manner, glancing inimically at the people near them.

A grim and majestic view opens out from the upper platform of the terrace. The dull yellow surface of the desert, lying next to the cultivated region, stretches out into boundless space. The surrounding country is full of historical recollections, and was the scene of events belonging to the remotest ages of history, and of many bloody encounters at a comparatively recent epoch. Here, near El-Matarieh, in March 1800, General Kléber with 10,000 Frenchmen defeated a Turkish army of 60,000 men. But this took place only yesterday, while thousands of years ago the great 'City of the Sun' (the Heliopolis of the Greeks), known to the Egyptians as Anu and in the Bible as On, stood on the place now occupied by the silent desert. Its origin is lost in the mists of the ages. Its religious importance and influence were at one time immense, and its mutual relations with Asia and the beliefs of her nations are very probable and significant. East and West, from ancient times, had many spiritual interests in common. The mysteries of the priesthood, though guarded by a small number of the elect, were yet passed on from mouth to mouth to the most distant parts of the globe. The secret doctrines of the ancient sages were invariably observed in the inaccessible stillness of the heathen temples. The superstitious throng almost worshipped their leaders clad in the armour of knowledge. Hellenic lawgivers and thinkers, Semitic chiefs with a patriarchal authority over their people, northern barbarians, and savages from the interior of Africa, all came hither to learn and to worship. The central fane held countless numbers of constant inhabitants. Near it the Pharaohs used to offer up to the rising sun sacrifices of white cattle, milk, balm, frankincense, and sweet-smelling wood. After this, the sovereigns passing into the temple, the priests drove away the powers of evil from them by means of incantations, fumigated them with perfumes, and presented them with the flowers, holding which it was permissible for the Pharaohs to stand before the divinity of the place. None but the sovereign might unlock the doors of the secret chamber, the abode of some unknown, wondrous incarnation, to enter and to be alone with it; and finally, on leaving the chamber, inaccessible to ordinary mortals, he sealed the door with his own royal signet. The hierophants, falling down before him, greeted the monarch after his wonderful and mysterious audience.

In the place now lying waste, Toom (the evening sun) was worshipped in days of yore. He brought the refreshing sea-breeze to the parched land. This day is also cool, but no one has called forth the breeze with prayers and invocations, no one sees anything supernatural in it. The phœnix which chanted hymns to the sun at Anu is silent, and, burnt up in its own inward flame, will rise no more from its ashes. The numerous obelisks (pointed pillars of stone animated by the gods, on the metal summit of which, the pyramidion, the orb of day was supposed to rest) have vanished; there remains but one such monument of the ages, erected by the warlike Pharaoh Usertasen I. 4500 years ago.

This solitary grey obelisk stands alone in the deserted plain, which has swallowed up Heliopolis the great, like a mountain peak rising above the sea whose waves have swallowed up the land on which it stood. A vanished civilisation, and the dying reflection and echo of its creation!

CHAPTER VII

Nov. 14/26.

HAVING returned from the Matarieh ostrich-farm about five o'clock, their Highnesses, after dining at home in Gizeh, drove slowly along the road, fantastically illuminated by countless torches carried by fellahs, to the station of Boolak-Dakroor (in one of the suburbs of the capital, on the left bank of the Nile). The winding avenues assumed a perfectly new, mysteriously enchanting aspect. Those who had seen the bridge illuminated by Prince Muruzi, the streets blazing with light in honour of the Khedive's guests, the gigantic torchlight processions, the fairylike exhibition of fireworks, and the *fête* given by the Russian consul-general, might well believe that nothing more could be devised in this line. Yet now we drive through the gloom and the flickering light of the resinous torches, under the vault of dense foliage, as if through an enchanted forest, in which strange beings, obedient to the voice of their master—the wizard who has cast his spells over it—run along lighting the way, and courteously beckon us on into the darkness opening out before us. . . .

The European life we have just forsaken lies somewhere far behind. A dead wall has risen up between us and it. A new and unknown charm breathes on us from the surrounding gloom, whence the restless flame of the torches strikes the eye. The strange people, in their peculiar and picturesque attire; the dense forest, girdled by chains of little lights; the coming journey to the hearth of ancient civilisation—all conspire to throw a glamour of fantastic beauty and mystery over our temporary farewell to Cairo. Egypt, the great magician, has charmed and bound the imagination of the illustrious travellers and their followers.

At the station of Boolak-Dakroor the troops of Gizeh were drawn up. The Grand Master of Ceremonies, Abderrahman Pasha, in the name of his master the Khedive, wished their Highnesses a prosperous journey. The special train started; along each side of the line glimmered watch-fires, lighted in thousands by order of the Khedive, that a vigilant watch might be kept over the safety and order of the line. The train is escorted by the same chief engineers who accompanied it from Ismailieh to Cairo.

After our fatiguing day, the series of comfortable sleeping-cars naturally disposes every one to retire to rest as early as possible. In making these last notes, and recording the thoughts and comparisons which rise up unbidden, attention must again be called to the fact that the fascinating personality of Tewfik Pasha himself, and the cordiality of his relations to the illustrious travellers,

formed, and still form, one of our most precious memories of Egypt. The sovereign of the country, considering himself happy in entertaining the Grand Dukes, conveyed the expression of his feelings to the Emperor by telegraph on the very day of their arrival, and received a most cordial answer from his Majesty. This morning, when his Holiness the Patriarch offered up the prayer for long life for the Empress, the Khedive despatched a congratulatory telegram.

How strange it is to feel that one is on the way to Upper Egypt! From Cairo to Assiout the train has to run about 200 miles, and then the railway stops. There is some talk of continuing it further south, but for tourists this will only be a loss, doing away with the necessity for the journey by water.

Mingled fragments of our late brilliant impressions rise confusedly in the memory. The rhythmical rattle of the wheels gradually lulls one to sleep; but even in this pleasant and dreamy state—on the borders of slumber and waking—the images of the past and those of the present constantly float up in the consciousness over which sleep is drawing its veil; they blend into something indefinite yet familiar, pleasantly drawing one onwards until one sinks into oblivion.

On awaking we are told that we are at the principal town of one of the districts of Upper Egypt, with its 600,000 inhabitants and 234 villages. This is Assiout, whence we must ascend the Nile to the First Cataract. Here it is that we come face to face for the first time with the provincial life of the country (differing considerably from that of the capital); here we feel ourselves comparatively at liberty, and can see for ourselves that the Egypt known to us from books, with all the seductiveness of their descriptions, is nothing in comparison with the reality surrounding us, so inimitable is its beauty and originality.

On waking at Assiout (a little after 6 A.M., November 15/27) the first thing that reaches the ears of the travellers, dressing in the cars, is a salute fired at the landing-place. The guard-of-honour, the Governor, Ahmed Pasha Shookri, present to receive the travellers, throngs of spectators, and the landing-place leading to the Khedive's yacht decorated with green branches,—this is what strikes the eye as one looks out of the window.

The Grand Dukes and Prince George leave the train, and immediately go on board the Khedive's finest yacht, the *Feiz Rabbani*, commanded by his aide-de-camp, Captain Ali-bey Abada. The majority of the party, the servants and the luggage, are accommodated on board the convoying steamer *Héhia*. Preparations are being busily made for weighing anchor.

Besides the suite, the following gentlemen accompanied the expedition up the Nile:—M. Koyander; M. Ivanoff, our vice-consul in Cairo (well acquainted with the language of the country); the Egyptologists Golenishtcheff and Brugsch-bey, the latter by order of the local authorities; Yussuf-bey

Dia, Master of Ceremonies; and, by invitation of the Cesarewitch, our military agent in Athens, Baron Rausch-von-Traubenberg, and M. Katkoff, second secretary of our Legation at the Greek Court, both of whom had come from Athens in the *Vladimir Monomakh*.

It is past seven o'clock. The yacht turns and steams off into the middle of the river; the paddle-wheels revolve more rapidly; but we have time again to cast an attentive glance on the surrounding country, the starting-point of our journey into Upper Egypt—to impress it on our memory, and that is all. . . . Then, as we move southwards, impression follows on impression with increasing rapidity and distinctness.

The Nile takes a wide sweep at Assiout. The eastern hills, the spurs of Gebel and Abu Fedah, retreat from it inland, while the Libyan hills seem to draw nearer.

Along the quay, thanks to the office of Cook and Co., which supplies many foreign travellers, there is no want of private steamers and dahabiehs. Here is the harbour (El-Hamra) of a considerable commercial centre.

The town lies some way off, but from it to the Nile run rows of little houses belonging to Coptic merchants, with pretty little gardens around them, as if in imitation of the European villas which adorn the Ismailieh quarter of Cairo.

A long and broad embankment, planted with wide-spreading, heavy sycamores, runs from the river to Assiout. It is famed for certain forms of pottery: men have already gathered near the yachts offering elegant pipes for sale.

On the opposite side are quarries of alabaster worked by the Government. The alabaster must have been much used by the natives when, at a very remote period (before the invasion of the Hyksos), one of the most civilised cities of the country flourished on this spot. The tombs still found hard by bear witness to this.

This was the birthplace of Plotinus, the greatest of the Neo-platonic philosophers. Now the inhabitants have no time for contemplation. Neither the age nor the race is the same; and Islam, moreover, has exhausted the spiritual forces of a population devoted more or less to the pursuit of gain, and now concerned to raise the trade of the district from the level to which it fell after the loss of the Soudan. The railway to Assiout will afford them no little help in their endeavours.

The surrounding country is splendidly cultivated. Every scrap of ground is let at an unusually high rent; fruit and market-gardening are in a flourishing state. The place is sheltered by the hills from the scorching desert winds. Hence, in all probability, its ancient name of Saioot ('defended from the rear'), and hence, too, the panegyrics of the Arabian geographers on its climate and the fertility of its soil. In ancient days the jackal-headed god Anubis (the guide of the dead in the lower world) was regarded as the patron of this district. Here the little wolves of the country were considered sacred, and after death were embalmed as precious mummies, and buried in the neighbouring hills.

The yacht *Feiz-Rabbani* steams on into the transparent and enchanting distance. In another moment the ancient Thebais will open before us; the picture of the ancient and changeless native life will arise in all its Biblical simplicity; while on each side we shall have the endless line of those banks on which the prehistoric, fundamental civilisation of Egypt grew and strengthened.

In the districts of Upper Egypt the destructive influence of the foreigner was always least felt. It was here that the Hyksos were repulsed after they had conquered the north. Here the

MOONLIGHT ON THE NILE.

inhabitants fought stubbornly against the French expedition to the south, under Desaix, one of Bonaparte's generals.

The days passed on the steamers, both in ascending the Nile and in returning to Assiout, must all be more or less like each other in their general features. To describe them hour by hour, or when visiting important towns and surveying historical monuments in detail, would be both wearisome and unprofitable. To navigate the river without danger of running on a sandbank is possible only when it is light. From the setting-in of darkness until moonrise boats have to wait, stopping, without any choice of place, by the nearest bank. Of course, the captain generally manages to arrive at some town, chosen beforehand, by nightfall. Early in the morning the yacht of their Highnesses starts on its way again.

UNDER THE PALMS.

On a sandy islet in the middle of the stream sit two Nubian vultures. Their figure alone is enough to explain why the Pharaohs considered them their own heraldic birds.

The country is well cultivated, planted with various species of palms, sycamores, and acacias. A flock of white birds, with brown tops to their heads, rise up from a wood beyond the pasture-ground of a herd of black-haired buffaloes. Small hawks soar up in the same place without molesting the birds, devoting themselves to hunting field-mice. In the crevices in the high river-banks we can see the nests of fisher-birds. At times they dart into the crannies; at others they perch on lumps of earth, vigilantly looking out for their prey: it is enough for it to gleam in the dark waters, when the birds plunge headlong in. In the distance are numbers of shy grey ducks scattered over the surface of the river. The deserted eastern bank is flooded with the rays of the sun. A cultivated strip of ground runs along the very bank of the Nile. Here we come on a little village, a clump of trees; and then suddenly the yellow sand appears again, with the round rocky hillocks and the flat-topped mountains rising up on the horizon like some great stronghold.

On the shoals we often see pelicans, herons, and cranes, basking in the sun and enjoying the warm weather in a land where they are only passing guests. At times ragged shepherds appear, and one sees a miserable little hut constructed of maize-stalks. The watch-dogs stretch out their fox-like heads. A tall, lean, old beggar, white-bearded and in rags, stands motionless, leaning on his staff.

Now we steam very near to the bank; pigeons and sparrows cluster and fly about the empty huts. An eagle soars calmly in the sky. Beyond a distant curve of the river a windmill lazily moves its sails. On one side we see, amidst the green of the fields, the dark mass of a sugar

plantation, the cane having been acclimatised in Egypt by the Khedive Ismail. Two boys have laid hold of the long, thin stem of the plant, and suck out the cooling juice from opposite ends. The palms wave about their clusters of curious leaves. The hills sometimes retreat from the Nile, retiring into the desert, and then again press up to it, their bases all but reaching the water. The stamp of monotony may lie on all this locality; but it is cultivated with so much care (wherever there is the least possibility of doing so), its colours are everywhere so attractive, that one can scarce take one's eyes off the place, and is filled with boundless admiration for this truly beautiful land.

The exterior of the numerous dovecots recalls certain monuments of Egyptian antiquity, viz. those very monuments which we are accustomed to see in illustrations covered with hieroglyphics.

The impression produced by the picture is the stronger that side by side there is a constant alternation of the yellow of the desert with the emerald patches of cultivated ground, while fancy whispers that all this is part of one and the same palace, where the brilliancy of the marble is draped by a carpet, beyond which come slabs of stone again, to be relieved in their turn by another strip of bright and precious tissue.

A tranquillising calm broods over nature. The wide and gentle sweep of the vault of heaven is of a delicate and transparent blue. The surrounding country, it is true, sometimes resembles a carefully tended garden, in which the irrigation is brought to perfection. In Egypt there is no month in which the earth does not bring forth flowers and fruit.

At the sight of the Khedive's yacht, some half-naked fellahs have left their work and have collected on the bank. It may be pure fancy, but they positively recall the figures carved on the most ancient monuments: the same broad shoulders and lean body, the same unconstrained and stately bearing. One of them wears a little brown cap, exactly like that of Ulysses on an ancient Greek vase.

The low native huts of clay, without either doors or windows to be seen, are remarkable for their flat roofs. Rain scarcely ever falls here, so that no one troubles himself about a sloping roof. All around, both the line of the shore and the terraces above the houses run in a horizontal direction. Hence the impression of completeness, calm, and imperturbability produced by the landscape. Where the palms are small, there they form something like a wood; but those whose trunks are somewhat stronger grow at greater distances from each other, their leaves swaying independently above the tamarind trees and mimosas.

The air is hot and stifling. Now and then only, at the curves of the river, a cool breeze breathes on one from the north. This current of air is grateful, even to animals; some sharp-horned buffaloes come down to the river and plunge into the water up to their necks, but turn their muzzles down-stream.

A few villages cluster on the ledges and cliffs along the Nile out of reach of inundations. The houses are built very close, one above the other, and, owing to their colour, blend in places with the background of coal-black earth, from which at one time Egypt obtained its name of 'Khemi' (black earth).

By the side of this fertile garden the Arabian hills, destitute of all vegetation, seem only the more lifeless. At times we can distinguish window-like openings in them; these are the entrances to the sepulchres. Yet it is hard to understand how the people who laboured at their construction managed to exist on these naked cliffs.

In this land, however, where the most extreme monotony underlies everything, the people

got used to all things, and suffered the greatest privations without murmuring. While the imagination slept, the heart was at peace. The absence of anything marked in nature subdued and softened man.

But now the summits of the distant hills were tinged with the rosy hues of dawn; yet night now gazes out of nameless depths on the scarce-breathing, silver-gleaming Nile. The breeze grows fresh; a solitary sail, bowing its head, glides o'er the waters wide. River and sky are blended in an azure mist that charms the eye, and ever shimmers, ever lures us on into a temple of dreams where all around is sacred. The town lamps glimmer in the dark behind; before us lies the shoreless waste; sounds of gentle wailing rise from the current of the Nile. The soul is stirred by the fancy's flight, a double life is opened to the eyes: here, quivering without cease, the waters run, while there eternal beauty reigns within the peaceful moonlit gloom.

NATIVE WOMAN AND CHILD.

A page from a diary. A pencil-sketch of something very ordinary, very everyday, and yet ever new. One of our stoppages, while it is yet light, progress being impossible in the dark, owing to the number of shoals. A place with nothing remarkable about it.

A string of vessels, laden with wheat and maize, lies at the landing-place waiting for a favourable breeze. On the bank sit groups of sailors and peasants, the latter of whom inquire of the former about what is taking place in the great world. Two tiny and most ridiculous little children (one of whom has only a single lock of hair left on his shaven pate) have scrambled up on to a donkey. Before them, on its back, lies a load of clover. They cling to the long-eared grey beast and to each other, trying to peep at the road, but can see nothing from behind the load of fodder. There is a young native woman, already losing her good looks, who carries a child on her shoulder, and looks curiously about her as she goes down to the river. The child is covered with disgusting flies. They creep into its eyes, but the mother, and apparently the child too, pay no attention to them. It seems that, according to the belief of the natives, the flies avert the evil eye from the child.

The number of native women in long dark-blue garments, carrying empty clay pitchers, keeps increasing. They are all barefoot; all instinctively veil their faces from the gaze of the stranger, and with inborn grace raise to their heads their bare arms adorned with bracelets. Next to them stands a rich townsman in a striped silk caftan and red slippers.

Down the stream, near to the Khedive's yacht, floats a large and very peculiar raft. It consists altogether of clay pitchers of various sizes, made in Upper Egypt. From palace to cottage water is kept cool in them. The construction of the neck is such as to prevent the water from

growing warm and spoiling. The larger vessels lie below, firmly bound together with palm-fibre. The smaller ones are piled up above them in a large heap. Guided by half-naked labourers, this fragile vessel rapidly glides down the winding river. The men on the raft and on the banks, the shape of these pitchers, floated down the river to supply the whole country, the monotony of form, colour, and outline in the world around us, are so pervaded with the spirit of the past, of something familiar to us from relics of antiquity cast in the mould of inherited form, that it seems as if the wing of Time, the great destroyer, had never cast its shadow over this world—as if he would not disturb the foundations of this simple life, but permitted the Egyptians, their commerce, navigation, and manufactures, to remain at an almost prehistoric stage of development. Agriculture, irrigation, the implements of husbandry, etc., all bear witness to the conservativeness of the fellahs in their material, everyday life and necessary surroundings. It is only in Central Asia, India, and China that we find as stubborn a tendency to acquiesce almost unconditionally in all that has been inherited from the remote past.

WATER-DRAWING.

What can compare with the hour of sunset on the Nile, whether it be where the expanse of water is so magnificent, or within sight of any of the serrated Arabian or Libyan hills? The region of the setting sun delights one every moment with its marvellous play of colours. When the white-hot molten sun sinks below the horizon, the azure sky is veiled with a sort of pale, sea-green mist. Then, as the evening breeze rises, the graceful fronds of the palms show transparent against this shifting background; across it move the triangular, gently swelling sails of some belated vessel; the delicate minarets in the distance lose their golden gleam, and the ruins of bygone ages rise up renewed in the imagination. One listens as it were to a symphony, not of sounds, but of colours; a violet tint lies on the surrounding country, which soon passes into grey, and stars come out above the river. They are reflected in the stream; and as the surface quivers in the breeze, so do the points of light quiver in its depths, while the lights of heaven greet us from the vast vault above. One may well stand entranced, contemplating and glorifying this November night in the land of Egypt.

But the air is damp. The change from the heat of the day to a very perceptible coolness is somewhat sudden and marked; though for the natives these hours of rest and sleep, after the scorching day, must seem a healing elixir.

On Thursday, November 15/27, and Friday, November 16/28, their Highnesses stopped for the night at the towns of Sohag and Keneh. In both these places the native authorities did all

in their power to decorate the landing-places and make the reception as stately as possible, the more so that the influential Greek and Coptic elements in their turn strove to contribute to the cordiality of these receptions. Not only in the comparatively large towns, but even in the larger villages, the inhabitants received the guests of the Khedive with much sympathy; *e.g.*, when going up the river past the little place of Belianeh, we found soldiers drawn up on an enormous raft moored under the cliff on which the village stands, while the inhabitants saluted the yacht flying the flag of the Cesarewitch by firing off their guns.

At Sohag, before nightfall, a 'fantasia' was got up near the landing-place. Arabs caracoled and careered on their splendid horses, while the roll of the drums resounded over the bank, which was crowded with people. Little by little universal attention was attracted by one of the horsemen, who managed his well-trained steed with especial skill. The noble animal, seeming to listen to the sharply marked time of the drum, reared picturesquely, and in a series of light leaps kept describing smaller and smaller circles, falling on its knees, as if earnestly and dumbly beseeching the drummer to stop. But the drummer pitilessly continued, marching up to the retreating horse, stooping, and bringing down the drumsticks with redoubled force; a continuous roll filled the evening air. The horse followed the impatient and tormenting sounds with inimitable grace and art. It was rapidly growing dark, and the exhibition came to an end of itself.

At Keneh their Highnesses agreed to witness an Egyptian dance performed by dancing-girls of a special class, noted for their skill almost from the time of the first Pharaohs. To this end their Highnesses proceed with their suite to the house of a native consul. The house and the road leading to it are illuminated. The spacious room, in which the exhibition is to take place, is brilliantly lighted up by a chandelier and numerous candles.

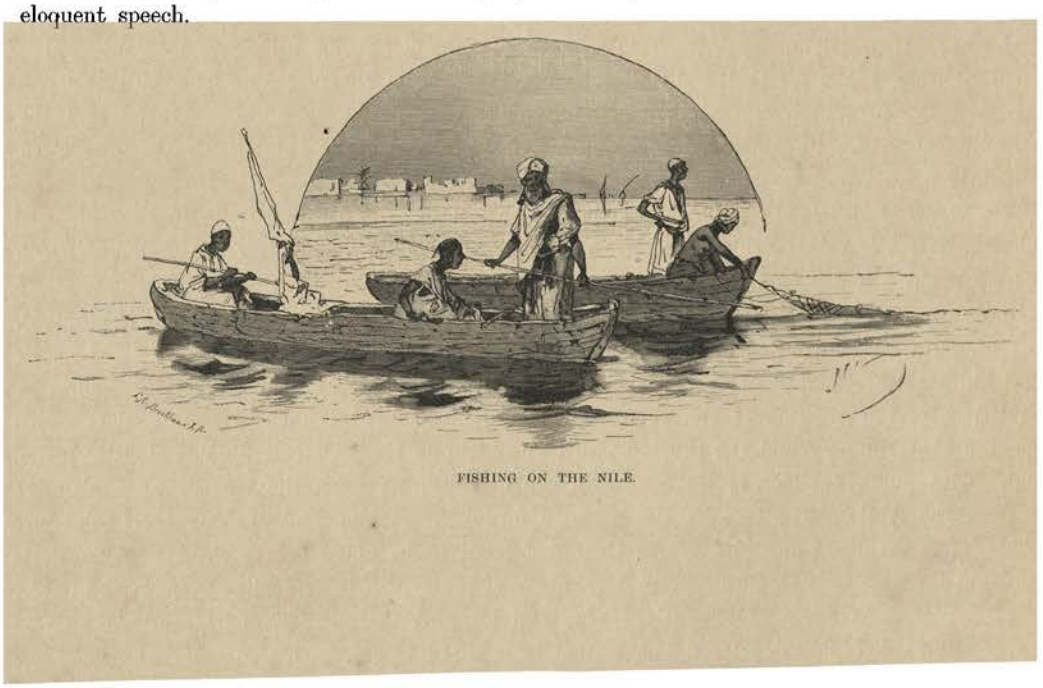
This group of dancing-girls (*ghawazee*) is not large; they are richly but dirtily dressed, with clinking necklaces of coins, with painted eyes and nails dyed yellow, and carry the castanets which give forth a sharp and somewhat unpleasant sound.

On the floor in the neighbouring room sits a group of musicians with a round fiddle (*kemangeh*), a sort of guitar, a tambourine, a pipe, a lute, and a small drum (*darabuka*). Next to them sit several old women, who prudently veil their faces. In all probability they are former *ghawazees*, the relations and instructors of the young dancing-girls. One of the latter is in a dark green garment, another in grey, and the third in red. Their hair is plaited into a number of little plaits, spangled with gold; the chin is tattooed. In the neighbouring room the bow draws a plaintive note from the fiddle. The dancers slowly move forwards, cracking and clinking their miniature cymbals. The shoulders and hips sway; their feet seem to be glued to the floor. The music is discordant; no time is kept. There is not an atom of poetry, no individuality even, in the dance. The *ghawazees* sway about indifferently, raising and lowering their hands, and steadily looking at the spectators. A highly developed imagination is required to see, with some tourists, the image of the divine Isis, and that of Cleopatra, the lover of this world, in these women—to see any grace or passion in the movements of these dancers.

From time to time, while remaining in motion, they exchange remarks with each other and with the musicians, and begin a dreary and discordant chant. The smoothness and regularity of the dance of the *ghawazees* are brought to such a degree of perfection, that they will set a lighted candle in a bottle on their heads, revolve with hands folded on the breast, sit down, and almost lie down on their backs, keeping their heads motionless; yet the flame scarcely quivers, the

bottle does not even stir, and the castanets rattle and ring with a drowsy monotony. The native dance has been famed from ancient times. Probably the Phœnicians brought it into Spain.

It is impossible to say which day bears off the palm, to such an extent is each of them full of a peculiar though monotonous beauty. When it is morning, the fresh air, as clear as crystal, makes everything appear wonderfully distinct and near. By noon the surrounding country has no colours in it. All is lost in a flood of blinding white light. One seeks shade, feeling a gentle languor; and, lulled by the rush of the water as the steamer cuts through it, one gazes in a dreamy way on the banks as they run past. As soon as evening sets in, the colours appear again, as if born of the dying sun, blazing in his inheritance and necessary to the earth, forsaken now by him and falling asleep. Purple reflections flare up on the hills. The grey of their slopes, with the reddish tint of the granite boulders, the dark yellow desert, the green of the cultivated patches, the blue of the river—all blend in a fantastic harmony, forming one indescribable whole. Naturally, when the sun disappears, a dreary darkness veils the forsaken vault of heaven; but it reigns only for a few minutes, then a delicate rose-coloured light spreads all around, tingeing both earth and sky, as if bearing an enchanting farewell from the sun. Or perhaps it is the silent, shoreless desert, parched by the scorching rays, striving to raise its voice to God in its own eloquent speech.



FISHING ON THE NILE.

CHAPTER VIII

SATURDAY, *November* 17/29.

THE days on the Nile pass dreamily away. The further we move south, the more unexpected become the natural peculiarities of the country, the outlines of its ancient buildings, the reflections and the echoes of its vanished civilisation.

This civilisation has left clear traces of itself on the sites of ancient religious and political centres, where once stood the capital of a native kingdom at the period of its highest development, during the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, when the Egyptian kings, priests, and artists stood forth as the representatives of a cultured Western world, and, in some degree, wielded the power of life and death over their neighbours of the Asiatic East. On the beck of Pharaoh's sceptre hung the existence of its sovereigns and nations; on the priests of the Nilotic pantheon depended the degree of tolerance accorded to foreign creeds; and it was for the architects, sculptors, and poets of Egypt to immortalise, or to doom to oblivion, the contemporary foreign civilisations.

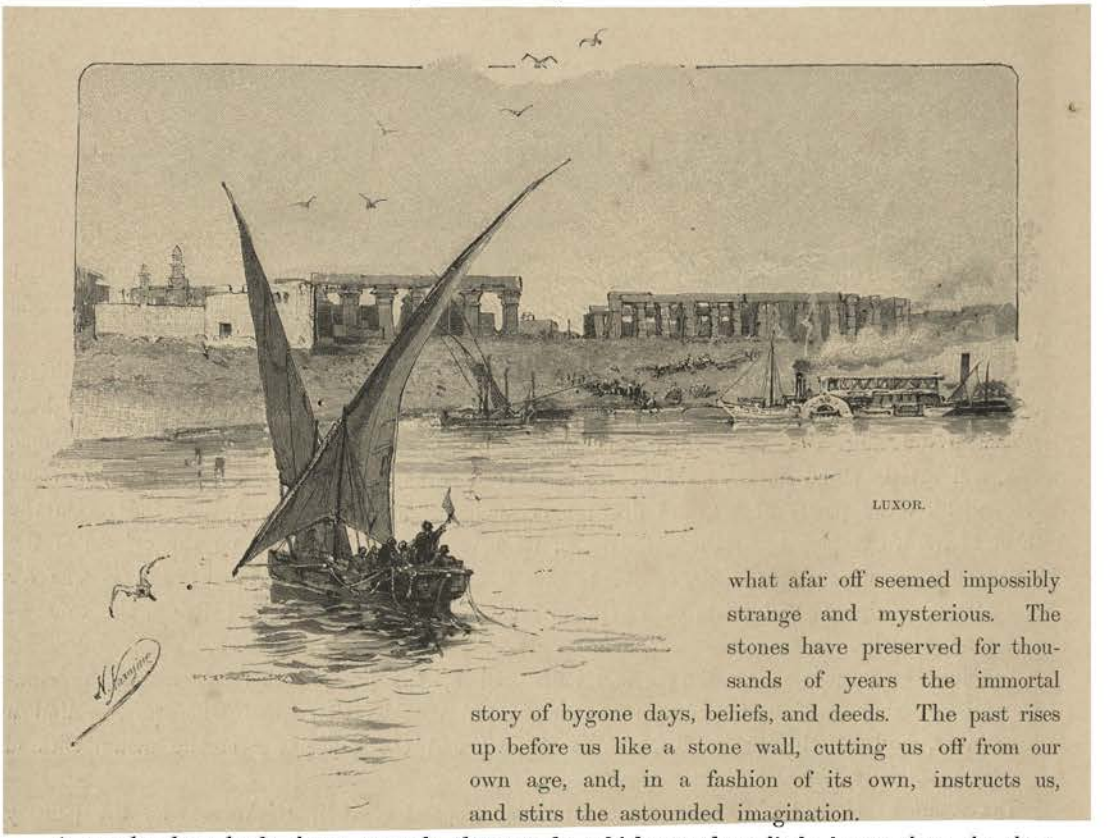
Yet just in proportion as Egypt was influenced by the life of other lands, are the creations of its genius worthy of a deep and many-sided consideration: and wherever we find a rude, narrow, and isolating nationalism, there also we find the importance of the monuments of a country materially lessened.

The yacht of H.M. the Khedive, placed at the disposal of their Highnesses for the journey up the Nile, approaches the picturesque bank of Luxor, with its massive colonnades and the little white houses clustering round them, with its minarets strangely standing forth among the relics of the paganism so hateful to Islam, with its obelisk striving to peep at the travellers over the lofty, crumbling walls of the neighbouring sanctuary. The latter was but recently used by the natives as a dwelling-house, and for a primary Arab school; but now, thanks to the care and exertions of the authorities of the Gizeh museum, it has been freed from rubbish, relieved of undesirable inhabitants, and, as far as possible, placed in more favourable conditions.

The ancient Thebes received this name from the Greeks, who looked for their own Hellenic names everywhere, while, in reality, this city was known to the Egyptians as Apu ('the thrones of the idols'), with the prefix 't.' The classical writers transformed this into Θῆβαι, while the

Mohammedans, erecting their own buildings within the deserted mansion of the unknown gods, named them El-Koozoor (the castles); from this word the name Luxor was afterwards derived. It was hither that posterity came to weave its miserable unclean nest. Hence it was that students of Egyptian antiquity found themselves called to drive forth the intruders.

This was the first place in Upper Egypt where their Highnesses made any prolonged stay, to the end that they might gain a nearer acquaintance with the antiquities of this place, some of which are to be found within a few yards of the landing-place. One has but to leave it, and pass over to the granite columns supporting a wondrous pile, and one finds oneself transported into a land of myth and fable. Forgetting the age in which we live, we see, with waking senses,



LUXOR.

what afar off seemed impossibly strange and mysterious. The stones have preserved for thousands of years the immortal story of bygone days, beliefs, and deeds. The past rises up before us like a stone wall, cutting us off from our own age, and, in a fashion of its own, instructs us, and stirs the astounded imagination.

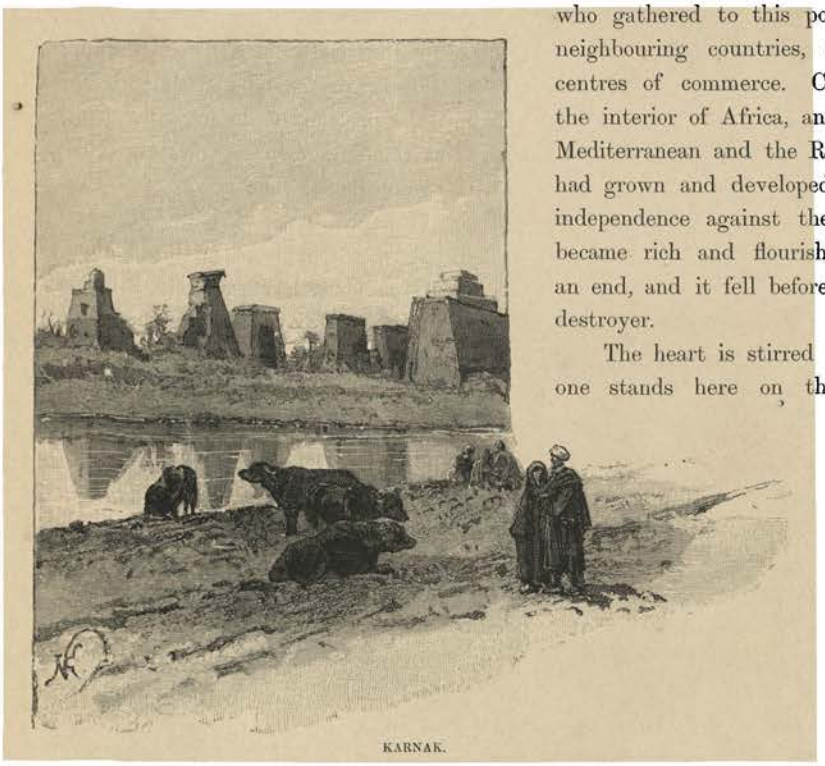
A gentle slope leads down towards the temple, which stands a little lower than the shore. This gives a somewhat singular and fantastic cast to our impressions of it. We seem to stand before a vast open grave, which, accidentally, or of set purpose, has been left unfilled. The dead seem to fear taking with them for ever the spiritual treasure committed to their charge, and yet are unable to deliver it up to their descendants. During the ages stately palaces arose round the central fane, the 'holy of holies,' inaccessible to ordinary mortals. The illustrious travellers are led into one of these, with paintings of deep meaning on the walls.

Their Highnesses penetrate deeper into the ruins. In one place they are shown the traces of a Christian church belonging to the sixth century, when the Thebaid was the nest of that faith, which brought light into the darkness of the heathen world.

AMID THE RUINS OF KARNAK.

The faces of the saints, crowned with haloes, are still distinguishable on the walls; while through the crumbling plaster peer forth, after a ghostly fashion, the objects of ancient Egyptian worship, with their unnatural symbolic forms, and their curious names. Near what was once the altar we may clearly distinguish the dark outlines of Byzantine paintings, the half-effaced forms of horsemen, the velvet of some one's shoes, finally fragments of Greek inscriptions.

Asses have been prepared for the trip to Karnak, the chief object of interest in Thebes. The road passes through a locality at one time completely covered by the palaces of the sovereigns of Egypt, and by the houses of the influential priesthood, of citizens of note, and of the merchants, who gathered to this populous city from all the neighbouring countries, and even from distant centres of commerce. Caravans came here from the interior of Africa, and from the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The city, which had grown and developed during the struggle for independence against the Hyksos, in later days became rich and flourishing. But its glory had an end, and it fell before the scythe of the great destroyer.



KARNAK.

The heart is stirred by a strange emotion, as one stands here on the spot where so many generations have lived out their lives. It is a warm and beautiful day, such as only Upper Egypt can give in winter-time. The vault of heaven smiles above us. An idle breeze scarce ruffles the surface of the Nile, and brings no coolness to the dusty trees. Around us we see the traces of persistent agricultural labour. We have but to glance at the half-naked peasants in the fields to understand their inheritance from Pharaoh's subjects of a store of boundless patience, blind contentment with their fate, and the consciousness of a close and inviolable bond between the peasant of the Nile and the rich soil which supports him. And yet, withal, something is wanting for the recovery of their former prosperity. A great gulf yawns between the past and the present. Here, however, is the chaos towards which we were wending our way!

All around us are the traces of a dreary decay. Here a terrace has slid down into a ruined hall. There a sunbeam has pierced into the innermost nook of the temple. An unruly palm has grown up among the fragments, personifying the triumph of nature amidst the kingdom of death.

Passing through the temple of Karnak, we find the way barred by stones; a crumbling arch hangs threateningly over it, the bell-shaped ornament still remains intact on the massive columns.

This, then, is the gigantic chronicle in stone of ancient Egypt, in which it is reflected with all the ages of its bloom, its power, and its glory.

Dust and silence have set their seal on the ruins. What were they, then, erstwhile, and what are they now? The smoke of the incense is dispersed and the grey walls rise up around us in their stern nakedness. We cross their enchanted bounds, and are long unable to comprehend whither it is that we have come, what are those figures carved on the columns, what world is waking up to life around us and seeking to penetrate into the soul from the summits of these blocks of stone.

OBELISK AT KARNAK.

Yet this was a district sacred to Ammon ('the secret one'). It seems as if, on the appearance of the destroyers, he himself had refused to admit the profane horde into his mansion, hurling at them fragments of stately columns, statues, and obelisks. The abode of the Titans was not to be desecrated; and yet what do we see? A race of pygmies, in the blindness of their petty passions, have succeeded in penetrating within and have shaken these lordly arches, under which there was more than room enough for a fane covering far more ground than Nôtre Dame de Paris.

Before us opens out the famous hall with 134 columns supporting its massive roof. There is not space enough overhead, nor sky, to diminish the apparent height of the pile, in comparison with their immensity. The thickness of the pillars is so great, that half a dozen men can barely encircle one of them with their arms. In fact, we find here a whole forest of symmetrical blocks of stone, with a distant hint at the luxuriousness of tropical vegetation. The intervals between them are small, so that in places they are hidden in a sort of mysterious twilight. Something is painted on them—the colours have not yet faded; the number of figures becomes greater and greater as we gaze on them, until at last we are seized with giddiness at the sight. Truly architecture may be said to be perhaps the greatest of arts when allied to sculpture and painting, imbuing the cold stone with the warm thrill of life. Were music but to sound within these precincts, the spirit would bid farewell to this pale and barren earth!

Their Highnesses and the suite seat themselves at random among the hoary ruins. Around them seem to stretch long avenues of trunks of mighty trees, and only the storied outlines on the columns disperse this not unnatural illusion. Before them are the graceful outlines of an immense obelisk, which has escaped the fate of its fallen brethren. Erstwhile it shone with gold, won in

many a glorious campaign; but it has long lost it, and seems to weary of its age and loneliness. Tradition saith that this granite monument, weighing over 317 tons, was brought from the quarries of Assouan, further south, and that seven months were required for its excavation and carriage. This seems almost a miracle. But the erection of obelisks was a necessity; the orb of day paused and rested on their summits, and their shadows on the sand measured the steps of the Sun-god. The obelisk, a hundred feet high, still reaches upward into the unfathomable void, and overlooks the site of deserted altars, with the petrified supplications of the Pharaohs.

Strange creations of a civilisation still divined but in part! Its past is like the relics of its own architecture. On the one hand all seems to be plain, clear, flat, motionless as death; yet, on looking deeper, another and a higher meaning is found lurking in each monotonous feature. Through the ages there speak to us (and that in hieroglyphics, dark and incomprehensible to the uninitiated) self-deified men, seeking after something beyond the bounds of the visible world, trusting in something unknown, the dupes of fate and of their visions of the future. It is true that the same men, at the height of their power, in the hour of victory, were no better than wild beasts. Prisoners of rank were brought here, to Thebes, into a strange land, only to be nailed to the walls of the temples, for the amusement of the spectators, and as a warning to all, both natives and foreigners, who might gather to look upon the sufferers. Their avenging shades still brand the victorious Pharaohs with infamy; but at the same time it cannot but be asked why they became so great, and why there seems to be something wanting in us, as compared with them. True, we place less value on the passing moment than they did.

A little further on stands a stately gate in solitary majesty. Beyond it stretches another desolate space covered with fragments. A stony path leads us back towards the Nile, to the yachts. There was a time when a whole avenue of a thousand sphinxes stretched thither from Karnak. Now it is only at intervals that we see on our path the almost formless image of some goddess with the head of a cat or a lioness. The mutilated statues, many of which are cast down, impart an air of still greater sadness to the melancholy of the place.

Their Highnesses return to the yacht. The crowd on the bank lessens. Evening is drawing on. The gentle sound of bells is wafted from the Catholic chapel of Luxor, attached to the little Franciscan monastery. Two natives, apparently beggars, are watering the narrow strip of land between the ruins and the river. The water is poured from bags of black goat-skin, which, when full, bear some resemblance to the living animal.

Looking on this simple picture, which forms a link between us and the royal inheritance of the Pharaohs, one loses oneself in the multitude of thoughts and fancies roused by it—one is carried back through the ages, and once more stands before the granite columns of the temples of Amenhoteb and Rameses. See! the Nile again swarms with hundreds of ships, bearing to Thebes the treasures of the south and of the east; weary and dusty caravans appear again from the desert, bringing gold and gems from the mines.

No! In place of this the surface of the Nile is disfigured by the unsightly outlines of one of Cook's narrow two-storied steamers, bearing a party of foreign tourists, who with feverish haste attempt to 'do' Upper Egypt. Some natives, driving their laden donkeys from the Libyan range towards Luxor, can be distinguished through a field-glass. These may well be specialists in the art of skilfully forging various objects of antiquity, trying to evade the sharp eyes of the native officials charged with the duty of watching for the presence, among the forgeries, of real antiquities, stolen from some tomb as yet unknown to Egyptologists.

The setting sun, shedding its rays on the distant landscape, seems to wrap it in a fine cobweb of light, to cast over it a transparent golden veil. Now the orb of day has vanished, and all around assumes a dead grey tint. Only a faint line of light stretches along the horizon where the sun went down. Suddenly a veil seems to be withdrawn from the western steep, a volcanic crater seems to burst into flame, and the landscape is tinged with purple. The calm, sea-green sky is gradually covered by a flock of fiery cloudlets under a canopy of the same tint; and then, as suddenly, the vision fades, the hot sand begins to cool, and a light mist rises and spreads behind the palm-groves and the huts of the fellaheen. It is as if nature battled twice against the darkness before giving way and sinking wholly into it.

It is rapidly growing dark. A light, bluish mist creeps over the plain beyond the Nile, towards the sharply defined black rocks. The moon slowly rises from behind the hills, lighting up the dreary and desolate expanse, dropping pearls of light on the tremulous surface of the water. The stars shine out brighter and brighter, the Milky Way sparkles with greater softness and mystery. Nor sound nor motion around us; nought but a deep and solemn stillness.

SUNDAY, *November* 18/30.

On both sides of the Nile, scattered over a large expanse, lie the monuments, the ruins, and the relics of Thebes Hecatompylos, of the hundred gates. No little time is required for an attentive survey of them. Much as has been written about Egypt, it does not yet throw enough light on their details. But of all the vast, majestic, once sacred, and even beautiful remains, which surround the stranger who seeks to comprehend the ancient civilisation of the land, the 'valley of death' (lying on the opposite side of the village of Luxor), the so-called Biban-el-Moolook ('the royal gates'), produces, perhaps, the deepest impression, and sets one face to face with those vital religious and philosophical problems which the ancient Egyptian strove to solve, and in whose sphere he had his being. The sight is a gloomy one, peculiar and mysterious, yet simple withal. Here is a totally new world, speaking in a strange language, which is yet clear enough to the heart.

The morning is cool. The country about the banks of the Nile is bathed in a flood of soft light. The village of Luxor, with the Khedive's yachts, on which the illustrious travellers and their suite have come to Thebes, recede more and more toward the distant Arabian hills. To reach the necropolis (the famous tombs of the Pharaohs) we must cross to the western bank in boats.

The oarsmen struggle with the current. Two arms of the river surround a sandy island. The water near the shore is shallow, and it is not easy to land. A whole crowd of donkey-drivers, with their asses, awaits the visitors on the steep bank to which we are so near. Further in the background lies the amphitheatre of the grim Libyan highlands. We come on shore. Far off from the bank we see ruins of some sort: two gigantic sculptured blocks of stone stand out in the clear air, on the plain which stretches out towards the ruins. It is still very early, but the heat of the day begins to assert itself. The tombs of the Pharaohs lie far enough from the river to necessitate haste. The former sovereigns of Egypt tried to find and prepare for themselves a place of rest as far from the capital as possible.

Fellah-girls, carrying pitchers on their heads, run in a picturesque procession by the side of the winding road, along the edge of a ditch now almost dry. We move along at a gentle trot. The donkeys stumble and sink in the sand, yet the supple and active children of the Nile do not drop behind us, but sharply watch every movement, and are ready with a supply of fresh

IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

water. Without these little faces, with their sly smile of welcome, the whole character of the place would appear in a different and less attractive light. But our good-humour is kept up by the sympathetic appearance, the brisk pace, and sometimes the energy of our donkeys, who move their ears in a most amusing manner. Some of them are large, compared with their European brethren, must cost a good deal (their price here sometimes reaches £100), are well groomed, and have their hind legs decorated with symmetrical stripes.

The hills are nearer now. The country becomes wilder and more deserted. To the right lie, in a disorderly white mass, the ruins of some sort of building, perhaps a temple. There is no need to turn to our guide-books for explanations; as has been said, the Imperial travellers are accompanied on their journey up the Nile by two Egyptologists, Emil Brugsch and V. S. Golenishtcheff, who have for a long time studied the civilisation of the land of the Pharaohs. At each step they give a series of the most interesting explanations. Question after question arises, but learned answers can be had to them at once.

A PEASANT GIRL.

Passing through a grim and narrow defile, we ride into the Valley of Death. How different from the ordinary cemetery! A mausoleum is everywhere regarded with pride and is placed well in sight, while here the graves are hidden away, and hidden, moreover, in a gloomy desert void of trees and grass. Such is the site of Biban-el-Moolook ('the gates of the kings'). This, however, is not surprising. At one time the sovereigns of Egypt built their tombs in the shape of pyramids or funereal mountains. At a later period, in the Thebais, where a mountain range lies on the western bank, it was found more expedient to construct them not on the earth, but, as it were, in it. Its bowels seemed more fitted for the reception of so great a mystery as the mummy of a Pharaoh.

The naked yellowish hills close in on each side. The dark stripes of their numerous convolutions creep downwards, here and there, to the arid base of the range. Some of the rocks are as black as if they had been scorched by the pitiless sun. Nature here seems to have refused to create. All is quiet. The very donkeys follow each other noiselessly in Indian file. Conversation ceases of itself. Not a living creature is to be seen anywhere, excepting when an eagle rises lazily from some wild summit.

In spite of the early hour the heat increases. The road forks to the right. 'This,' we are told, 'is the path to the most ancient tombs in the place.' Awaking then from the reverie into which we had fallen, we recollect that all around lies the kingdom of the dead, and that if there is a real cemetery anywhere in the world it is that which now surrounds us in its irresistible majesty. Somewhere behind the deserted slope flows the Nile. Mankind spends hour after hour in vanity. A generation born only yesterday, and destined to vanish to-morrow, pants and presses onward in the chase after momentary happiness, while before us lies a range of hills, beyond whose slopes there is nought that passes: the sleep and night of the grave, the spiritual struggle after the ideal, floods of that unextinguishable light which illumines the spirit at last, and the eternal bliss in Paradise.

We stop at a 'baba' (entrance) before tomb No. 17. Each tomb has been numbered by the careful English investigator Wilkinson. We have to descend a long and steep stone stair, lit up by the torches borne by the fellahs. The illustrious travellers go down it into the tomb of Seti I., which is considered finer than the others. Though its tenant is no longer here, but rests in the Gizeh museum at Cairo, in a veiled glass case, yet the thought of what was once here, and is now here no longer, oppresses the visitor, and carries his thought far back into the mists of the ages.

Prehistoric antiquity gazes on us from all sides with its dull and fixed eye. We being somewhat prepared for a visit to this tomb, it is possible, to some extent, to comprehend its origin and meaning; but what must have been the feelings of the intrepid Belzoni, the first to penetrate to these inscriptions, hidden from the light of the sun, when, in 1817, he discovered the tomb of Seti I., and met here with the cold mystery of the hieroglyphics?

Their Highnesses descend deeper and deeper into the royal tomb. The flickering torches carried before them cast a fitful light over the place. A seemingly endless flight of steps, cut in the rock, leads down into the abyss. The heat is stifling. Something vast and ponderous, foreign to human nature, seems to brood over us, crushing us in its soulless embrace. On reaching a lofty hall with thick, heavy columns, we learn that lower still lies another gulf, and see, with disgust, the bats darting down from the roof and flitting about with shrill squeaks. The heart is oppressed with sadness. There is no movement, no air, no room for thoughts and dreams.

Once the visitors are in this enchanted world of ancient religion, conceptions, and conventional formulæ, some acquaintance with them is necessarily gained, even though it be only superficial; here, at least, amidst the gathering gloom, the meaning of the past of Egypt should, to some extent, be grasped.

But how fantastic and conventional it is! The Egyptologists impart a mass of information to the illustrious travellers, which would otherwise require many months of search in scientific treatises on the land of Seti. Listening, one seems to feel the story; yet, owing to the surroundings, it sounds like a strange and intricate fable.

The sun has set. Pharaoh is dead. The phenomena are identical. But a series of encounters, a battle on the way, and a bright and happy goal, lie before the departed, before those who have entered the Darkness of the West. According to a sacred custom, pictures of these wanderings in the nether world are painted in the royal tomb, and still astonish us by the distinctness and regularity of their lines and the individuality of their colouring.

Looking on what is painted on the walls, it is only vaguely that the secret meaning of each symbol, each outline, can be grasped. Of course, this being the tomb of a mighty monarch, surrounded by a mythical halo, all around breathes mystery, all is meant to inspire fear, and to explain the enigma of life: nevertheless, the extreme peculiarity of the surrounding objects is too incomprehensible for the modern mind. What, for example, is to be thought, to take a few of the many figures on the walls, of a long serpent creeping down an inclined plain, of the cruciform sign under the head of the monster, or of another figure with the body of a serpent, four human legs, and the head of an Egyptian?

It is said that a young native once tarried too long in the tomb of Seti, and had to pass the night there. When discovered in the morning he was a maniac. And no wonder; when the supersensual acts directly on the soul, things may appear to make the stoutest heart quail. And it is difficult even to imagine what the poor fellah may have seen within the walls of the tomb.

Stars glitter on the ceiling, they sparkle above the brows of the different genii on the walls. Here, too, one may see the flames in which (as in purgatory) sinners were supposed to be tormented.

Yes, this is a whole world consecrated to the ideas of a vague struggle and of an enforced penance; a whole world, called as it were to imprison within its sphere the great king, whose thoughts during life were centred on something very different. He dreamed of Syria and Palestine, of their annexation to Egypt, of the constructing in them of fenced cities and ways of communication, of sending trusty viceroys thither. In the midst of all these projects the sovereign did not forget that a place was preparing for him in the Theban necropolis, and encouraged those of the workers in it who showed signs of skill and talent.

Now the latter is reduced to satisfying the curiosity of the stranger, with whose ancestors Seti doubtless, like his predecessors, did battle, in his encounters with the Aryan tribes, who were at that time branching out over different lands, and, coming from Asia Minor, Italy, and Libya (on the west), attacked the kingdom of the Nile.

In the stifling gloom of the vaults we listen to the explanations of the Egyptologists, how here, among other things, hieroglyphics had been discovered which told of a terrible destruction of the human race by an incensed divinity.

The son of the boundless heavens, Nu, the chief among the host of the rulers of the world, the god Ra, began to grow old. Mankind noticed this, and treated him with ridicule. Then the other gods gathered in council and persuaded him to punish the impious brood. The divine glance of Ra engendered the goddess Hathor. She went forth spreading destruction around her. At last Ra took pity, stopped her destructive career, and, surfeited with earthly power, after creating for himself a paradisaical realm, lay down to rest on the back of the gigantic cow which represents the vault of heaven. This wonderful mythical animal, depicted in one of the chambers of the tomb of Seti I., was so tall that it staggered. Ra then ordered the god Shu (the atmosphere) to approach and support the wondrous cow. A painting representing this scene was found in the tomb we are examining. Besides Shu, the animal is propped up by eight more figures.

What deep antiquity breathes in this view of the universe and in all that has been depicted by it! The goddess Hathor, who generally appears as the personification of the joyous principle of love, as a sort of Egyptian Aphrodite, is here a complete embodiment of blind vengeance, a merciless executioner. After the infliction of the punishment with which she was charged, she even intoxicates herself with blood and beer, and loses the power of distinguishing the people, who hide themselves from her. Is not this a relic of primitive and savage views?

The yellow alabaster coffin of Seti, found here in October 1817 by Belzoni, was carried away to Luxor. The body of this Pharaoh was discovered not long ago in the neighbouring hills. There is nothing to see in the empty sepulchre excepting the drawings on the walls. The fatigue caused by the closeness of the air, and by the impressions received, is becoming very perceptible. The fellahs with their flickering torches light their Highnesses back to the upper world. We eagerly drink down the fresh air, feeling above us a real sky instead of one of rock. How remote is the epoch to which this tomb belongs! What an abyss separates us from its barbarity and depth of thought!

We seat ourselves at the entrance, having before us a crowd of donkey-boys with their meek donkeys, the yellowish slopes of the hills, and the arid expanse on which the rays of the sun fall with an intolerable brilliancy. The servants from the yacht of H.H. the Khedive unpack the

baskets of wine and fruit. The stair leading down into the tomb yawns darkly within a few paces of us, without attracting any more attention. Yet how short a time ago we saw the mythical vultures spreading their wings on the ceiling of the nearest passage, while a serpent with twelve heads stretched its length along the wall, giving way in its turn to others less monstrous, but belching flames!

The entrance had been masked for a long time. But the natives guessed that it must exist, as the rain-water running down the slope of the hill in one spot suddenly vanished. Then there came an energetic European, and the door was opened.

The voluble and animated conservator of the Gizeh museum, Brugsch-bey, relates very entertainingly how he was the first of Egyptologists to see, in 1881, the mummy of Seti I., in a lonely hollow, among a number of bodies which had at one time been brought here by the priests to their common resting-place, and had been accidentally discovered by some Arabs. Though they were brothers, yet they quarrelled over the proceeds of the sale of their booty. The eldest revealed, or rather sold, the secret (for £500) to the authorities, who at once took possession of the treasure as national property, while the native who had revealed the secret was appointed overseer over the antiquities of the place.

There he stands before us, Mohammed Ahmed Abd-er-Rassool, a man who has in a way gained fame, in a simple turban, and plain caftan, intently regarding those present.

Brugsch-bey relates that, when he brought the mummies to Cairo, he had to take first-class tickets for them!

Our party proceeds on its survey. It halts before the 'everlasting abode' of Rameses III. Here is a gentle slope leading down into the depths. Again night reigns around us. Again we hear how the dead king sailed through it to a new dawn and everlasting bliss.

How boundlessly fantastical is the interior of these royal tombs! He who dwelt in a palace during his lifetime apparently wished even in death for similar surroundings, distant though the similarity might be. Dumb imagery and mysterious writing were to revive the much-desired reality in the gloom.

Their Highnesses were able here at every step to acquaint themselves with it and to study on the walls the material side of the dead man's life.

We are again in the open air, and our way now lies to the west, over a somewhat steep pass separating the Valley of Death from the plain of the Nile. The sandy path, covered with sharp pebbles, which winds along the hills is so very narrow and steep that we have to dismount from our donkeys and make our way on foot. Noon is approaching, so that we are positively melting in this burning atmosphere. Is it mere fancy, or did the Egyptian priests really regard the fan as the emblem of happiness? How very true!

It cannot be said with any degree of accuracy how many remarkable tombs Biban-el-Moolook contains. Archæologists know of some twenty-five, but many of them are in a most dilapidated condition. Strabo speaks of forty. The Greeks called these apertures 'syrinx' (flutes), referring to the long passages into the vaults.

The neighbourhood is still and deserted. It is with difficulty that the imagination can picture to itself what a funeral procession must have appeared like here in days of yore. Of course the corpse, according to custom, lay under a canopy, in a boat placed on wheels. Before it were strewn lotus flowers, as the emblem of regeneration. After it came the sacrificial animals, the idols,

various things belonging to the deceased, precious ornaments, fruit, baskets of green leaves, as a reference to eternal life, etc. The hired mourners made the neighbourhood ring with their unnatural shrieks. As in China, white was the colour of mourning.

How very remote those days are! Vainly the eye seeks for the sight even of some black jackal in the distance. In it the ancient faith saw an incarnation of the god Anubis, the prince of this cemetery in the Libyan range, the patron of embalming, who drove away the demons from the corpse, being armed for this purpose with a bow and a scourge. But even the jackal is nowhere to be seen. Only a disturbed snake glides along one of the hill slopes, as if it had crept off the wall in the tomb of Seti I., from the host of its brethren carved in the stone and still remaining motionless.

The pass comes to an end. The path runs downwards. The naked heights gradually retreat towards the Valley of Death in vast, dreary cliffs. A green and uneven surface opens up before our eyes, with monuments of antiquity scattered over it, half-ruined temples, mutilated colossi, weary of life.

We ride onward to these monuments. Here all has been touched by the hand of Death, but in a different way. There, in the bowels of the earth, it has shattered the daring dream of man, who strove by magic to trample on the laws of nature, to remain motionless outside the sphere of time and events, to arrest the process of decay in our mortal envelopes. But in the bright and smiling plain before us, where there is even more sadness and desolation, where every fallen fragment props up a pile which awaits in its turn a similar fate, much, very much, has also yielded to the power of death. Whence, then, the youthful and healing spirit pervading these ruins? They were created by an art which cannot die, which strikes by its originality even in the days of its fall.

Their Highnesses now approach one of the most important monuments of ancient Egyptian architecture, Der-el-Bahri.

How short a time ago we stood on the other bank of the Nile before that mighty monument, on which were graven the words: 'Erected by the Princess Hatasoo in honour of the Theban Ammon'! And now before us rises another and more wonderful building erected by this extraordinary queen, the sanctuary of Der-el-Bahri, with its terraces!

The priests standing in the morning at Karnak, near the obelisks, reverently contemplated the rise of the sun-god Ra, who gilded the summits of the monuments. In the evening the afterglow of the setting sun still rested on the rosy peaks amidst the gloom settling down over the neighbourhood; the pious worshippers looked on them with admiration. The purpose of these monuments is comprehensible. But to what end was the pile on the opposite bank erected, that gigantic and outlandish sanctuary, so foreign to the architectural ideals of Egypt, seeming rather to be borrowed from the East, perhaps from Chaldæa? It was thus that the Sabæans loved to build in Arabia, imitating the architectural creations of Babylon. How came the priests to permit it? How did the conservative people of Egypt submit to it? Or was this nothing new, and only a revival of antiquity?

This unique queen, whose profile is said to be distinguishable on the fallen obelisk at Karnak, must have been of a masculine disposition, and must have held the reins of government with a firm hand, if she succeeded in leaving to posterity that Der-el-Bahri to which their Highnesses now ride up. All around is gradually crumbling away; in course of time there will be no trace left of these stately monuments, which have attracted such crowds of wondering strangers.

But the fame of Hatasoo has become so far part of universal history that her name will never be forgotten. It is, and ever will remain, an indispensable link in the history of civilisation. Mention has already been made of the inexhaustible significance of the treasures in the Gizeh museum. From the summit of the pyramid of Cheops our gaze has rested wonderingly on the disfigured prehistoric sphinx. What a mass of historical detail is preserved on the walls of Luxor and Karnak! The depths of the royal sepulchres have revealed to us much that is deeply instructive. But here, in Der-el-Bahri, we are confronted by another world—simple, calm, clear, and original down to its most minute details.

This majestic pile (which, if restored according to the plan of the French architect Brun, would be the finest monument of Egyptian antiquity amongst these naked Libyan sandhills, creeping on from the west) was once the goal of many a religious procession from the eastern Theban bank. The sacred boats, richly decorated, with thrones placed in them, and covered with canopies, left the landing-place near the Theban temples, bearing over to the opposite bank priests, idols, and a variety of accessories. The solemn procession wended its way to the little temple erected by Rameses II. in honour of his father Seti I. (which we passed this morning on our way to the Valley of Death), and then proceeded to Der-el-Bahri, along an avenue lined with two hundred statues. Before it rose alluringly the broad flights of steps connecting the vast terraces. The whole pile covered some twenty acres of ground. In the distance graceful colonnades came into view. Above all this rose the 'Holy of Holies,' hollowed out of the solid rock. It is difficult to say what determined the choice of a plan for this building. Was it called for by the uneven, undulating character of the place, which runs like a gulf into the Libyan range? Did not the influence of Asiatic art conduce towards it? May not this terraced pile have been erected as a memorial of the successful expedition into the mysterious land of Pount, whose aspect has the same characteristic uphill slope? The name of the Egyptian architect has been preserved for posterity on an obelisk at Karnak,—Sen-Maut. His tomb has never been discovered, his personal history remains unknown; but is this of any consequence, when his spirit has bequeathed to posterity that miracle of art, Der-el-Bahri (the Northern Convent), so named by the Arabs because of a Coptic religious centre which once existed here (before the advent of Islam), and whose unsightly clay walls remain here to the present day?

This most original monument of the reign of Hatasoo has suffered much from the ravages of time. The work of destruction goes on apace. Thus, when, at the end of the last century, the learned members of the French expedition visited Upper Egypt, the avenue of sphinxes, leading from the bank of the river to the sanctuary, was still marked by the fallen figures. Now there is not a single one left. A heap of fragments disfigures the terrace, once spacious, smooth, and surrounded by colonnades. It requires a great effort of the imagination to form even a distant idea of the former beauty of this famous building, of which two colossal statues of the queen herself, in a sitting posture, did not form the least prominent features, while from the summits of the columns on the third terrace skilfully moulded heads of the goddess Hathor gazed steadfastly down on them.

Leaving Der-el-Bahri, and accompanied as before by a throng of little native girls with their velvety, gazelle-like eyes, and their pitchers of water, and surrounded by a continually increasing crowd of dealers in antiquities of doubtful origin (pieces of mummies and of their painted coffins, statuettes, scarabæi, etc.), the illustrious travellers ride up to the ruins of the Ramesseum, where

there is to be a long rest, and where the servants from the yachts hastily prepare lunch. The general fatigue, from the heat and from the mass of impressions received, begins to express itself in a lessening of the attention paid to the antiquities which are being examined. Sameness is a marked characteristic of Egypt: for any but a sworn archæologist or a special investigator it is difficult to survey the monotonous monuments of the Nilotic civilisation without experiencing a certain sensation of tedium. Nothing but rest can dissipate this heavy feeling, so that one gladly welcomes

GROUP OF NATIVES.

the halt within the precincts of this ancient sanctuary, part of which was once occupied by the library of the priesthood, and even bore the name of the 'Sanatorium of the Soul.'

Amidst the massive columns, rough with the profiles of the graven figures, a dining-room has been improvised, with a view on to the plain and the hills, and of the populace of the neighbourhood which has gathered here, and of the relics of the majesty of the past. Cheerful conversation, unconstrained animation, playful reminiscences, and remarks on the journey sound louder and louder among the gloomy ruins. The crowd of natives, growing bolder, comes nearer to the table of the

illustrious travellers. The Khedive's pipe-bearers, who have followed their Highnesses into Upper Egypt, offer them the very same pipes (encrusted with diamonds) which the sovereign of Egypt had offered to the Grand Dukes on the first day of the State reception at Cairo.

But it is time to prepare for our return to the yachts. On our way back several other monuments have to be visited.

Right before the Ramesseum, where the midday halt took place, lies, broken in half, a granite colossus, which once represented the royal warrior in memory of whose deeds this ancient temple was erected. In the time of the Pharaohs one of its doors was beautified with gold. The giant of stone, fifty-five feet high, who stood at the principal entrance, had a face seven feet broad, and was twenty-five feet across the chest. Now nothing but fragments remain of the fallen Rameses. The central hall of the sanctuary, the spot where the 'resplendent goddess Hathor' was supposed to appear, is now the destination of tourists' trips.

Thanks to the lucidity of the inscriptions and the frescoes it is quite possible to determine that it was the idea of honouring, to all time, the spirit of the ambitious king that led to the founding of the Ramesseum.

Here before us, on the walls of the sanctuary built in honour of Ammon, and in memory of Rameses the Great, is the epic of the famous Egyptian poet Pentaurus, who sang the victorious might of the famous Pharaoh. The size of the hieroglyphics, combined with the regularity of the images—which have been preserved, and which develop into whole pictures—is enough to gladden the sight of posterity, instructing it at the same time by the interesting character of their contents.

An unquenchable thirst for heroic and romantic adventures incited this Pharaoh to undertake campaigns without end, and gradually led to the conquest of half of the ancient world, as the ambitious sovereign, carried away by his daring plans, fixed and changed the boundaries of his kingdom according to the fancy of the moment.

The way now leads over uneven paths towards the old Coptic settlement of Medinet-Abu. Near one ancient building the native children, gathered in a group, greet their Highnesses with singing.

Again we ride into a labyrinth of ruined walls and towers, with gloomy galleries surrounding the courts in which stand the pedestals and the fragments of columns. Hours are necessary to gain the most cursory acquaintance with the ruins; commentaries without end are needed to elucidate the meaning of the different parts, connected with each other and erected at different times. But the day devoted to a survey of the western bank in the neighbourhood of Thebes is already so full of sights and scenes, that neither strength nor wish remains to study all things with equal attention; and the interest felt at first gradually dies away under the extreme intellectual and physical strain.

Nevertheless, the monument rising before their Highnesses, taken as a whole, impresses one by its outlines, and calls up some distinct and characteristic details in the memory.

This then is the treasure-house of 'King Rampsinites'! Here, among other treasures, lay a store of magical writings. The prospect of possessing them proved too great a temptation for one of the superintendents of Pharaoh's flocks. A mason who had taken part in the building of the treasury betrayed the secret how to penetrate into its innermost nooks. Having obtained the charms, the superintendent began by their means to injure people—was arrested, tried, and condemned to suicide.

The option of suicide was, in those days, not infrequently given in the case of crimes against the State, which, owing to court intrigues, were not uncommon. Such an end was doubtless preferred by many to the customary deprivation of the nose or the ears.

What then is Medinet-Abu? Was it really the dwelling-place of a great sovereign, as some scholars believe? Or was it only a monument in memory of his majesty, where the spirit of Rameses III. (whose tomb we saw this morning) might rest, basking in its own brilliancy and excessive luxury? It is difficult to say; but the latter explanation seems much more probable. It was for religious purposes only that the kings of Egypt built each of their immortal piles.

Under the window, out of which Pharaoh is said to have gazed sometimes, there are paintings of men of the north: Teucrians and Pelasgi, Etruscans and Sardinians. The semi-Aryan tribes of Asia Minor and southern Europe were then in a state of fermentation, and were migrating along the shores of the Mediterranean, with the aborigines of which they fought, sometimes acting on a base consisting of camps formed of their wagons, drawn by oxen, in which the families of these wandering warriors took refuge, sometimes attacking them from their skilfully handled ships.

Here, too, carved in the stone, is the earliest record of a naval engagement and an invasion of Egypt by the barbarians. Rameses III. himself shoots arrows at the foe. They wear a head-gear of feathers like the American Indians. The enemy is defeated. The figures of the captives, carved beneath the window-sill on which Pharaoh could rest, really served as a visible sign of his triumph. Further on, within the three-storied building, there are chambers with frescoes representing naked female slaves from the north, with fine Grecian profiles. They offer flowers to Rameses, play draughts with him, and wait on his pleasure.

The simple philosophy of those ages was the reason why the hieroglyphics on the different buildings give so much attention to detail. At Medinet-Abu mention is made of the destruction of the tribes of Libya, and here the nature of the spoil and its quantity are noticed: 119 head of cattle, 115 swords of remarkable length, 93 war-chariots, 2310 quivers, 183 horses and asses, etc. Is not this both surprising and amusing?

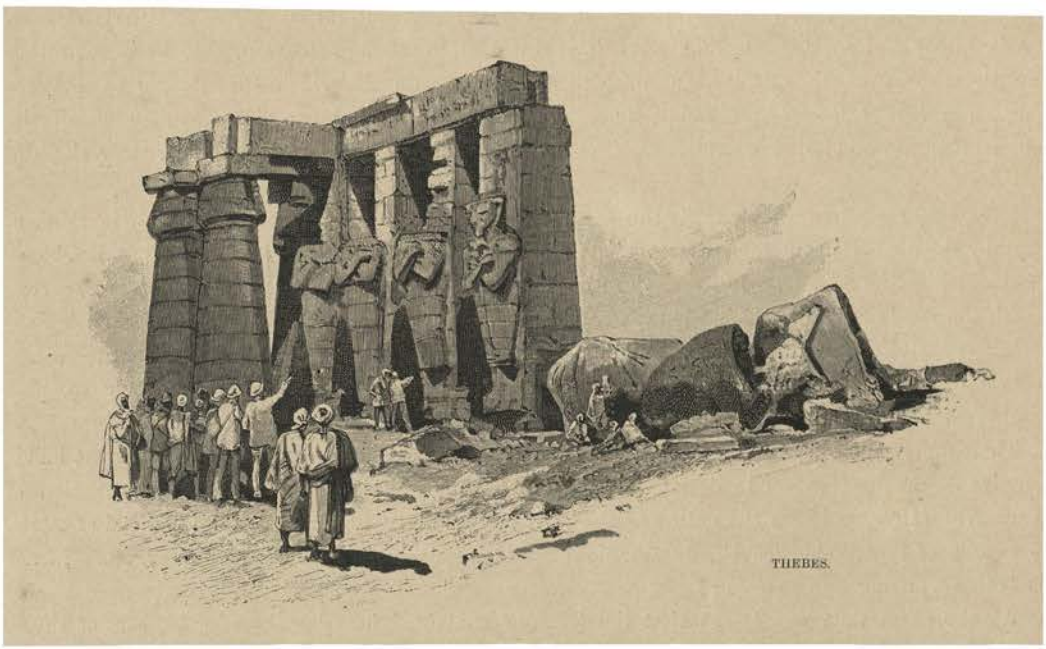
At the same time one learns that the treasury contained heavy sacks of gold, bars of silver, azure and greenish stones, much copper (from the mines on the peninsula of Sinai), incense, valuable statues, vessels, and ornaments.

Pharaoh proudly adds: 'I have everywhere seen to the planting of trees, to the cultivation of plants, to complete freedom from robbery within the confines of the land.' When the foe advanced, then Pharaoh, according to the picturesque expression of an ancient monument, would fall on them like a gigantic block of rose-coloured granite, and their blood would mingle with the earth as the waters in the days of the inundation of the Nile.

Leaving the ancient ruin, their Highnesses gradually draw nearer to the river, which must again be crossed. The only halt by the way is made at the famous colossi which used to adorn the entrance to the temple of Amenhoteb III., of which no trace remains now. They are carved out of Mokhattan stone, are disfigured, and somewhat formless, and altogether present a melancholy sight. The artist (a namesake of the king's) whose work they are, when marking them with his chisel, prophesied immortality to them, in defiance of the coming ages. But though immortality is theirs, it is far from glorious.

Yet, in ancient times, it was somewhat different: one of the statues, as it wasted away, began to give forth strange sounds, as of singing, which attracted universal attention, as being something supernatural.

Noble Romans (even the emperors themselves) used to visit the Theban necropolis that they might hear the complaint of the Titan. The classical authors developed a tradition to the effect that it represented Memnon, the son of the dawn, the chief of the Ethiopians, slain by Achilles at the siege of Troy. Here, near the Libyan range, his inconsolable and weeping mother was said to sprinkle the fallen hero daily with the early dew, and, as if in answer to her lamentations, the stone image would give forth a sort of sigh or gentle moan. Formerly these sounds were attributed to trickery on the part of the priests, but now this is explained more simply by the warmth of the morning acting



THEBES.

on the moist cracks which ran along the surface of the statue. In the reign of Septimius Severus it was restored, and became mute for ever.

As a contrast to the relics of the dead past it was now determined to finish the day by an Arab dinner, with its characteristic surroundings.

Their Imperial Highnesses honour with their presence the house of a native, members of whose family have for the last thirty years filled the post of Russian consul. It can be imagined with what rejoicings this great honour was received. On the way thither through the large garden of the Luxor Hotel, overgrown with myrtles and palms, the Cesarewitch is presented with a bouquet by the landlord.

The reception-room of the Egyptian honoured by the visit of their Highnesses is fitted, in Levantine-European style, with portraits of the members of Imperial and Royal families on the walls. While awaiting the dinner nothing characteristic calling for notice is to be seen.

Servants soon appear bearing metal pitchers and large basins for washing the hands. These basins have a double bottom, the upper being supplied with a number of apertures to let the

IN THE GARDEN OF THE LUXOR HOTEL.

water run off. Each of the guests is handed a napkin, which is to serve for the whole dinner, knives and forks not being used.

Then their Highnesses with their suite pass into the next room, where, in the absence of seats, the guests seat themselves, Eastern fashion, on the floor, round little tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory, and beautifully carved. For the sake of convenience we sit on the carpet supported by a high cushion, with our feet tucked under us.

Their Highnesses and part of their suite sit with the host round one table. The rest merrily seat themselves at random by the others. The animation is exceedingly refreshing after the fatigues of the day.

A procession of servants place flat massive trays on the table before us. There are neither knives, nor forks, nor plates, nothing but wooden spoons. But after a ride round Thebes a healthy appetite is only to be expected, and no disenchantment is felt at the simplicity of native customs. After a delicious aromatic soup, served in little porcelain bowls, comes a juicy roasted lamb. The dishes succeed each other rapidly. According to Arab custom, everything should be tasted, but no preference shown for any one dish.

It is somewhat difficult, when dining in such a fashion for the first time, to follow the rapid succession of some twenty courses coming one after the other, and to say what they are, often by the colour and the smell alone, as it is unpleasant to a novice to touch a sweet dish with fingers yet greasy from the preceding one; but with the help of bread it is possible to taste a dish that may strike one's fancy. The dishes are not too hot. The meat is cut up small. Owing to the curiosity aroused by foreign cookery, a number of humorous episodes take place: what seems a dainty morsel turns out to be disgusting according to our notion, and *vice versâ*, so that those who have gastronomic tastes are constantly making new discoveries. The alternation of sweet with insipid and pungent makes wine unnecessary for a native at dinner. The last dish is rice boiled in milk.

The Arab dinner has been a complete success.

Among the ancient Egyptians it was the custom at a feast to show the guests a little wooden image of a painted mummy to remind them of what awaits man in this life. According to Herodotus, it was borne among the guests when they were already satisfied.

This dread reminder, addressed to people at the moment when the powers of the body and the soul were approaching equilibrium, has, of course, been long forgotten in Egypt. True, it is customary here, as everywhere in the East, to be reserved and taciturn during meals; but the Egyptians of the present day, with their somewhat Epicurean philosophy, would not even dream of such refined barbarity as to introduce the subject of death in a visible form on such an occasion.

At the close of the dinner, the youthful nephew of the host, Mustafa Said, addressed a French speech to the Cesarewitch, carefully thought out, and clothed in 'the best language at his disposal.'

All is quiet on the river. It is now near midnight. The steamers on the Luxor side are all sunk in sleep and darkness. In thinking over all the charm and wonder of the day, it is impossible not to allow that the valley of the tombs of the Pharaohs, and the thoughts aroused by it, bear off the palm for impressiveness and majesty. Hitherto their Highnesses have met with nothing approaching it in grandeur and depth of meaning, and scarce will meet with its like again.

The ruins beyond the Grand Duke's yacht, in the soft azure light of the moon, seem as if clad in a glittering garment of hoar-frost. Shadows move across them. What visions might not appear were the wearied imagination allowed to wander at large! But why should fancy paint the non-existent when the real world around us is full of incredible facts, of phenomena one cannot grasp? After a visit to Biban-el-Moolook, the dark entrance into the depths, where the royal mummies vainly sought refuge, rises up every moment before the eyes of the impressionable tourist. It is said that a mummy brought to the Cairo museum one evening accidentally became unswathed in its new and incongruous surroundings, and, to the horror of all present, raised a hand above its head as in mute reproach.

CHAPTER IX

MONDAY, *November* 19 (*December* 1).

STILL at Thebes. It is early morning, and the scene is charming. . . . True, the neighbouring hills look steep and bare, and in places we catch glimpses of the tawny desert; but the rays of the morning sun illuminate the dark green plain, and a whole world of colours, perfectly new to natives of the North, greets the sight.

Here, however, sunrise and sunset are equally striking. There is nothing corresponding to our twilight. The sun rises rapidly above the horizon, and vanishes as rapidly. Where is the boundary between day and night? Where does the cultivated region really end, to make place for the waste? There is only one step between them; there is scarcely more than a moment between light and darkness.

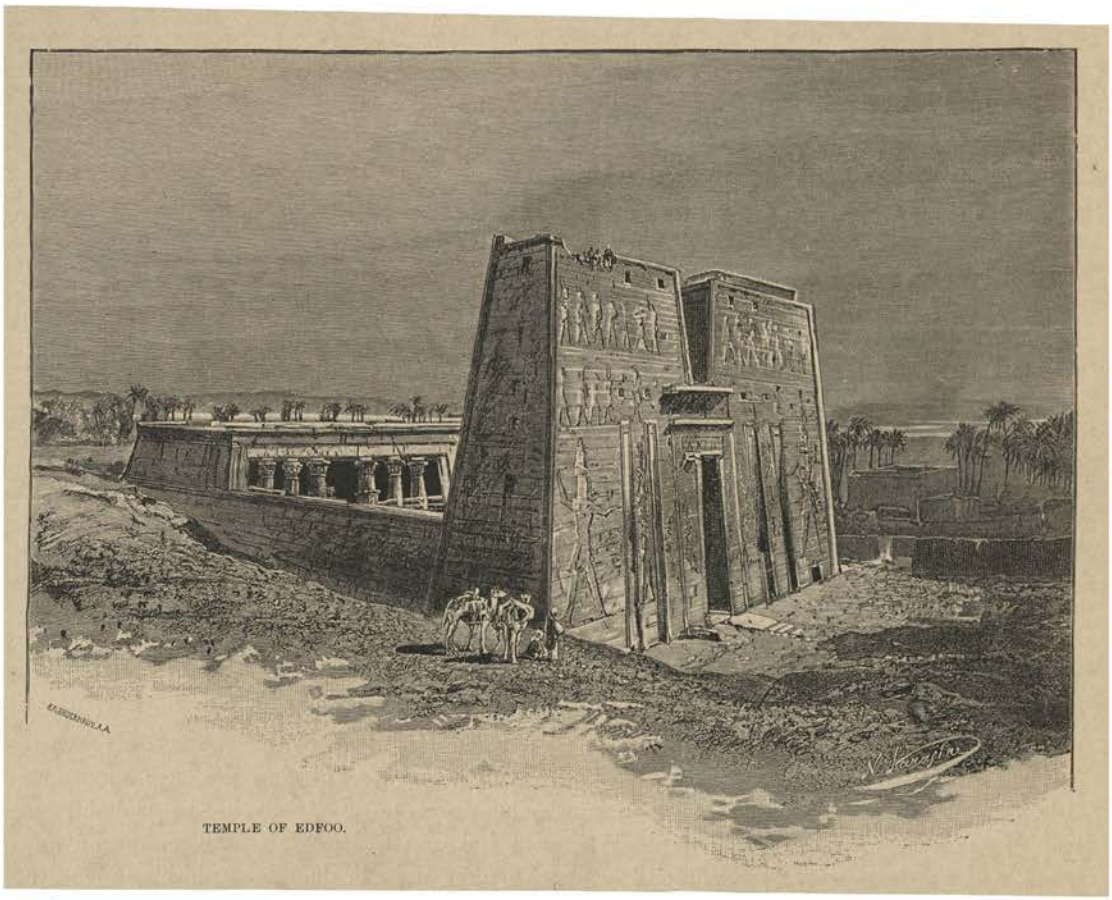
Towards 6 P.M. the *Feizrabbani* and her consort, the *Hchia*, are already steaming southward. We are to proceed some sixty-five miles up-stream to Edfoo, which is remarkable for its temple—so intact in its primitive beauty and in its minutest details that a visit to it, from an æsthetic point of view, is obligatory on every traveller in Upper Egypt.

The limestone, entering into the composition of the heights, which come close up to the Nile on the east, gives way to sandstone, which shines yet more brightly in the sunlight, but without the golden glint of the former. At Erment the western bank is thickly overgrown with sycamores. Further on, the neighbourhood in places appears to be in the most flourishing condition.

After lunch comes a halt at the spot where, at one time, honours were paid to Horus, the son of Osiris, of the god who was slain by his terrible foe, the god Seth. Standing forth as the ardent avenger of his father and of his grieving mother, this personification of the principle of light, from mythical times onwards, did battle here at Edfoo with the powers of darkness, presenting an embodiment, as it were, of the endurance, the courage, and the energy of the immigrants from Asia, who, in their attempts at colonisation, penetrated into the virgin wilderness of the northern districts of the valley of the Nile, populated doubtless by wild and savage aborigines. The radiant Horus, the tireless champion, appears in all the vague legends of olden time as a defender and protector, as the chief of the powers of light, and is always ready, at the first appeal, to attack Seth, the patron of strangers, the foe of the ancient pantheon (with Ra, the

sun, at its head). It remains inexplicable how even kings came to bear the name of Seth (or Seti). The key to the secret is lost in the mists of the ages.

The walls of a heathen sanctuary again rise before the eyes of the illustrious travellers. As one passes through the precincts of this ancient building, from the courts of the temple, open to the uninitiated, into the dim chambers, which served for more mysterious purposes, the imagination involuntarily pictures the temple of Edfoo as it was in the days when it was guarded and cared



TEMPLE OF EDFOO.

for by the Government. The priesthood, too, did all that lay in its power to make the worship of the gods as striking and impressive as possible.

Their Highnesses pass through the silent temple, petrified, as it were, in its pristine grandeur. Every little line in the explanatory inscriptions, every figure graven in the stone, has been preserved. The fundamental principles of ancient Egyptian life have vanished, but the building before us seems as if finished only yesterday, and the past is clothed upon by the imagination with flesh and colours, as one looks, not on miserable ruins and fragments, but on a mighty and lasting reality.

Though the temple now existing at Edfoo (formerly Atbo, which signified 'the piercing' of

the evil god Seth, who was vanquished here) was erected and adorned in the days of the Ptolemies, who, during a period of one hundred and eighty years, spared no pains in the attempt to achieve a brilliant restoration of Egyptian antiquity, yet the foundation of the sanctuary was most certainly much earlier—in an age which can scarcely even be determined.

On the parapet of the tower on which the Cesarewitch now leans, there is a clearly-engraved French inscription in memory of the French expedition into Upper Egypt in the time of Bonaparte. What proud and sounding words! and what a negative result to a fatiguing and dangerous campaign! Excepting the blood spilt (at Luxor and in many other places) in gallant skirmishes with the Arabs, who kept receiving reinforcements from Mecca, beyond the brilliant pages in the military history of their nation, beyond the vain record of this on the stones of some ancient Egyptian temples, the companions-in-arms of General Desaix have left nothing behind them in this land.

The miserable clay huts of the pigmy Fellaheen cluster round the Titanic sanctuary of Edfoo. On their flat roofs provisions of all sorts are dried and stored. Here and there sparkle the narrow ribbons of their canals. At one time sacrifices were offered on their shores to the serpent divinities, who were believed to inhabit this network of irrigationary canals, and to superintend the summer overflow of the river.

There was a time when rich barges glided across it, bearing idols, which paid each other visits: *e.g.*, Horus was visited by Athor, who came hither from her own religious centre.

In witness of their enmity to Seth, the evil one, the Egyptians slaughtered swine, which reminded them of his adherents in the guise of hippopotami; sometimes, too, actuated by the same motives, they slaughtered the ass, despised in days of yore—that poor animal which became so valuable to the posterity of these zealous men. The ass was looked on as unclean, and as one of the creatures of the god of darkness.

Though the Copts are said to look with disapproval, and sometimes even with enmity, on the work of the numerous American missionaries, while the Mohammedans are never converted at all, yet the missionaries have made some little way, concentrating their attention, if not on the conversion, at least on the education, of the children.

We are riding back from the temple of Edfoo to the yachts, which lie about a mile from it, and at the door of a little house their Highnesses are greeted by a small school, organised by the American preachers. There are about a hundred of these nurseries of Western civilisation along the Nile. Owing to the rapidity of the ride on the inevitable donkeys, amidst clouds of dust, which is, generally speaking, one of the drawbacks on every equestrian excursion near the Nile, we have no opportunity of seeing more closely these pupils of the Western mission.

In the track of our long cavalcade, galloping along the street, come, at a heavy, clumsy, swinging trot, the camels of the 'cavalry' of Upper Egypt, which we here see for the first time.

On these enduring animals, the soldiers, in time of war, easily make long marches through the desert, successfully reconnoitring the neighbourhood for any enemy, and, if attacked by a superior force, they dismount, hide behind the 'ships of the desert,' which obediently lie down, and, having formed them into a circle, open fire on the enemy.

To obtain such a near view of this original escort was, of course, very interesting, but, at the same time, not very convenient, owing to the unsteadiness of our donkeys, which, unaccustomed to carry Europeans, who lean forward with the whole weight of their bodies, while the natives sit further

back, not infrequently stumble and fall, bearing their riders with them to the ground. Such an unexpected fall was the fate of one of our party to-day, two enormous camels, that trotted immediately behind, nearly running over the fallen rider. Fortunately all ends well, and even amusingly.

FRIDAY, *November* 20 (*December* 2).

The character of the country changes more and more, becoming wilder and more picturesque. The desert opens out before us in all its wild and irresistible grandeur. How did the enterprising miners of the kingdom of the Pharaohs venture to penetrate into it, even for the sake of its mines of emerald?

The sandstone heights do not, on the whole, lie as close to the bank of the Nile as did those of limestone we met with so constantly on our way. But beyond Edfoo the scene changes. The low hills close in on the famous gorge of Silsileh, where the river narrows down to some 350 or 450 yards. The width of the bed of the river was influenced not only by the rush of the waters, but also by the walls of stone, which were gradually piled up here to serve as material for various great buildings. Even now, as one passes, it seems as if one saw the steps leading to the inexhaustible quarries. A great number of boatmen, who transported the blocks of stone down the river, once made their living here.

In days of old, chains are said to have been stretched across the river at this spot to guard Egypt against the invasions of the Ethiopians; but this is, of course, a fable, owing its origin to the similarity of sound between the ancient wall of stone and the Arabic word for 'chain.'

At Silsileh the *Feizrabbąni* has to struggle against a powerful current, and having forced its way up the river, passes into a wider curve of the Nile, which stretches out into the distance smooth as a mill-pond. Here, strictly speaking, is the end of Egypt proper. Further south, in the days of the Pharaohs, lay a troubled borderland, which could never be completely assimilated.

Nubia begins here. Both banks grow yellower and more deserted; the people are darker-skinned and more lightly clad; villages and groves of trees are smaller and fewer. The air is still and motionless, and the rays of the sun scorch most unmercifully. The temperature must be about 100° Fahr. There is nothing to remind us of the Fellah dovecotes and of the Fellaheen women going down to the river for water. The sun shines on bare rocks and on the light sand running out of their cracks. The purple of the sunset has something threatening in it.

On a steep hill stands the fine ancient temple (belonging to the age of Hatasoo, and thence down to the Ptolemies) of the vanished city of Nubi (or Unbi), known to the Greeks as Ombos. The Arabs, seeing only ruins (*kom*), called the place Kąm-Omboo. On the one side the drifting desert-sand is slowly burying the clay dwellings of its former inhabitants, while, on the other, the river below is noiselessly undermining the bank. Seth, the god of barrenness, so hateful to the Egyptians, now reigns over this height, and over all the dreary land around it. The temple, now so near to its last days, was erected in honour of the crocodile-headed Sebak (one of the avatars of Seth) and of his eternal antagonist, Horus. In some inexplicable way the worship of both these gods managed to exist side by side, but the latter did not retain his altar. Time, death, and ruin were mightier than the principle of harmony and fertility. The barren strip on the side of the Libyan range is yellow, while that which lies near the Arabian hills is grey. The narrow cultivated belt belongs to the Bedouins of the tribe of Ababdeh. Here and there natives are seen raising water by means of unwieldy appliances.

At rare intervals the monotony of the waste is relieved by date-palms. Bushes of a dull green colour, with a leaden sheen, appear now and again. Desolation goes hand in hand with the absence of vegetation. Only the telegraph wire running along the bank tells of the connection of this wilderness with the civilised world.

Before us, in the distance, appears the region of dark red granite. The heat of the south breathes on us from a land quite different from Upper Egypt. It is true, however, that we have left Cairo some five hundred and eighty miles behind us!

It is near 2 P.M. Gradually we come in view of the desert-bordered Assouan on the left, and on the right of the blooming island of Elephantine, presenting a mosaic, as it were, of verdure, golden-tinted sand, and parched rocks. There stood, in ancient days, the commercial and political centre of Nubia. The Greek name it still retains was derived from a translation of the ancient word Aboo (elephant), a brisk trade having been driven here once in ivory, brought from the interior of Africa, in exchange for various goods of the North and of the East.

As usual, the landing-place of the town is decorated in honour of the visit of their Highnesses. They are awaited on the bank by the authorities: Macher-bey, the local governor; Colonel Cunningham (in command of the Negro battalion drawn up here), and others. Their Highnesses pass down the ranks of the guard of honour. The black Soudanese soldiers, the majority of them freed slaves, are attired in dark blue uniforms, with white standing collars. They are said to be powerful men, and good soldiers. The British instructors, who command them all over Nubia as far as Wady Halfah (at the second cataract), cannot find praise enough for the devotion and willingness of their 'blacks.'

A motley crowd throngs the quay of Assouan in hopes of getting a nearer view of the Grand Duke and Prince George. Whom do we not see here!—enthusiastic Greeks, reserved Copts, imperturbable Turks, Fellahs, Nubians, Bedouins, Negroes. . . . White garments alternate with blue and brown. Some savages from the coast of the Red Sea, with fiery eyes and mighty bushes of woolly hair, tied in a knot at the back of the head, form the most marked feature of this original crowd. The native women, in dark garments, with uncovered faces, with rings in their noses and bangles on their legs, along with the naked children, complete the picture. While the men shave their heads, retaining only a lock of hair on the very top, plaited into several thin plaits, numbers of cork-screw curls hang down the cheeks and necks of the black members of the fair sex. Their way of dressing the hair, found in many parts of the interior of Africa, is clearly of ancient origin, as, judging by ancient monuments, it met with the approval of Egyptian women ages ago. Other things that strike one about the women of Assouan are that they are slightly tattooed, and that the edges of their eyelids are darkened with antimony, while their hands are partly dyed orange-colour with henna. The daughters of Nubia also, it seems, anoint their heads with castor-oil, which, along with the above-mentioned peculiarities, makes them rather unattractive to a European.

The town, girdled with fine palms, is rather picturesque. Juvenal, who languished here in exile, had certainly no reasonable complaint to bring against Nature. At the end of the cataracts the Nile is positively grand. The gigantic masses of granite, which bar its way, stand out black in the distance, and flash in the sun like the backs of a herd of bathing elephants. The groups of people of various tribes and nationalities, the light-coloured camels with their red saddles,—this picture, framed in the parched African desert around, has a caressing charm about it.

Their Highnesses proceed along a railway line a few miles long, constructed for the safe transport

of goods past the cataract, to the famous island of Philæ, with its ruins, which will appear before us resting on their base of rose-coloured granite. Beyond Assouan lies a desert more dreary even than the 'Valley of Death' at Thebes. The railway runs up a gentle slope. Here and there are monuments belonging to the Mussulman era. Among them are several said to be built over the ashes of native saints. Beyond them lies a waste of reddish-yellow sand, and formless heights with wild rocks huddled up together; the stern aspect of the land tells of the inexpressibly heavy conditions under which the ancient Egyptians carried on the quarrying out for their obelisks, sarcophagi, etc., of that mighty syenite, which received its name from the town known to the Greeks as Syene of Arabia (Assouan). Both these words are derived from the ancient Soon (*i.e.* 'entrance,' or 'gate' into the land), this place being so called from the cataract of the Nile which here, according to the teaching of the priests, burst out from the lower world into the light of the sun. Such was the belief of pious Egyptians as late as the days of Herodotus.

The trip from Assouan to Shellal occupies some twenty minutes. Before visiting the island of Philæ, which lies right before us, their Highnesses and their suite go down the stream in two large boats, to see the fall of the water from the heights near the banks. The lean native rowers (Nubians, and born boatmen, who earn their bread all over Egypt by this trade, owing to the want of occupation in their native district), furrow the surface with rapid strokes of their oars. They wear grey felt tarbooshes, coloured shirts with wide sleeves, and calico vests buttoned down the front with a number of small round buttons, and loose breeches, and are barefoot. The natives of this district are called barábrah (the plural of berbereh). They are the Cushites of antiquity, a special race distinct both from the Negroes and from the Fellahs. The dusky complexion of these people is not owing to the action of the sun, the effect of which is sometimes much more apparent among the peasants of the Thebais, but depends on organic conditions. The reddish-brown chocolate colour of the Nubians is not unlike that of the sun-scorched neighbouring rocks. In appearance there seems to be something in common between the latter and the natives. This phenomenon has its analogy in the whiteness of the fauna of the Polar regions. Does not the colour of the natives between Edfoo and Assiout also remind one of the coffee-coloured waters of the Nile itself?

Our barábrah are typical representatives of their race, with their straight, high foreheads, their delicate eyebrows, long and narrow faces, with flat cheekbones, and their thick lips, which do not cover their teeth. According to the admixture of northern or of southern blood, some of our oarsmen have woollier hair, flatter noses, and the white of the eye tinged with yellow, while others, again, have more of the Fellah about them.

As the rowers ply their oars with native skill, their leader encourages them with a regular and rhythmical chant. Every time that the song, for some reason or other, is interrupted, they give a long-drawn cry of ah . . . ! with a strange expression of surprise and pleasure, as it were. There is sadness in the cry, and relief, and even a sort of wild daring.

We draw up at a little promontory, sloping gently down to the water, whence the cataract, which occupied such a place in the imagination of the ancients, is seen in all its might, and though not coming up to preconceived ideas, is still terrible. The rushing waters dash in places against the rocks which boldly bar the current of the royal river; they foam and boil in little whirlpools. Here, too, graceful palms nod their heads from the rocky islets scattered amid the tide. Side by side with the fierce rush of the waters as they roll over the rocks, calm blue currents stream gently along, as if they had no part in the surrounding turmoil. This phenomenon is perhaps even

AT THE FIRST NILE CATARACT.

more interesting than the cataract itself, which is, strictly speaking, less impressive than the Schaffhausen fall on the Rhine. The fame of the cataract of Assouan probably depends to a great extent on the traditions connected with it, and on descriptions that are not always quite correct. It is difficult to explain otherwise why both natives and foreigners wonder at it so. Evidently they were all struck by the scene of strife of the waters, bearing fertility to Lower Egypt, with the masses of rock which bar their way,—a strife in which the river is victorious. Another reason, however, may easily be found. In the days of Cicero and Seneca the fall of the Nile at the last cataract may have been much greater and more resounding than in modern times. Whether it was so or not, however, the natives of the neighbourhood even then (*e.g.* according to Strabo) were famed for their skill in swimming in the most dangerous places.

On this occasion, these stately, powerful barbarians plunge, one after the other, from the rock into the boiling water, come up again to the surface, sitting astride of logs of wood, sporting with danger and swimming to land again with ease. It is said that a young Englishman once attempted this feat, but was swept away by the current and dashed against the rocks with fatal effect. Coming out of the water and clambering up the slippery surface with wonderful activity, the barábrah beg persistently for baksheesh. This word, derived from the Persian verb 'bakhsheeden' (to give), is the one oftenest heard by Europeans on the Nile. But it is especially in Nubia that it has taken root. The natives there are so accustomed to the use of this word in the presence of a white man, that they beg for money on all possible occasions, even when there are absolutely no grounds for doing so. A foreign physician, who had been treating the Nubians gratis, was after some time besieged by his own patients, who demanded 'baksheesh.' 'What for?' 'But we have been taking your physic for so many days!'

The boats make their way up stream with difficulty. The frowning rocks now open out, now close in again on our path. To increase our speed some of the oarsmen, with thick ropes in their hands, swim to the wild and rocky shore, and by towing us assist our slow progress against the rushing waters, which further up become a swirling mass of foam. A vague roar is still heard from the cataract, now vanished from the view.

On approaching the island of Philæ on the north-east side, one cannot but ask where is its beauty, sung by ancient bards.

Rocks, a few palms, and ruins, with which the sight is already surfeited and fatigued. Fragments heaped chaotically on the shore. What more? May it not be too soon yet to feel disenchanted? And, indeed, the first impression of the place is deceptive. The tourist on the Nile, intoxicated by a mass of various and charming sights, gradually becomes too exacting: landing at Philæ on its most deserted and unsightly side, one has, as yet, no right to judge of the whole island, which soon appears before the eye in all its matchless beauty. Isis has found for herself the most beautiful abode imaginable. Here stood her altar. Here the priests bore her down stairs of marble to the richly decorated barge to visit her worshippers, the warlike Blemmians, once the terror of Assouan. The landing-place at which she used to embark exists no more. The prestige of her magic name, carried along with her faith into the most distant corners of the classical world, has grown dim and vanished; the lotus-bearing goddess, personifying the grief of Nature at the victory of darkness over light, of death over life, etc., is only invisibly present within the walls which were raised in her honour. Beauty—earthly, it is true, but spiritualised—remains to them as a reflection of an ineffaceable past.

With noiseless steps one wanders round the monument of the compact and comparatively little island of Philæ, feeling more and more deeply and consciously the spirit of an unfading antiquity. The stones tell us their tale, ancient yet ever new.

The reddish heights gloomily border the Nile. The current above the island seems to cease suddenly. The river becomes smooth as a lake. The surrounding ruins stand out yet more distinctly amidst this scenery in all the charm of their purely Grecian outlines. There is nothing here even distantly recalling the stern grandeur of the temple at Karnak: this is a beautiful flower, blooming in the wilderness, and, like a hymn to Nature, exhaling its peaceful and mystic perfume.

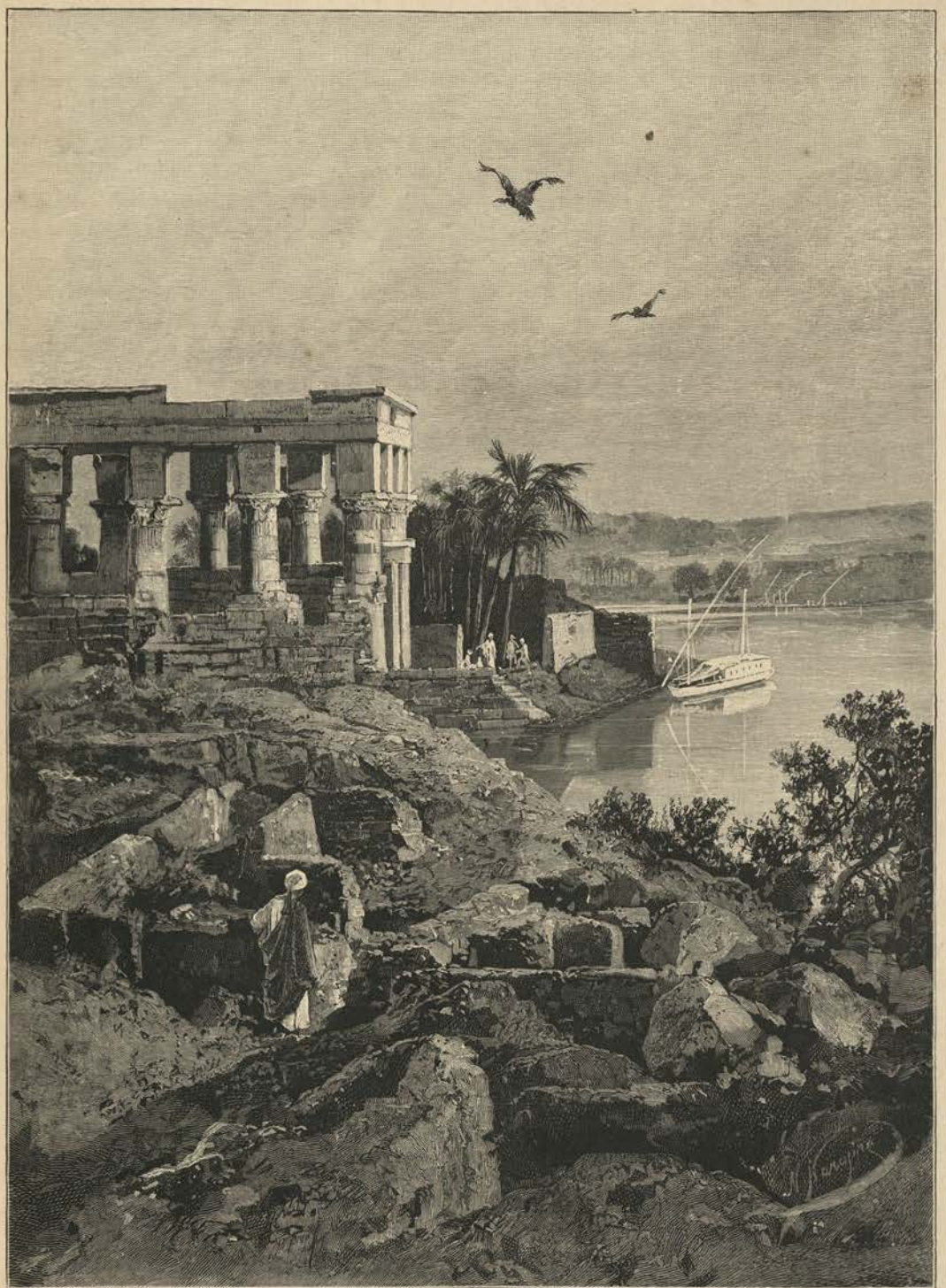
Their Highnesses rested for a few minutes on the highest point of the island, whence there is a most charming view of the neighbourhood. Right in front the slow and desolate Nile flows through the grim land of Ethiopia. There the Pharaohs, weary of the animation of the northern capital, devoted themselves to the chase, enjoyed an undisturbed peace amidst the tropical vegetation, and amused themselves by barbarous raids on the black race, which even in those distant ages supplied countless numbers of slaves.

Here in the silence and solitude, on the boundary of two worlds, all was consecrated to prayer, meditation, and religious contemplation. Here Isis bewailed Osiris slain by Seth, and buried the precious remnants. The tears of the goddess, falling into the Nile, caused its waters to overflow and fertilise the land. The mysterious Khnemoo, the patron of the cataract, who had the power of creating human beings out of clay, gathered up on this spot and united into a whole the scattered portions of the body of Osiris. All around was from ancient times full of mystery and charm. Religious dissensions, political revolutions, the rapid succession of ages and the alternation of warring nations—none of these things really left their stamp on the peaceful island. It was only at the beginning of this century that the French expedition, having reached Shellal, and seeing signs of unruliness in the half-naked barábrah, in the heat of the moment opened fire on them with grape and canister. The unfortunate natives were able to see for themselves how fatal the progress of European influence and civilisation might be to them!

The illustrious travellers loitered long among the silent and desolate ruins, admiring the scenery. From the pavilion built in the time of the Pharaoh Nectanebo, who gathered forces in Nubia for his struggle with the Persian conquerors of Egypt, one sees the brown rocks of the island of Biggeh to the right, while in front is the same grim and desolate bank. Behind us lie the vast pylons (the walls of ancient Egyptian buildings).

Having left them and returned across the river to the landing-place (near the railway), their Highnesses make a cursory survey of a large yacht of the Khedive's, on which it had been intended to go further up the river to the second cataract at Wady Halfah. Evening is drawing on. It is time to return to Assouan. Once more we bid farewell to the favourite abode of Isis, which passes before us like a vision of another world. What can be more picturesque than the lofty terrace of the temple (on the eastern shore of the temple of Philæ), seeming to overhang the river? In the sunset light the monuments of antiquity glow with a gloomy light, their shadows grow and stretch across the water to the black volcanic rocks chaotically piled one upon the other. The yellow sand between them, seen in the distance, looks like molten gold.

Before dinner their Highnesses take a short walk to the bazaar of Assouan to buy some of the characteristic objects of which the shops are full. The eye is especially struck by the objects brought from the Soudan: arms (clubs of ebony, bows, quivers and arrows, javelins, spears,



THE TEMPLE OF ISIS ON THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

daggers in snake-skin sheaths fitting on to the hand, shields of hippopotamus hide, etc.), and then various coloured tissues, broad women's belts of shells, antelopes' horns, panther-skins, pottery, and musical instruments.

By nightfall the quay and the decks of the steamers twinkle with coloured lights. Besides the illumination fireworks are let off, the figures of the Nubians on the bank appearing rose-coloured in their light and producing a most peculiar effect.

WEDNESDAY, *November* 21 (*December* 3).

We are on our way back to Cairo. . . . As much as was possible to see and think over during a short visit to the country has been seen and thought over: strictly speaking, the whole country lies before the eyes of the traveller in Upper Egypt, as it occupies a comparatively narrow belt of land along the banks of the river, the rest (with the exception of a few oases) belonging to the region of the desert. The day after to-morrow we shall be in Assiout again. How rapidly and imperceptibly the days have passed away in the domains of the Khedive!

The *Feizrabbani* steams more rapidly down the river. There is rest now after the intense mental strain caused by our first acquaintance with the antiquity of the land. The mind is full of thoughts, vague as yet, and new; lulled by the measured plash of the waters, now much fallen after the summer inundation, we dream over again the bright and magic dream inspired by an ancient civilisation.

The midday heat is as oppressive as ever, but we are now accustomed to it. The colourless and unattractive distance, veiled in a slight mist, has ceased to rouse the wearied attention. Scenery, seen almost for the first time, appears to the deluded sight as well known, even unto weariness. It is only when it grows a little cooler that this dreamy and languid state gives way to one more animated and cheerful. Again we find pleasure in the sights that greet the eye, again we feel and delight in the peculiar charm of the passing moment.

Evening has crept on unnoticed. It is settled that we are to draw up somewhere by the bank until the hours of darkness are over.

The bank rises lofty and desolate above the dark-blue current of the river. The barking of dogs is faintly heard from some far-off dwelling. The transparency of the air is more than ever indescribable, imparting a fantastic air to the scene. Here comes a camel to the water's brink on the opposite shore, raising its monstrous head and gazing eastward. Its dark figure stands out sharply against the crimson horizon. There go some peasants and children. The latter are seated on buffaloes and donkeys. Flocks of sheep and goats wander before them. Every figure, down to such details as a rope or a switch, is clearly defined against the fading sky.

Soon all around us is swallowed up in darkness. To allow our lagging consort, the *Helia*, to overtake and find our yacht as soon as possible, Bengal lights are lit on the deck of the latter, their Highnesses holding them themselves on the upper gallery of the *Feizrabbani* for the benefit of the belated steamer, which soon appears hard by.

Seven P.M. Dinner-time. Their Highnesses and their suite, which consists of sixteen members, dine in the deck-saloon, gorgeous with a superabundance of gilding, carving, and paintings on the walls. The hot breath of the southern evening finds its way in through the doors and windows. The Swiss waiters, from the best hotel in Cairo, engaged by orders of the Khedive for the whole term of their Highnesses' stay in Egypt, serve dinner rapidly, that there may be no delay in

passing afterwards to rest and smoke in the neighbouring saloon with its large yellow sofas, or in mounting to the long platform above it, covered with an awning. Even in the day-time many a delightful hour may be spent there; but in the wondrous peace of night in Upper Egypt the effect of the stillness, deep, yet full of vague sounds, is indescribable in its soothing charm.

The moon should rise beyond the river, but it does not appear for a long time. At last a pale red disk, like a gigantic human face, appears behind the hills. The moonlight falls bright and clear in a broad band across the Nile: the water lies black on one side and the other of it, save where the reflections of the dimly burning constellations shimmer like gold-fish in the water.

All is still. All desire for motion or occupation is absent. It is possible to go on shore for a walk, but the darkness, and the marshy slope leading up the steep bank naturally do not dispose one to leave the yacht even for a time. With every evening passed amidst these unusual surroundings, one is drawn more and more into the current of the physical life of the East, one begins to understand much that from afar off seemed abstract and incomprehensible, and becomes familiar with a life undreamt of before. Amidst the surrounding gloom, for example, how can one help feeling what the Mussulman wishes to express by his conception of the jinns. The jinns, those strange and fabulous beings, who existed before the creation of Adam, occupy a position intermediate between man and angels, are created out of fire, stand low in the hierarchy of the spiritual powers of the universe, can be present everywhere invisibly, can assume any shape at will, not human only, but animal as well, and even appear as monsters. They are subject to death, though their life may last for centuries. Some of them are believers in Islam, others (the Shaitans) are not: the chief of the latter is Eblis (Satan). Every man has his jinn assigned to him at the hour of his birth.

Of itself such a belief has nothing yet to say either to the mind or to the heart. But here on the Nile, lulled by the dreamy scene, amidst the silver-woven misty gloom, in which vague and almost formless shadows often float before the eyes, the imagination enters into free and close communion with the echoes and visions of the surrounding night, spreads its wings for a flight into the realms of eastern fable, and vibrates in unison with its grandly simple speech.

THURSDAY, *November* 22 (*December* 4).

Nearly the whole of the suite is on board of the *Hehia*, as the *Feizrabbani*, though a fine and seemingly roomy vessel, has but a small number of cabins, while the suite is numerous. Such a division, necessary only at night, is quite imperceptible during the day, as it is possible to go on board the yacht from the very morning, before starting on our way, while at meal-times the vessels always slacken speed, to take passengers from the *Hehia* on board. Every day, on these occasions, we have an opportunity of observing the awkwardness of the boats' crews, as they bring them alongside. Now the boat is swept far away to one side, now it shoots too far forward, now it runs, bows on, against the side of the yacht, instead of coming alongside.

The same inability to cope with ordinary travelling mishaps and accidents is noticeable when we run aground. The *Feizrabbani* manages to escape the shallows, but the *Hehia*, drawing more water, scrapes over the shoals, and once even ran deep into the sand, no small time being required to get her off. The crew seemed to be wanting in that practical common-sense which

is so characteristic of the lower classes in all lands. Having stripped, the men would jump into the water, and putting their shoulders to the vessel, would raise a prolonged shout of 'ah . . . eeah . . . Mh'ammed!' and find at last that, before setting to work, it would be necessary to see which way the shoal ran, and that their efforts had been not only vain, but even prejudicial to their aim.

Towards evening we come in sight of the grey clay buildings of Girgeh, so named in honour of St. George, who is adored by the Christians of the place, and to some extent has replaced in the popular faith the former champion of light—Horus the indefatigable.

Knowing that the Khedive's yacht bears the Grand Dukes, sons of an eastern church, who sail in the East under the flag of St. George, and knowing, too, that it is two princes of the name of George who are about to stop at the place famous for the deeds performed here by their saint, the Coptic citizens come, with banners, in solemn procession to the landing-place, to give a fitting welcome to their Highnesses. Their dark garments harmonise strangely with the severe simplicity of their quiet yet cordial welcome. A cross crowns the triumphal arch erected by the river-side. Solemn chanting fills the evening air.

The sunset to-day is even more splendid than usual. The sinking sun is mirrored in the water as a belt of fire, one end of which, owing to the reflection of the verdant bank, is of a bright emerald green. The winding Nile seems as broad as an arm of the sea. The orb of day leaves a golden tinge behind it on the vault of heaven, which passes into orange-green, and finally into a clear, boundless, and spotless azure.

FRIDAY, *November* 23 (*December* 5).

Again we glide past the shores, which from days of old have attracted the attention of foreign conquerors by their flourishing condition. It is only now, as the eye passes again over Upper Egypt, that we see clearly and distinctly how rich the gifts are that Nature has bestowed on it: here all speaks of the love of man for life, in spite of all external calamity or privations, but under the generous protection of the Nile, the source of fertility, plenty, and riches. Having made its way to the sea from the heart of the 'black continent,' the nearer the Nile approaches its mouth, the greater the care with which it feeds that people which at one time worshipped it and showed it divine honours. The days of hoary antiquity witnessed human sacrifices offered up for its pacification or glorification. Beautiful girls were cast by the Egyptians into the great river of their native land, to show their gratitude to it. The Nile used to answer their earnest prayers and terrible offerings with rich harvests; the flooded fields and saturated soil bore witness to the good-will of the mighty river-god.

In days of yore this land was known by many names: 'Ta-meri' (the beloved land), Nekhi (the land of the sycamore), Kam (black earth), etc. From this last name, alluding to the fertility of the valley of the Nile and the colour of the mud it left upon the land it had overflowed, comes the word 'chemistry,' which was brought by the Moors into Spain, and which served for a long time as a synonym for the black art, the science which treated of the forces of Nature and matter.

On forsaking Upper Egypt, with its ancient centres of profound knowledge and culture, one obtains a clearer view of the gigantic growth and development of the realm of the Pharaohs. That series of grand phenomena, of which an attentive survey of the Gizeh museum only gave

hints, now, on our way back, stands out clear and distinct. Their reflection falls on the classical world, whose culminating point was Olympia, with its art; and, strange to say, there seems to be a sort of inner relationship between these two worlds seemingly so far removed from each other. Here, at the fountainhead of pure and primitive knowledge, the West drew the sources of a regular, rational, and broadly human life. The wisest of the Greeks studied under the sages of the Nile. It was in Egypt that an embassy from Elis sought advice concerning the institution of the Olympian games. Rising from the modern and comparatively little to the more ancient and the grander, one's intellectual horizon is expanded, and comes, or should come, to unexpected conclusions and generalisations.

Eventide is near. Our journey on the river is nearly at an end. At Assiout, as has been said, the enormous sycamores, with their thick trunks, their greenish-white bark, and foliage darker near the summit, which grow along the banks, form one of the especially attractive features of the place. Beyond them the domes of mosques and stately palms rear their heads towards a sky of blinding brightness, undimmed by a single cloudlet.

A salute of twenty-one guns greets the return of the Khedive's guests. A special train waits near the landing-place to take them back to Cairo. Bidding farewell, not without regret, to the beautiful land which has afforded us so many intellectual pleasures, we dine for the last time on board the *Feizrabbani*. Moored hard by, near the shore, lies a dahabieh, whence the soft sweet tones of a piano reach the ear. A gentle emotion stirs the soul, an inexplicable sadness wakens up within one: we must bid farewell to all that has become so near, so comprehensible to us; contemplation and thought must give way to an impetuous progress onwards, towards strange images and new charms.

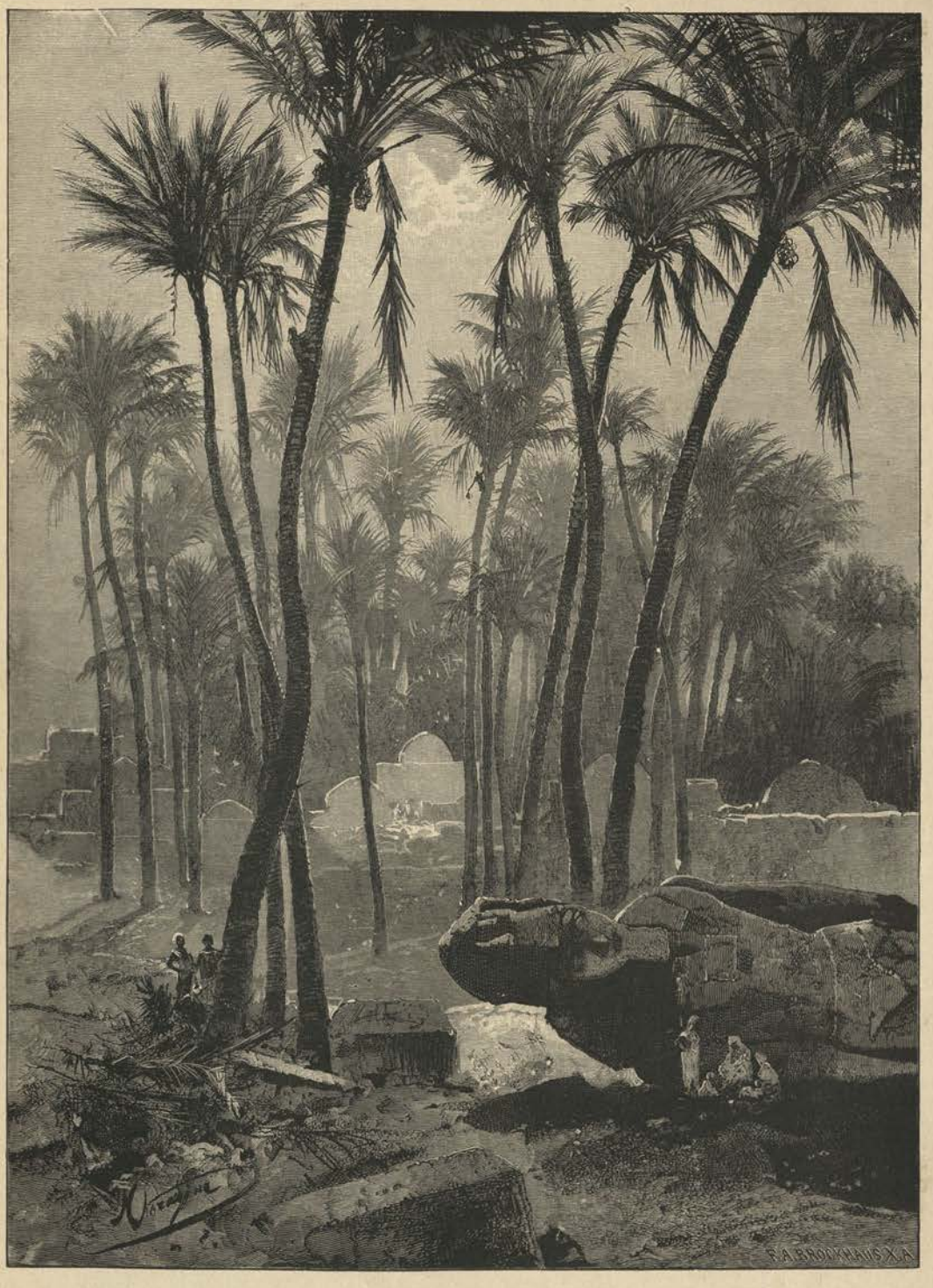
SATURDAY, *November* 24 (*December* 6).

Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, at the station of Bedreshayn. Three of the Khedive's dromedaries, with rich saddles and housings, are prepared for their Highnesses' excursion to Memphis and the neighbouring pyramids. A whole throng of donkeys and their drivers is also in attendance.

Somewhat drowsy after our short night's rest in the train, we ride out on to a narrow road which winds through a little village and into a thick forest of palms, which lies a blue mass in the distance. It has grown up, and spread far and wide on the spot where once stood one of the most important capitals in the world.

The excavations made on the site of ancient Memphis promise great archæological results (somewhat similar to those obtained at Olympia). As late as the thirteenth century the famous physician of Bagdad, Abd-el-Lateef, and in the fourteenth the Arabian traveller, Aboo'l Faraj, saw wonderful things here. Several hours were necessary for the survey of the area occupied by different monuments. Enormous pedestals were to be seen, temple walls built of one vast block of stone, pictures incomprehensible to the Mohammedans, etc. Seekers for hidden treasure searched everywhere, and while doing so mutilated the colossal statues, labouring under the delusion that they were magicians of the same race as the builders of the city, and that while they were whole they prevented any one from discovering the treasures sought for.

In ancient days the circuit of the city was upwards of seventeen English miles, with a



THE SITE OF ANCIENT MEMPHIS.

diameter varying from three and a half to six and a half English miles. In our day, whatever remnants of the city may be preserved are hidden in the earth. Above them, like flowers growing on a grave, gigantic and stately palms rear their proud heads,—a whole host of forest Titans, which in Egypt are not found as a rule in such numbers at a time.

The invigorating morning air is transparent and balmy. The silence all around is unbroken. Soundlessly as shadows we move over the soft, velvety sand. In the surrounding loneliness and desolation a chain of clumsy and time-worn pyramids rises gloomily in the distance. As we ride towards them through this boundless cemetery of Egyptian architecture and arts, buried in sand and half-forgotten, fragmentary thoughts on the antiquity of the land naturally rise and flash through the memory.

This, then, was the capital of one of the most ancient kingdoms in the world! Hillocks covered with gravel and rubbish, the mud left by the late inundation, the wretched huts of the Fellaheen among the ruins, green palms among the ashes of a former grandeur, the mocking gaze of the desert on the boundary of the region of culture. . . . Then do the words of the prophet Jeremiah come to mind: 'Noph (*i.e.* Memphis) shall be waste and desolate without an inhabitant.' To what end, then, were the materials for its stately buildings brought with enormous difficulty from beyond the river? The inscriptions on the rocks beyond the Nile still record the names of those for whom the work was done and the number of the unfortunate labourers who toiled there; but here, on the site of the city, its former glory is departed, scattered to the winds by the ages, without leaving any more or less important monument behind it. The fanciful pyramids near this ancient capital are falling into decay. The graves have either already given up or are now giving up the secrets of the ages. How vain and insignificant is life after all!

The first rulers and builders of Memphis attempted with success to analyse the real world, and even in those remote ages studied medicine and anatomy. The name of Imhotep, the god of medicine, signified 'the desired one,' or 'he who comes in peace'; the epithets of 'peacemaker' and 'fair of countenance' were applied to him, and he was represented, like the priests, with shaven head and a scroll upon his knees. Galen speaks of a large collection of books on the art of healing which existed here. Of course the art was closely bound up with religious conceptions and customs, with magic and incantations, but nevertheless was not without a solid foundation. The son of Menes, the first king,—Atoota (the champion), the builder of the citadel of Memphis—was a physician.

On this historical site, too, stood the temple of Ptah or Phtah, the god of science, writing, and the arts. His sanctuary was known as the 'golden smithy.' From the earliest ages of Egyptian life the natives were indeed remarkably skilful in all that they undertook. But will a distinct answer ever be given to the question how and whence they gained this knowledge?

The dromedaries of their Highnesses and our donkeys have emerged at last from the forest of palms, and hasten up the slope to the chain of widely scattered pyramids. The eye is especially struck by the most ancient among them—the Step-pyramid, as it is called. The place we are at, as well as the neighbouring village, bears the name of Sakkárah. This is a somewhat distorted form of the name given it in honour of the god of the dead, 'Sokar.' He is the same as Osiris and Ptah. The latter pervades all connected with Memphis.

The traditions which tell of the favour shown to the city by the supreme divinity of the district are most peculiar, and to some extent even poetical. Where, if not here, are we to call

to mind some of the most characteristic details of the vanished faith of the land? We may pause, for example, on the following:—Sennacherib, king of Assyria, marches on Memphis with a vast army. Consternation reigns within the city; preparations are made for defence, and for a battle in the open field. But in the night-time myriads of mice creep into the enemy's camp and gnaw at the quivers, the arrows, and the straps of the shields. By morning one-half of the hostile army is without weapons, and takes to flight, after suffering considerable loss. The priests raise up to the sagacious Ptah a special image, with a mouse in its hand, and the words: 'Looking on me, fear the gods!'

The illustrious travellers, having ridden about a mile through the desert, draw near to the house in which Mariette the Egyptologist once lived and worked. Here it is proposed to rest and refresh ourselves, and afterwards to begin the survey of the more remarkable objects in the necropolis of Memphis.

While waiting for the continuation of the excursion, a retrospective glance must be cast on the various facts connected with the past of the dead plain before us; an account, short though it be, must be given of the work of the scholars who have sought to understand this past, and who have elucidated the essence of the intellectual life of the ancient world.

To be in Mariette's house and not to remember the courageous and devoted student is of course impossible. His long sojourn in the wilderness lying around us, far from all human habitation, on the borders of the world of the dead, in immediate proximity to the relics of ancient civilisation, all this must have seemed incomprehensible, mysterious, and evil-designing to the half-savage natives. At one time they came to the conclusion that it was a great magician who had settled among them, a magician who required for his practices the neighbourhood of tombs, portions of mummies, stones covered with mysterious characters, etc. But when the report spread that Mariette sometimes fell on the track of hidden treasure, that the objects of gold which he found buried were melted down to supply him with means for further excavations, then some Arabs attempted to kill and rob the great French scholar. Reduced to firing on his assailants, he escaped, thanks only to his fearlessness, his athletic frame, and the superstitious awe with which he inspired the local population.

The simple little house which was the abode of the famous archæologist stands solitary among the yellow sandhills. Its best part, the covered verandah, is roughly put together of boards, and is surrounded by a low stone wall. Here the illustrious travellers rest for a while. Grébaut, the director of the Gizeh museum, who had just returned from France, came here specially to receive the Cesarewitch.

We must now proceed through the lonely and barren necropolis to examine the different tombs. However little shade is afforded by the simple house which served as a refuge for Mariette, yet the feeling that we must proceed to them on foot, sinking in the fine drifting and blindingly white sand (and that, too, under the scorching rays of a southern sun), is so unpleasant, that all involuntarily linger before starting on an excursion which is very interesting in its way.

We proceed along a steep slope towards the noted Apis mausoleum, discovered by the immortal founder of the Gizeh museum. As one hears of what led Mariette to search here for this buried architectural monument, and what signs had enabled him to discover it, a feeling of admiration for the penetration and inflexible firmness of the human mind spontaneously grows up in us.

Even Egyptologists such as Lepsius asserted that no trace was left of the place where the sacred bulls were buried; nevertheless Mariette, studying Strabo, continued to dream that it might some day be discovered.

There is a passage in Strabo somewhat to the following effect:—'At Memphis there is a sanctuary in a locality so sandy that the winds constantly raise whole hillocks of dust, and the sphinxes here are half buried in it. He who goes there when the sand is drifting runs the risk of being overwhelmed by it.'

Starting with such uncertain data, and guided exclusively by his unfailing instinct, the French archæologist began his excavations, regardless of all obstacles, and untroubled by anything in his progress towards the goal he had set before him. The head of a sphinx, corresponding to the description of Strabo, soon made its appearance above the sand. It was remembered that before this similar images had been brought to Damietta and Cairo from the neighbouring village of Sakkárah. This was the clue for Mariette. He ventured to spend on the execution of his plan the money supplied him by the French Government for the purchase of Coptic manuscripts. Little by little the labourers freed a whole avenue of sphinxes from the hard strata above them. The sandy walls fell in more than once, and the excavations sometimes threatened the lives of the workers. A Greek temple adorned with the statues of famous men soon made its appearance in the wilderness. Statues of different poets and thinkers of the classical world saw the light of day—and then suddenly the avenue came to an end. The Egyptologist, who had proceeded along it towards his goal, was left without any indications what to do. Fortunately he soon found the lost track again, after having searched for some time in the earth, in which, at first, no more sphinxes were to be found. In November 1861, having overcome a series of obstacles, and after a succession of painful efforts and doubts, Mariette stood a conqueror under the mighty arches of the vault which had remained hidden from the eye of man for ages, and where in days of yore the priests of Egypt were wont to inter the sacred bulls, which were looked on as incarnations of the divinity. The French archæologist could still distinguish at the entrance the footprints of one who had been the last to leave this gigantic tomb.

The investigations in this locality were carried on for four years, and proved that the vault known as the Apis mausoleum had been constructed without any definite plan, and presented a mysterious labyrinth, in which each step led to some new discovery.

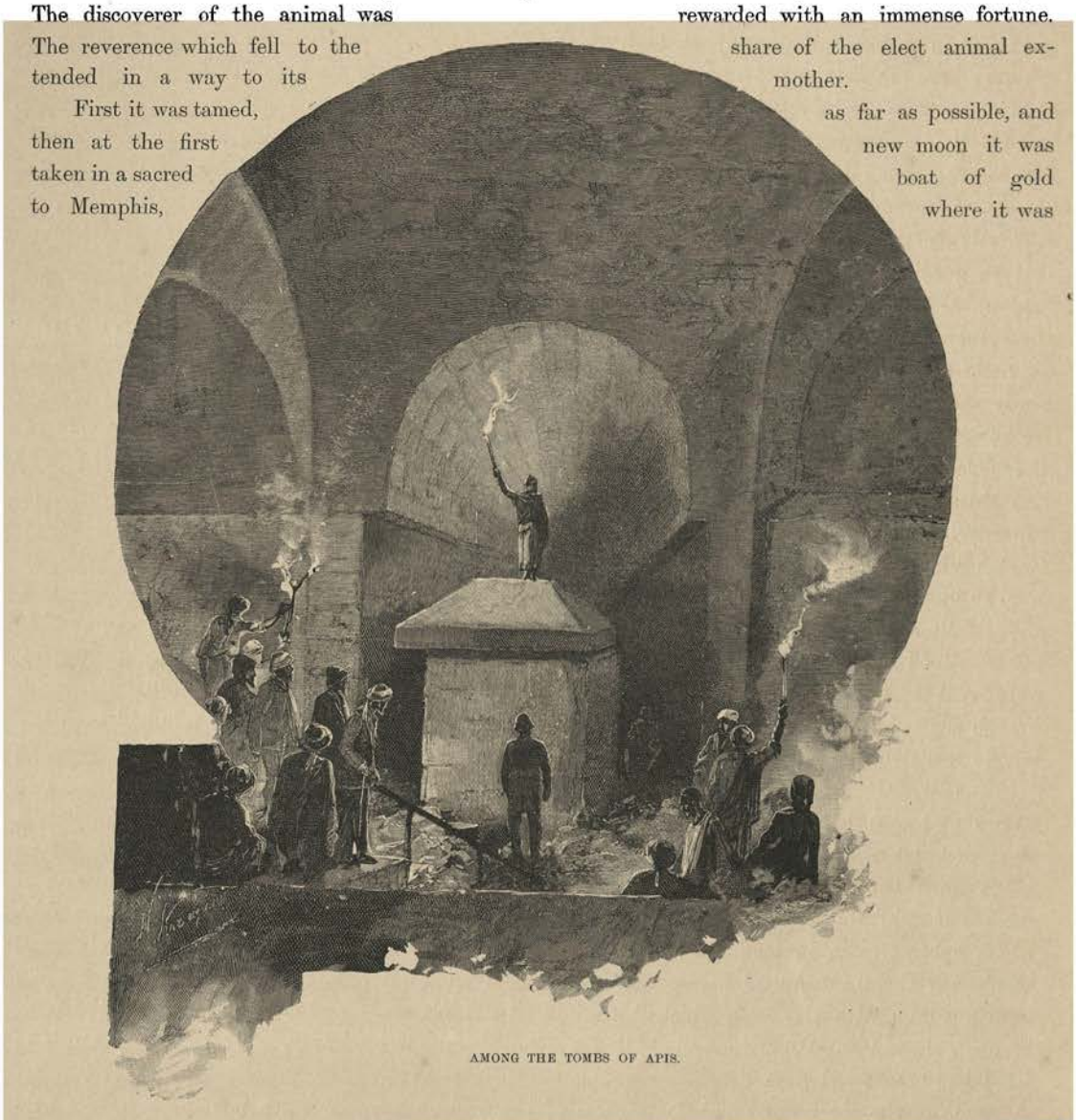
Passing through the massive and gloomy gates the illustrious travellers enter into one of the branches of this cemetery hewn in the rock. The air is hot and close in the gloom, amidst which lights stretch in long rows along the walls. It is proposed to visit a comparatively small number of the underground passages, of which many, too, after having been cleared, have again been filled up with the sand, which drifts into all possible nooks and corners, hindering the work of archæological investigation, and, having swallowed up much already, will again bury much of what has been freed from it.

One of the most characteristic features of the ancient Egyptian faith was the reverence paid to certain animals. In some places the people worshipped the crocodile, in others the cat, in others, again, certain mythical birds and beasts; but especially, and most of all, it was the bull that was adored. At Heliopolis this animal was called Mnevis. At Memphis it was Apis who was reverenced. The superstitious reverence paid to him is as ancient as the past of the native civilisation.

According to common belief, either the lightning or a moonbeam fecundated a cow, and the

divinity then appeared on earth in the shape of a bull. Special distinguishing marks guided the search for the sacred bull among the local herds. It sometimes happened that for years the priests were unable to discover him who by certain complex external marks corresponded to the ideal Apis. The discoverer of the animal was rewarded with an immense fortune. The reverence which fell to the share of the elect animal extended in a way to its mother.

First it was tamed, as far as possible, and then at the first new moon it was taken in a sacred boat of gold to Memphis, where it was



AMONG THE TOMBS OF APIS.

placed in the sanctuary of Ptah. A special court was assigned for its exercise, and when it was in its stall the faithful strove to peep in at it through the window.

It is strange even to speak of the divine honours paid to this quadruped. The Pharaohs spared no money in making its worship as splendid as possible. Alexander the Great and the Roman emperor Titus found it expedient to offer up sacrifices to Apis, who was believed to be endowed with prophetic powers, and who foretold the future in a peculiar manner. When he

licked the garments of a noted Greek astronomer it signified that the latter was to die soon, and this really came to pass. A similar meaning the priests saw in its refusal to take food from the hands of Germanicus. Its bellowing foretold a foreign conquest. Those who consulted Apis used to guess into which of his stalls he would next enter. If the guess was correct, then the answer to the question was affirmative and *vice versâ*. People slept in his temple hoping for prophetic dreams. Sometimes questions were addressed directly to the bull, and the inquirers then listened to the voices of the children playing without the wall of the temple, and a saying having some bearing on the matter was then constructed out of the disconnected expressions which reached the ear. When Apis was led out among the people, the accompanying youths, in a state of extreme ecstasy, sang and prophesied. At home Apis dwelt behind purple curtains, slept on a soft bed, ate and drank out of vessels of gold and silver.

To what a state of wild savagery must Cambyses have fallen when he raised his armed hand against this harmless animal, and thus insulted the most sacred feelings of a humble, meek, and deeply religious people!

The sacred bull was adored, but if he lived too long (above the age of twenty-eight, at which Osiris died), then the priests, attired in mourning garments, led the horned incarnation of the god in state to the Nile, and solemnly drowned him there.

Those who died a natural death were embalmed and buried with indescribable pomp, no expense being spared for this purpose. Priests remarkable for their moral influence were, on rare occasions, honoured by burial near the sacred bulls.

Whole rows of tombs, in vaults of corresponding size, arose in this subterraneous cemetery. The faithful came hither to worship, and inscribed their names on special tablets of stone, which still remain here, with the precise date of each visit.

Their Highnesses pass through the hot, dim corridors of this wonderful mausoleum. By one enormous niche, leaning against a sarcophagus rifled by plunderers and desecrated by fanatics of other creeds, stands a ladder, up which we may climb, and cast a glance at the interior of the tomb, which was destined to preserve to all time the coal-black body of a sacred bull. The lid of the coffin has been moved aside; a heap of stones is piled on one side of it. The mummy of the animal has disappeared. The treasures which gathered here, brought as pious offerings, have long been carried off by unknown treasure-seekers. The strange surroundings seem quite legendary. The giants who were their creators seem beings from another and an unknown world.

Mariette attempted to bring out into the light of day one of the dark granite coffins of the bulls, but not even steam-power, nor the different technical appliances of our age, could make this possible; yet it is well known that the ancient Egyptians managed to convey such ponderous masses over hundreds of miles, from Nubia into the north.

One rides away from this unique cemetery of deified brutes in wonder and deep thought: where the people adhered to such beliefs and rites, there the spirit could not but have protested and incited man to a more conscious analysis of himself. This explains why, in this locality, ascetic hermits, of a somewhat Asiatic, or even specially Indian cast, appeared even before our era. They stood forth before the people as heralds of regeneration and a new life.

The sandy road which passes the house of Mariette leads down into a small hollow, where we are to see the grave of the Egyptian statesman Tih, who lived several thousand years ago. He served three Pharaohs, enjoying their unbounded confidence, and, in spite of his non-aristocratic

origin, even took to wife a maiden of the royal blood. Having studied the vault in which this remarkable Egyptian was buried, archæologists have been able to reconstruct a complete picture of the most ancient period of Egyptian life from the paintings on the walls. In the tomb (*mastabah*) of Tih, nineteen statues of him have been found. The best occupies a prominent place in the Gizeh museum. The dead man is there represented as tall of stature, in a yellow wig, with a powerful body of a pale brick-red colour. The expression of his face, and, in general, the whole of his appearance, bear a wonderful resemblance to the modern Fellah.

The illustrious travellers descend the sandy incline leading down into the burial-place of this Egyptian, who lived in the epoch of the fifth dynasty. The darkness of the tomb is dissipated by the magnesium light. The fine outlines of the hieroglyphics, the delicacy of the lines in the numerous figures which take part in the different scenes represented, are even more perfect and remarkable than anything we have yet seen. The art applied to the adornment of the Theban tombs is, perhaps, of a lower grade than in the tomb we are now examining, and is, moreover, wanting in reality, and, while striking us by its fantastic images, remains, after all, strange and unsolved. The artists of the most ancient period of Egyptian civilisation were possessed of greater knowledge and talents than those of the later reigns. According to some Eastern philosophies, the universe, reflected by the fountainhead of unextinguishable light, as it recedes further and further from the Creator, is darkened by sin, and falls under the power of death. Has not the same fate overtaken the spiritual life of ancient Egypt?

In the tomb of Tih, their Highnesses have the opportunity of inspecting a whole series of paintings distinctly grouped upon the walls: *e.g.* maid-servants are seen with various objects on their heads: one supports a cage containing four doves, and carries a goose under her arm; another bears a heavy basket full of pitchers, such as are still in use; a third carries loaves, etc. An inscription is attached to each, with her name.

It cannot be said with certainty how far the household life of the day was ideally represented here in the darkness of the tomb. Much, perhaps, may have been painted simply in accordance with reality, but without any direct relation to the household of the dead man.

Above the figures of the women is a scene representing the transport of grain on donkeys: the foremost is covered with a fringed cloth. In front of it ambles a comical little foal. In the middle of the scene, a heavy load is beginning to slip off the back of one of the animals. The accompanying labourers attempt to mend matters. One supports the load, another holds the obstinate donkey by the muzzle, another again by the tail, exactly as is done to-day in a crowded street in some town of Central Asia, when the density of the throng makes such severe measures necessary. The men are not at all of an African type, everything being more in favour of their belonging to the Caucasian race. Each of the servants has his own more or less original features.

Their master is a prominent figure among them, being represented of gigantic stature. Tih is painted in a frail canoe, engaged in the dangerous sport of hippopotamus and crocodile hunting. His men fight valiantly with the monsters, who swarm in the broad river, all the northern part of the country being at that time a primitive wilderness, scarce touched by the hand of man.

Again we descend a steep slope underground, through a low, narrow, and close passage, into another tomb—that of King Oonas, who also lived several thousand years ago. It has been comparatively recently investigated by Maspero, Mariette's successor in the Gizeh museum. In it he found the remnants of a mummy, a sarcophagus, and interesting paintings on the walls,

giving an idea, vague though it be, of what takes place, according to the early Egyptians, with the soul on its leaving the body.

It is a grim thought that is expressed in the words of one of the inscriptions in this king's tomb: 'It is not good for Oonas to hunger, and not be able to eat; to thirst, and not to drink.' True, offerings are made to the dead man, to save him from such privations; true, various incantations must ease them for him. But, should all this prove insufficient, then he himself must toil in that other world; for instance, he will have to till the earth. Is this easy for a former Pharaoh? Here a remedy is found in the *ooshebti*—little figures of servants which were buried in the tombs of the great men of the world.

Afterwards, having passed through the series of trials, Oonas may rise higher and higher in the hierarchy of supernatural beings, and, by magical means, obtain power over the gods, appropriate some of their powers, and finally, as a new Osiris, rise to the solar throne of the ruler of the universe.

Sakkárah lies behind us. The grand palm-forest above Memphis has again received the illustrious travellers. A short halt is made at the two colossal statues of Rameses the Great. They are remarkable both for their size and the beauty of their execution. One statue was erected by the conquering king at the entrance to the temple of Ptah, in memory of his miraculous escape when, returning from a campaign, he nearly perished through his camp being fired by his treacherous brother. Before this statue and a similar one, now vanished, bull-fights took place in days of yore. The remaining figure, of some light-coloured stone, belongs to the British Museum. It long remained lying prone, forgotten, and washed by the floods. Now it has been turned on its back, and surrounded by a fence. One may ascend by a wooden ladder on to a little bridge over the colossus, and look straight into the eyes of the majestic, 'divine' face, and, bidding a final farewell to-day to ancient Egypt, carry away, as a last deep impression, the still, cold gaze of the great Pharaoh.

CHAPTER X

SUNDAY, *November* 25 (*December* 7).

SINCE yesterday morning their Highnesses have been staying once more in Cairo, at Prince Hussein's palace. The pageant presented by Egypt, ancient and modern, is drawing to an end. The curtain is slowly descending. The picture of the coming journey into distant lands develops more and more clearly in the imagination, thrilling the heart with thoughts of what is to come.

Good and comparatively fresh news has arrived from Russia. Dr. Rambach, who has come direct from St. Petersburg, joins the suite of the Grand Dukes here, and a second special messenger has brought a precious store of letters. Later on such swift communication with home will become impossible. The days, and even the hours, will drag on tediously, in expectation of some belated news. Yet even should it arrive, the same yearning void will be felt in the heart.

To-night their Highnesses bid farewell to the hospitable sovereign of the country. Yesterday, after lunching at home at Gizeh with their Highnesses the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Sweden, they called on the Khedive at Abdeen for the last time.

Before the dinner, which is to be given there at 7 P.M., their Highnesses visit the bazaar incognito to make some purchases. The hours slip by unnoticed. It is evening already, and we bid farewell to the pleasant palace, which has been our home in Cairo.

There is no one at the table of H.H. Tewfik Pasha beyond Prince Hussein Pasha, the suite of the Cesarewitch, a few dignitaries, and the members of the Russian diplomatic agency in Egypt.

Towards 10 P.M. the Khedive accompanies his guests to the theatre on the Place d'Opera. A select company has gathered here to bid farewell to the Grand Dukes and Prince George. Three national anthems (the Russian, the Greek, and the Egyptian) greet the arrival of their Highnesses.

Last night we saw *Boccaccio* performed here. Now it is *Le Petit Duc* that is being given. The fez-caps in the pit, the Mussulman ladies' boxes, closed by gratings, Paris, as represented by the operette transplanted into a foreign soil—all this produces a very peculiar impression, especially in connection with the story how in the days of the Khedive Ismail, a splendid opera-house was suddenly erected in Cairo in a purely Oriental fashion, in which *Aïda* was performed with unexampled splendour in the presence of Verdi himself.

About midnight their Highnesses proceed along the illuminated and decorated streets to the

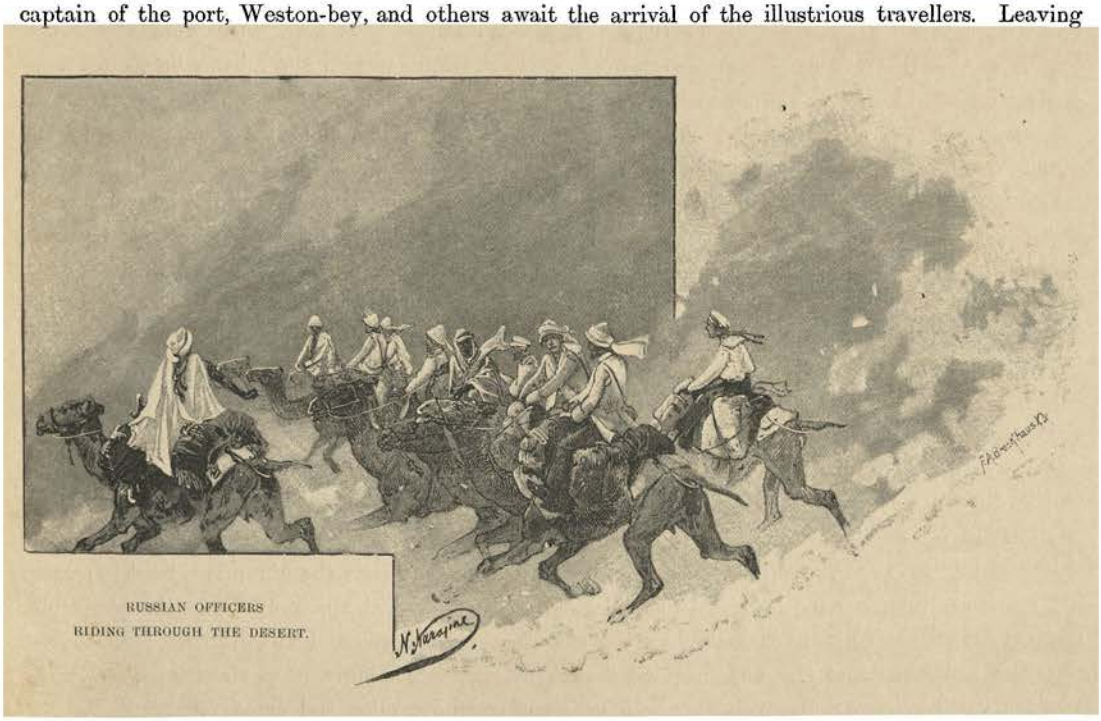
railway-station. In noise and brilliancy, animation and splendour, the people's farewell is in no respect inferior to the festivities on the first day of our arrival.

The station is full to overflowing. The long line of railway-cars brings to mind the moments, already experienced, of inevitable parting with that which seemed so hard to leave behind. Their Highnesses heartily thank the Khedive, and bid him farewell. Numerous Bengal lights suddenly blaze up along the platform of the station. Flags, green branches, and flowers decorate the brilliantly illuminated façade. The locomotive slowly steams off. Has not all this been a dream, a tale from the Arabian Nights?

MONDAY, *November* 26 (*December* 8).

8.30 A.M. We have arrived at the 'Terre Pleine,' the terminal point of the Suez railway. Our squadron is visible hard by. A narrow embankment, covered with people, stretches out seaward; trees and little houses are seen surrounded by water; the neighbourhood has the air of an artificial settlement, somewhat like Port Said, which has sprung up and developed exclusively on account of the canal.

A guard of honour is furnished by the local troops to meet their Highnesses. The governor, Mohammed Rashid-bey, the Russian vice-consul M. Costa, the consuls of other countries, the captain of the port, Weston-bey, and others await the arrival of the illustrious travellers. Leaving



RUSSIAN OFFICERS
RIDING THROUGH THE DESERT.

the special, distinguished by greater comfort even than the former one (to-night the Egyptian carriages are lighted by electricity for the first time, the head-light of the train illuminating a thousand feet of the track in front, while the fires along the side of the line also cast a brilliant light upon it), their Highnesses graciously bid farewell to Riaz Pasha (the president of the council of ministers, who had accompanied the Cesarewitch from Cairo), to the Greek consul

Argyropoulo, the master of ceremonies Diah-bey, and the senior railway officials, who have superintended the running of the night-train.

Accompanied by the ringing shouts of the populace, their Highnesses pass along the embankment to the launch of the *Pamiat Azova*. The earth trembles with the salutes fired by our vessels and H.M.S. *Scout*, which has come up here from Port Said. The Grand Dukes are greeted by the thundering cheers of the sailors manning the yards.

It is St. George's day, the festival of the *Pamiat Azova*, and the name's-day of the Imperial midshipman, who has returned to his post. After divine service on the gun-deck comes luncheon in the ward-room, in the course of which the Cesarewitch drinks to the health of those who have earned the decoration of the military order of St. George, their representative on this occasion being one of the heroes of the last Turkish war, the commander of the *Vladimir Monomakh*, Th. V. Doobassoff.

The animated interchange of reminiscences and impressions between the travellers and the officers of the *Pamiat Azova* occupies the greater part of the time before dinner. Though the stay at Suez has been on the whole somewhat tedious for the latter, yet it has enabled some of them to make an excursion on camels to Cairo, by the old desert route. Our sailors obtained leave to go on shore, and though hundreds of the seamen and petty officers, just freed from their monotonous life on board ship, wandered about there, even the English press bore witness to their good conduct. Only one misfortune took place. A sailor was returning along the railway-line, supporting a tipsy comrade, when they were met by a locomotive. While dragging his top-heavy countryman off the rails, the poor fellow was himself struck down by the engine and died shortly after in the hospital. This has been our first loss; may it be our only one during our voyage to the East.

For two weeks and a half we shall have to accommodate ourselves to the life of our seamen in their long absence in foreign waters. However brilliant our recollections of Egypt, however alluring to the fancy the unknown lands smiling on us from afar off, yet still we breathe more freely and peacefully in our little home circle, under the shadow of the Russian flag, amongst the sounds of familiar and friendly speech, and surrounded by those who understand each thought, each feeling, as they spring into being.

Evening is nigh at hand. The green waters sparkle as if covered with scales. The brown sail of an Arab vessel flits past over the hill-bordered gulf. On the Egyptian coast rises Zebel-Attaka, with its bare but finely furrowed slopes, while on the other side, towards Asia, run the hills of the Sinai peninsula. There it was that a spring of living water sprang from the rock struck by the staff of Moses; there it is that the mountain, which was as it were the throne of the Hebrew chief and thinker, rises up towards the heavens. Long before his time the Egyptians built fortresses in this land to reduce the nomads to submission; they worked the rich mines of the peninsula, and carved on the rocks in hieroglyphics the records of their deeds and victories.

The sun sinks into the waves, which darken at once, assuming a deep violet hue, while the western heights seem aglow with fire, with hearts of sapphire, ruby, and amethyst.

It is late and dark, but an unusual gaiety and animation reign on board the frigate; the officers of the *Vladimir Monomakh* and of the *Zaporozhets* come on board. The vessels are illuminated, the quay is full of people waiting for the torch-light procession arranged by the Greek colony.

Now it has passed by in all its brilliancy, and the fireworks, which were let off simultaneously

with its passage, are burnt out where they blazed above the dense foliage of the avenue which runs along the shore.

It is long before the conversation, the gaiety, and the toasts are over in the ward-room. The officers brew their 'zhzhonka,'[1] and joyously surround the Grand Dukes, who have taken their seats among them. Many Russian hearts beat as one in this close association with those whose safety and welfare are committed to the charge of each and all of those present. An intense and youthful animation pervades this friendly little festival. Those who take part in it will long remember how the rejoicings grew and finished on board the frigate on the day of its festival.

TUESDAY, *November* 27 (*December* 9).

The *Zaporozhets* has now to return to the Piræus. The Cesarewitch goes on board to bid farewell to the captain, officers, and crew, among whom he distributes presents. Our diplomatic agent, M. Koyander, and our vice-consul, M. Ivanoff, who accompanied us as far as Suez, have just taken their leave. The anchor is weighed. A boat full of natives offering fruit and vegetables for sale hastily casts loose from the frigate, which smoothly steams off into the broad gulf, accompanied by the *Vladimir Monomakh*.

The sea on which the Phœnicians risked their lives, sailing towards the enchanted East with its tempting treasures, the sea over which these treasures had long been brought to Egypt even by Chinese mariners, this sea of terrible wrecks and legendary wonders opens out before us, now turquoise-blue now emerald-green. It has now lost the prestige of its former comparative inaccessibility, which it owed to its coral reefs and its stern and inhospitable shores. All dangerous places are accurately marked on the charts, have lighthouses on them, and call for no more than increased vigilance and more knowledge. The passage through the Red Sea is only wearisome now on account of the heat and the monotony of the shore-line, which is scarcely ever out of sight.

Juan de Castro, who was despatched from India in 1541 by the Portuguese authorities to destroy the Turkish fleet at Suez, was the first European in modern history to experience all the difficulties of sailing in these waters, and to make a detailed report of them,—a report which the English afterwards found of much value.

When mention is made of the intolerable heat experienced here by modern travellers, who, after all, are surrounded by comforts, sheltered from the rays of the sun, have an ample supply of water, etc., one cannot but wonder at the endurance of the Greeks of the Macedonian epoch, and of the companions of Almeida, who, clad in armour, launched their frail barks on the waters of the Red Sea.

There is a metallic sheen on the heated waters. In this light, so trying for the eyes, the stillness of the open sea is the more striking. A desolate hilly expanse lies on both sides of our way. The skeleton of a wreck stands out in its grim blackness on the frowning and deserted coast. On the left, in the purple mist, rises a mighty range; but the summit of Mount Sinai can scarcely be distinguished with any degree of accuracy. Reddish-brown rocks lie scattered about, snow-white sand fills the cracks in them, streams downward along their slopes, or creeps in serpentine undulations up to their naked summits.

Eventide. What a wondrous sunset! Such splendour we have scarcely seen even in Upper

[1] A sort of punch, consisting of many ingredients, and allowed to burn some time. The brewing of this beverage is supposed to symbolise the feeling of *camaraderie* reigning among those present.

Egypt. Hundreds of transparent cloudlets glow on the vault of heaven. The sky itself flames with sunset colours, and the surface of the sea is transfigured in reflecting it. The sky, the waters, the shore, our vessels, and even the faces of those on them are now of a golden tint. Suddenly the gilding fades. The succession of colours ends with blood-red. Finally all around turns to an ashy grey. The sun is dead. Ashes alone are left of its funeral pyre. . . .

WEDNESDAY *to* SATURDAY, *November* 28–*December* 1 (*December* 10-13).

How hot it is! This expresses the aggregate of one's feelings and sensations while passing through the Red Sea. True, the thermometer does not stand so very high. But this only shows the incompleteness with which men are able to determine the phenomena that surround them. In reality the heat is very great, and, worst of all, painfully perceptible. Why is it that air quite as hot (*e.g.* in Italy, on the coast) has not such a relaxing influence on the constitution as it has here? Why is it that here alone, between Arabia and Africa (and perhaps also in Senegambia and in the Gulf of Persia), a temperature which, measured by degrees, is no higher, not only than that of the Tropics, but even than that of Southern Europe, should be so much more unbearable than in any other spot on the face of the globe? To say that the picturesque shores are desolate and uninhabited, that no river pours its waters into this exceptionally situated sea, that finally there is no room for a full and free current of air,—all this is no explanation of the fact, while the sensation of being under the leads of a mediæval Venetian prison is very palpable and extremely oppressive. It is a mystery how the Greek and Arab lighthouse-keepers manage to exist on their little islets. Not to speak of the inexpressible tedium, they must experience absolute physical suffering.

It seems as if there were no wind, but this is only an illusion. Northerly winds predominate here in December, but we steam on so swiftly that the breeze cannot overtake the frigate as it ploughs through the waves.

The epithet of 'Red' applied to this sea by the natives, though warranted by the tint of the water in some places, where it is coloured by the sea-weed, is nevertheless more euphonious than correct, as travellers passing down the middle of the Red Sea never see this hue (unless perhaps at sunrise).

This is our third day at sea. The bold outlines of the yellow Sinaitic range have long vanished in the distant east. Yeddah, the port of Mecca, which attracts hundreds of thousands of pilgrims annually, lies somewhere near on the unseen eastern shore. The heat which fills the surrounding watery expanse keeps increasing until it becomes unbearable.

We have crossed the Tropic of Cancer. The relaxing heat pervades the whole organism, destroying all energy, weakening all the powers of the soul, oppressing and scorching one. First the appetite begins to fail, and then food excites an absolute repugnance to the very idea of eating. The night is passed in weary sleeplessness or in a troubled sleep full of tormenting prostration, while during the day every hour devoted to repose only fatigues and unsettles one the more. The surface of the sea, shining like molten glass, reflects the rays of the sun with intolerable brilliancy. The blinding glare, fatiguing to the sight, causes an involuntary despondency. Far away on the horizon lies the land of Arabia; but it does not excite any interest, as one knows that beyond that coast-line, too, lie expanses as terribly fiery,—deserts where the sun has

swallowed up all life, where its blazing rays alone live and flash. At times (if we forget for a moment the *Monomakh*, which follows us so closely and so constantly) it seems as if the deep around were dead, as if our swift frigate were not in motion, as if we were falling asleep in the torpid water. All seems to lie dreaming under a heavy weight; the air seems motionless; there is scarce enough of it to breathe; everywhere lights run over the drowsy waves as if some magic force were binding and enchanting them.

It is dark. The closeness becomes even more intolerable, but the imagination, having wakened up from the dejection under which it suffered during the day, gradually directs its aerial flight towards the starry worlds and the region of the unknown.

The surrounding waters are transfigured. A new sea lies before us. New constellations appear above us. The north now lies far behind; the fanciful outlines of the Southern Cross sparkle in the heavens. For two days we have not seen the Great Bear. The black canopy of heaven, studded with innumerable stars, sinks lower and lower on to the watery expanse around us, speaking to the heart and pouring its inexhaustible floods of light through tens of millions of miles. On such a night meditation is interrupted by visions and vague recollections. Wakening up suddenly and causelessly in feverish alarm, one cannot at once remember where one is; the darkness lures one onward into the indefinite distance, and as one dozes off again one is conscious only of sinking deeper and deeper into it.

Before daybreak, there being no further chance of sleep, one goes out into the stern gallery, or on deck, in the vain search after fresh air. The whole sea glitters with shining points. A milk-white stream of sparkling foam lies in the wake of the *Azov*. A little way off are the gigantic masts and dark hull of the *Monomakh*, which hastens after. From its funnels rise clouds of bluish smoke, in which countless ephemeral sparks whirl and flash.

Every now and then a coloured light flashes somewhere on the horizon like the signal of some distant lighthouse, like the lights of some vessel hidden in the darkness. But this is not the work of human hands; it is dimly shining stars that rise and sink over the deep in the far distance. They swarm, too, overhead, looking down from the dome of heaven on to the vast expanse of water, which seems still to be saturated with the light of day; they are refracted in it, shimmering with a strange play of colours, and then suddenly begin to pale and die out. . . . The dawn touches the waters with a delicate rosy light. For a few minutes the sea justifies its epithet of 'the Red,' and then turns to a smooth, calm blue. The horizon expands and becomes more definite. The sun will soon show its face above the still and mirror-like plane of the sea.

SUNDAY, *December* 2/14.

The islands that we meet with on our way strike us by their desolateness and the grim aspect of their brown, black, and orange-coloured rocks. Everywhere we see the terrible traces of volcanic action.

On the west lies the hilly African coast. Some of the mountain peaks as they rise up into the heavens bear a wonderful likeness to the Pyramids. Looking eastward, we see as through a mist something white and formless. This, we are told, is the Arabian city of Mocca, famed for its coffee.

Before us, sharply defined against the sky, lies the lofty rocky stronghold of Perim, so cleverly

occupied by the English at the very moment when the French were preparing to hoist their flag there. The exit into the ocean, the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, those 'gates of grief (or tears),' in the language of Arabian mariners, rise before us invitingly, promising the freedom of a vast expanse and an invigorating coolness.

We steam through the narrowest of the two arms of the sea which embrace the British island. A pleasant breeze blows in our faces. The mighty current breaks against the bows of our frigates. The two continents strive, as it were, to meet each other, divided as they are by Nature, and driven apart by an inimical element.

Sailing-boats, with their cargoes and their turbaned crews, flit about over the heaving waters. They seem to form a connecting-link with the Chinese junk, having somewhat low bows and a high stern.

Somewhere to the left lies the French territory of Sheikh-Saïd, whence, with an unswerving determination to stand firm, create a port and fortify it, its owners might threaten Perim, would gain an important coaling-station and a commercial centre capable of development, which would be of far greater importance than the port of Obok, lying on the opposite shore.

Having passed the Straits, we notice to the right the wreck of the P. and O. steamer *Hongkong*, which has run on a reef through a miscalculation. Next to it a lifeboat is at work, and the cargo is being jettisoned into lighters.

The *Pamiat Azova* steers NE., and reaches Aden late in the evening. In the harbour we expect to find the cruiser *Admiral Korniloff*, which is returning from a long voyage. She is already lying in the bay, and flashes out her name by night-signals.

CHAPTER XI

MONDAY, *December* 3/15.

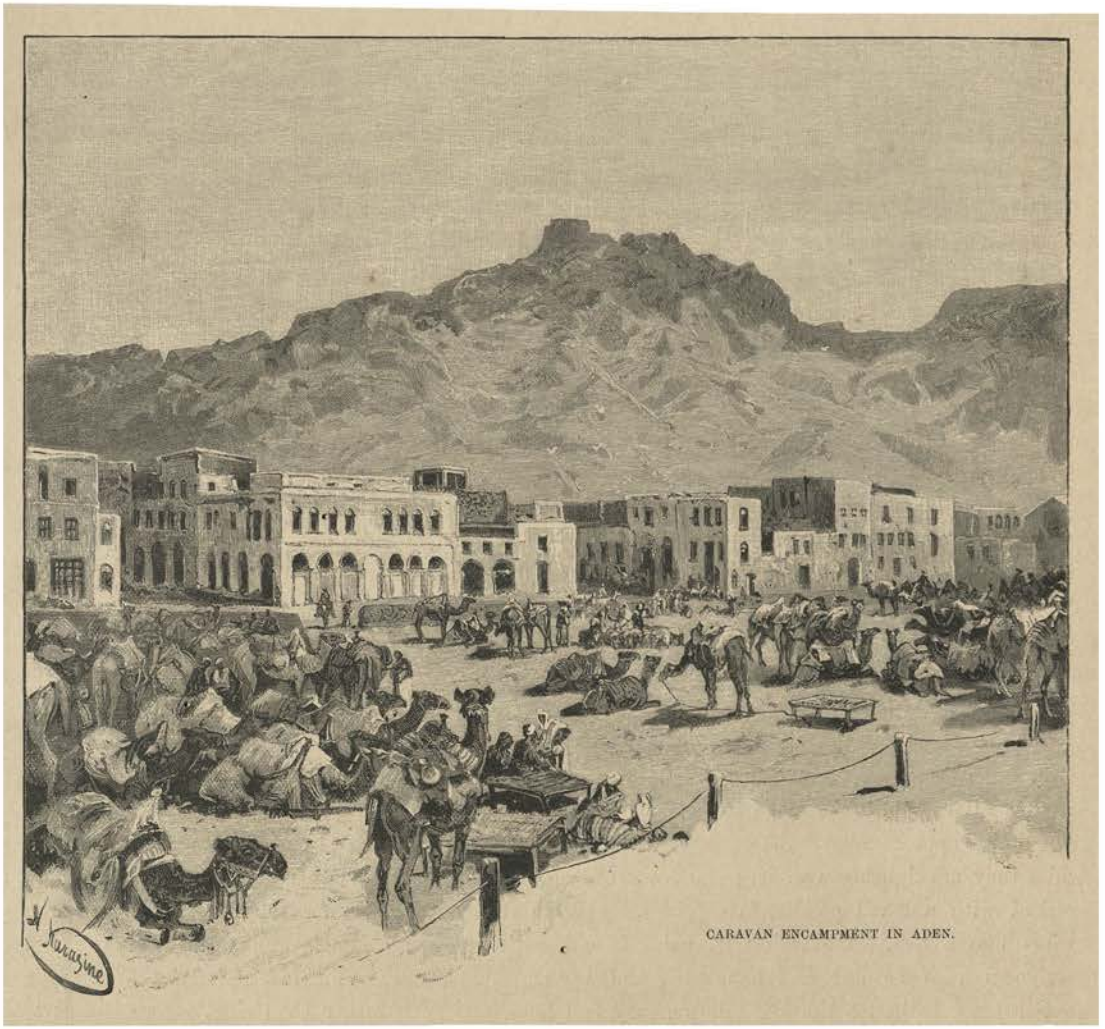
THIS is our first day in the dominions of her Majesty the Queen, Empress of India, and it is passed near the town which was the first territorial acquisition made during her most glorious reign. It is early morning, and our flag is not yet hoisted. The usual bustle and cleaning goes on on board the frigate.

The wild and weird mountain range of Shamsham rises above the English port. Dark and grim, furrowed by gloomy hollows, it speaks of the torments of the earth devoured by internal fires, and finally casting up on its surface these fantastically-shaped, arid, and barren heights. According to a Mussulman tradition, somewhere among their jagged peaks lies the grave of Cain. No more terrible place could be found for it by the popular imagination. On the other side lies a joyless and desolate expanse of yellow sand.

Dusky little boys (clad only in little aprons, and leather or iron girdles) paddle noisily about in tiny boats, filling the air with their persistent offers to dive into the dark green waters for silver coins thrown overboard (copper not being distinguishable in the water). If one is thrown in, they all leap into the sea, like so many frogs, and vanish in its depths. Soon the grinning face of a darky appears above the surface, with the coin between his snow-white teeth. Sometimes while they are fighting over it, some crazy canoe, simply hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and worked with a small paddle, is capsized. But this only affords amusement to the native, who swims like a fish. He rights it, bales it out with his hands, and paddles about before the foreigners as if nothing had happened, and begging for a reward for his activity. When one pretends not to notice the idle fellows, they feel hurt, and roar, rather than sing, before the port-holes, leaping in their nut-shell canoes, snapping their teeth, and beating time with their paddles. Some of them dodge round the frigate, perched on a small log of wood. These children of the sun and of the sea, boys of Somali origin, borne by the native women to the Africans temporarily sojourning here, grow up free as wild animals, living on charity, and on what they can gain from European tourists by an exhibition of their fearlessness in the neighbourhood of sharks. True, the latter can be driven away by shouts; true, too, that the long-sighted swimmers notice their repulsive enemy from afar off; yet, in spite of all this, fatal accidents are always possible, and sometimes do occur. It is well if the monster only deprives his victim of an arm or a leg. In

such a case the maimed little savages quietly carry on their trade of diving; it only remains, according to a witty French author, for the lost limb to grow again, like the claw of a maimed lobster.

The customary morning order is given to hoist the flag. The strains of the band ring out over the decks of the *Pamiat Azova*. A complete change comes over the quiet harbour. The

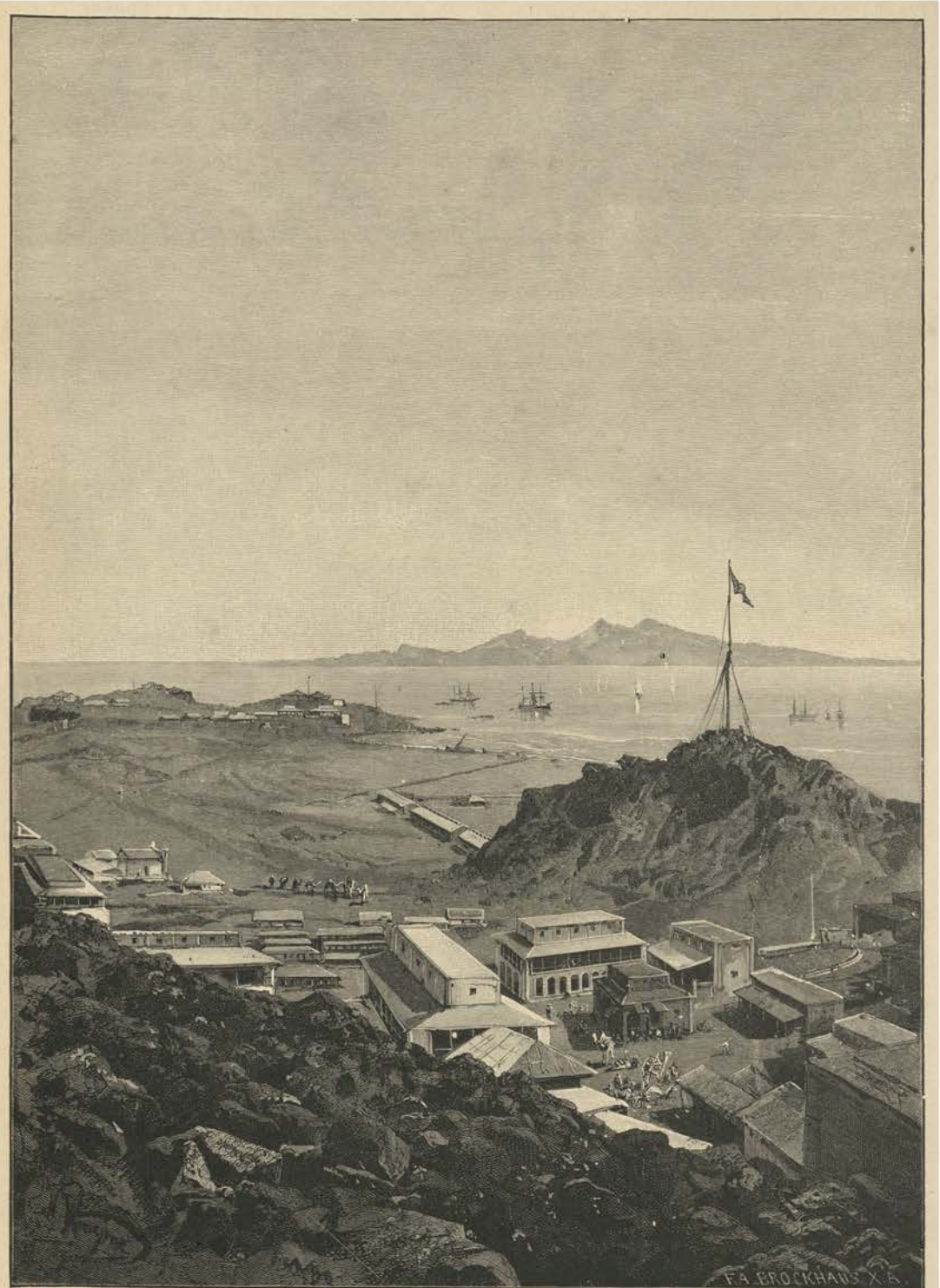


CARAVAN ENCAMPMENT IN ADEN.

thunder of the salutes, beginning with that fired by the *Admiral Korniloff*, peals without ceasing over the sea to the hills, and, rolling back from them, fills the bay with a deafening echo.

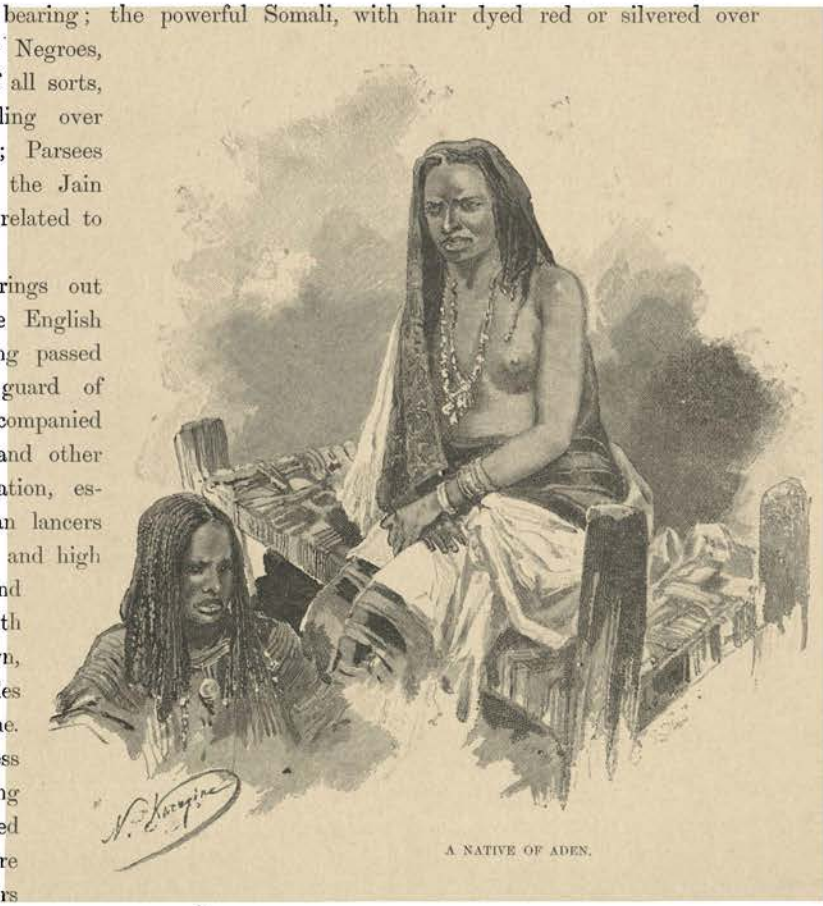
The Political Resident of Aden, with his suite, comes on board the frigate to welcome the Cesarewitch. Then their Highnesses go on board the Russian cruiser, which has come here to meet them (under the command of Captain Alexeyeff), where H.I.H. the Heir-Apparent holds a parade.

Next comes the ceremony of landing. The landing-place is decorated with flags. An arch, with a Russian inscription, 'To the Cesarewitch,' is decked with scanty green branches. The



ADEN HARBOUR.

authorities meet their guests under an awning or shamianah. A long guard of honour is drawn up opposite the entrance, while beyond it the natives have disposed themselves in picturesque and striking groups. Under the blinding rays of the sun, having clambered up on to the naked rocks and disposed themselves comfortably on the brown stones, they stand in a motley throng on the verge of the cliff, like so many sea-birds resting in their flight on an islet lost in the expanse of the ocean. Whom do we not see here? Here are representatives of all the different nationalities from India to Zanzibar, and the all but inaccessible deserts of Arabia: her sons, with fiery but thoughtful eyes and proud bearing; the powerful Somali, with hair dyed red or silvered over with powdered lime; burly Negroes, Abyssinians, and Africans of all sorts, with their snaky locks falling over their foreheads and cheeks; Parsees from Bombay, merchants of the Jain faith (*i.e.* professing a creed related to Buddhism), etc.



A NATIVE OF ADEN.

The Russian anthem rings out distinct and clear over the English settlement of Aden. Having passed down the ranks of the guard of honour, their Highnesses, accompanied by the Political Resident, and other members of the administration, escorted by a guard of Indian lancers (in red turbans, black coats, and high boots) on their small and spirited horses, proceed with their suite to the native town, which lies some five miles away from the European one. An excellent but shadeless road leads thither, winding somewhat up the hill, crowned by the imposing amphitheatre of an extinct volcano. Numbers of dusky policemen in yellow caps, bearing the letters A.P., are stationed along our road, on which we are constantly meeting with the dusty donkeys of the water-carriers, active goats, and fat-tailed sheep, overladen mules, and spare-built camels. In some places the latter lie in whole weary caravans in the midst of some great court, filled with merchandise, or in some square. In the grim framing of the surrounding wilderness, motionless and monstrous, they resemble some antediluvian creatures of an unknown period.

In some places various buildings (an ice-factory, a condenser, and gigantic coal-stores) run parallel to the shore. Further on along the road cluster mat-covered huts, with their inhabitants swarming out into the street, at present chiefly women and naked children. This is the port of Maalah, which is used by the natives. The bright sea, with the Arabian coasting-vessels

(*bagalah*), lies beyond it, sparkling in its play of colours. The road becomes steeper. The rocky hills look even sterner near at hand. Narrow gates lead through the fortifications to an apparently impassable defile. On entering the defile one can only see the sky overhead. The guard present arms. Beyond it the slope leads down on to a comparatively even road. Before our eyes lies a totally unexpected picture,—a most animated Oriental town, with a Gothic temple on a height to the left, with crowds of people thronging to see the Grand Dukes, with white houses of an Arabian style of architecture, up to which we ride, and, more striking than anything else, dark blocks of lava hanging over this unique neighbourhood.

Further on, side by side with dirty dwelling-houses, stand tolerably tidy shops. Green perforated shutters, terraces full of stout Negro women, and stately bronze-coloured women of a Biblical type, masses of people calling to one another, and rushing after our equipages,—all this presents an interesting sight. But perhaps even more interest attaches to the spot itself at which their Highnesses have arrived to-day. There are few places worthy of greater attention, viewed as to their significance in the history of civilisation.

Even in the far-off days of antiquity Aden was celebrated for its commercial status; perhaps it may be the Eden mentioned by the prophet Ezekiel (xxvii. 23) whence traders brought to the West variegated Oriental tissues, beautifully embroidered, and caskets of cedar-wood. Situated on the southern coast of Arabia Felix, contiguous to the modern province of Yemen, on the highway, as it were, of the commercial and social inter-communion between the north and the south, Aden must have been known from ancient times both to the Egyptians and to the mariners of China. With the beginning of our era its history becomes clearer. In the fourth century the Emperor Constantius despatches his legates hither to found Christian churches. When the neighbouring heathen began to press on the Christians, then Aden and the neighbouring mainland were for some time occupied by the Abyssinians, who were actuated by a desire to help their brethren in the faith. Next the place passed into the hands of the Persian fire-worshippers, and then into those of the Moslem. After passing from under the rule of the caliphs of one dynasty into the hands of those of another, Aden, in the tenth century, began to flourish under the sway of its own imams. Its trade with India and the Celestial Empire (and indirectly, through Egypt, with Europe) kept growing and developing. But being a tempting morsel to its more or less powerful neighbours, the place kept changing masters constantly. In the sixteenth century the Portuguese fitted out a somewhat formidable fleet for the capture of Aden. On Easter Day 1513, the Europeans attempted to storm it, but were beaten off by the natives with great loss. The possession of this city seemed desirable, among other things, to the Egyptian mamelukes, and to their enemies the Turks, as well as to the King of Portugal, whose subjects at that time were beginning a tremendous struggle for a firm footing on the Indian and the Indo-Chinese coasts. Under Suleiman the Magnificent, a Turkish flotilla took Aden by stratagem. On anchoring here, part of the sailors were landed, under the pretext of their severe illness. The ruler of Aden was invited on board the admiral's ship, treacherously made prisoner, and hanged. Meanwhile, having taken the city unawares, the conquerors took up their position there, supported by a hundred cannon, and a sufficient garrison. Though the inhabitants shortly after submitted to the Portuguese, yet Peri Pasha, sent from Egypt with his squadron, again took possession of Aden and fortified it more strongly than before. During many years the subjects of the Sultan stood on but little ceremony with the Europeans who came hither, arresting them, and even casting into prison the captains of the English vessels which put into this port.

Gradually the influence of Turkey in Yemen grew weaker, and the land, passing as before into the hands of its native imams, began to suffer from internal dissensions. Aden was chiefly in the hands of a petty Arabian Sultan (of the district of Lahej and the tribe of Abdaleeh, which, being a comparatively unwarlike tribe, was frequently attacked by the neighbouring half-savage robbers, who on such occasions used to sack Aden). Under the pretext of restoring order in this locality, the English Government sent out a landing-party of 700 men, with ten guns, and took possession of the town. This important commercial centre, once celebrated for its riches and populousness, was found by the Europeans, who took possession of it half a century ago, to be in a state of decline and much impoverished. With their characteristic energy and practical common sense, the English soon raised Aden to a high position. At first the inhabitants of the neighbouring parts of Arabia found the vicinity of the 'Giaours' extremely irksome. One fanatic even began preaching a holy war against them. The Arabs attempted an attack, but all this led to nothing; and when the English Government assigned an annual salary to the Abdaleeh chief, the dissatisfaction gradually died away. For a certain annual payment the natives of the country about Aden agreed to allow caravans coming hither to pass unmolested. So it has gone on; following such a circumspect policy on troublesome frontiers a mighty nation really pays tribute to petty tribes. Yet, if one thinks of the grim fortifications we passed on our way from the port, beyond the range which separates it from the mainland, when one remembers that the guns pointed towards the latter are enough to drive back disciplined troops, not to speak of half-savage Arabs, then the obligingness of the authorities of Aden towards the native robbers is undoubtedly both characteristic and instructive.

If we may believe a very rationally written book on the Far East, by Paul Bonnetain, which appeared lately, the native population now swarming around us would willingly migrate to Sheikh Saïd, should the French Government gain a firm footing there, and paralyse the strategic importance of Perim. True, a commercial port would have to be built there, while a natural harbour has existed at Aden for ages. The city seems to have been predestined to be almost always in the flourishing state in which it was found, *e.g.*, by Marco Polo.

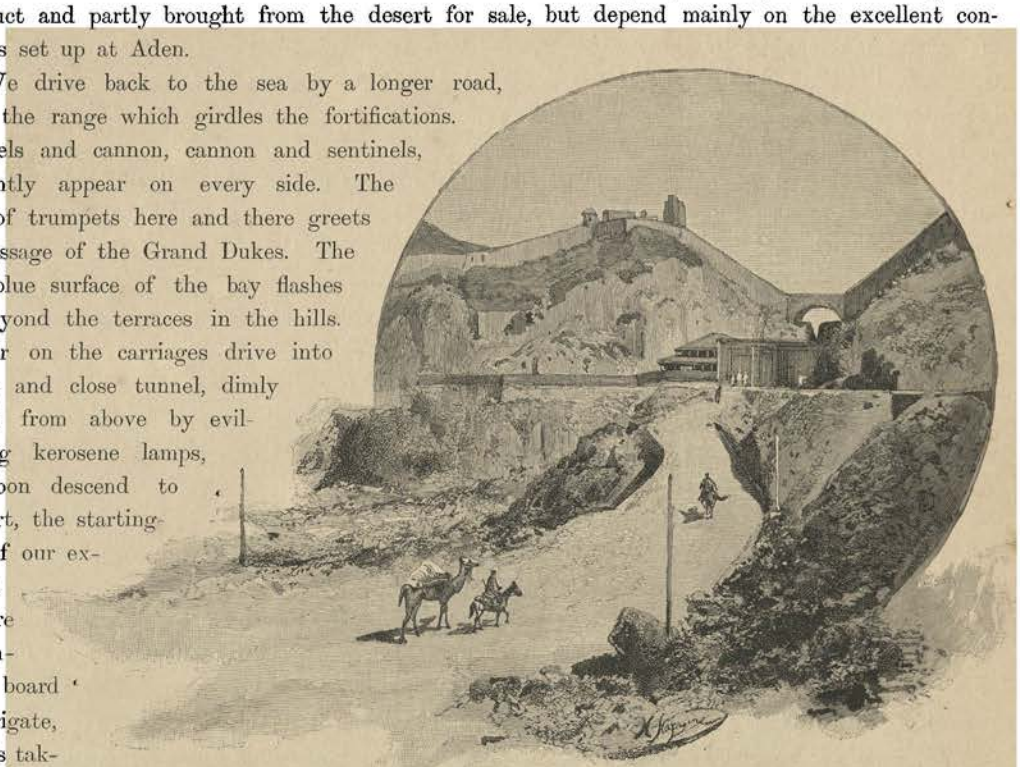
The horses are now going uphill. A deep valley closes in to meet us. We are going to see the tanks—those enormous reservoirs which store up the precious rain-water which runs down from the heights on the rare occasions when rain falls here. These tanks date back as far almost as the seventh century, when the land was under the sway of Persian kings of the Sassanide dynasty. It has been conjectured even that the cisterns existed in the days of Solomon (*i.e.* three thousand years ago), and that this was the land of Ophir, whose precise locality has not yet been determined, and whence all the treasures of the East were brought to Palestine.

Before the water-tanks (which are now almost empty, owing to the long drought) lies a garden, if such a name may be applied to a small number of trees and plants almost withered away in the dust and the heat.

Before it stands an arch with the inscription, 'Welcome to the Czarewitch.' Their Highnesses descend from their equipage. A bouquet is presented to the Russian Heir-Apparent. The road, almost devoid of shade, leads up a steep slope. It seems strange to see the announcement, in English and French, which forbids the plucking of flowers, seeing that vegetation apparently does not exist here. But the poverty of the flora of Aden is said to be redeemed by its qualities. Botanists, it seems, take a serious interest in it, and have discovered about a hundred varieties of plants among the parched rocks.

Here are the famous cisterns which, within the century, were completely neglected, and were restored at great expense by the British Government. They are disposed one above the other, connected with each other, and occupy the whole of a wild ravine which runs up into the mountains. There is but little water in them, and they are filled, it seems, only once in several years. The natives use the water, but it has an extremely unpleasant taste. For this reason Europeans do not drink either it or the water from the wells, which is partly conveyed here through an aqueduct and partly brought from the desert for sale, but depend mainly on the excellent condensers set up at Aden.

We drive back to the sea by a longer road, along the range which girdles the fortifications. Sentinels and cannon, cannon and sentinels, constantly appear on every side. The blare of trumpets here and there greets the passage of the Grand Dukes. The deep blue surface of the bay flashes out beyond the terraces in the hills. Further on the carriages drive into a grey and close tunnel, dimly lighted from above by evil-smelling kerosene lamps, and soon descend to the port, the starting-point of our excursion.



ROAD TO THE NATIVE CITY OF ADEN.

Before returning on board our frigate, which is taking in coals, it is decided that we are to lunch at the Residency and dine on board the *Admiral Korniloff*.

On our way to the Residency we pass over hill and dale.

The residence assigned to the representative of the British Government is a typical Indian bungalow, such as we shall yet see in great numbers: a one-storied building, with a flat roof supported by columns, and with broad verandahs running round spacious and well-furnished rooms. A dim twilight reigns in them, as, if the mats which close up the front of the building were to admit enough light, they would also admit overmuch dust and heat.

Besides the suite of the Grand Dukes, the senior officers and the administrative officials of the city are invited to the lunch. Strictly speaking, Aden already belongs to India, and is subordinated to the government of Bombay. The conversation turns on themes connected with our journey into a land where most of those present have spent many years. Our host has spent half his life there, and has slain an enormous number of tigers.

The turbaned native servants, the delightful coolness afforded by the punkah, the conver-

sation of our new acquaintances, from which we learn many new details concerning the East, with its absorbing interest,—all this gives rise to a strange feeling of satisfaction as we see this East so near to us.

Having bidden farewell to the Resident's family and passed down the ranks of the guard of honour drawn up before the house, their Highnesses return to the harbour.

The deck and the guns of the splendid cruiser literally shine in their whiteness and cleanness. The authoritative words 'Break ranks' have just been spoken. The time before dinner their Highnesses pass in the cheerful and, though spacious, yet extremely cosy cabins of Captain Alexeyeff, which are well stocked with books. The *Admiral Korniloff* may be called his child in the full sense of the word, as while she was on the stocks in France her future commander attended in person to all the details of the construction of this ironclad. The characteristic beauty of this vessel, so different from that of the grander and sterner frigates, the *Pamiat Azova* and the *Vladimir Monomakh*, strikes the eye at once as something new.

The natural rejoicing of those on board the cruiser at finding themselves united to the squadron bearing the flag of the Cesarewitch is increased by the presence of their Highnesses (one of them being the son of the Queen of Greece, who is adored by our seamen) among the officers, who still cherish the memory of the Cesarewitch's last year's voyage in the Mediterranean, on board the *Admiral Korniloff*, before she sailed for Vladivostok. These feelings, common to the ward-room and the whole crew, are expressed in a heartfelt manner by Captain Alexeyeff during dinner, when, glass in hand, he proposes the health of H.I.H. the Cesarewitch.

The table is laid on deck. Thanks to a gentle breeze, we are gradually recovering from the effects of the midday heat. Gallantly rise the heart-thrilling strains of the songs sung by the chorus of sailors. The darkening sky merges into the gently sighing ocean waves. The infernal panorama of Aden is sunk in gloom. One forgets that a great gulf separates us from Russia, that our distance from home keeps growing; the familiar notes of our native songs dissipate all sadness, drown the instinctive feeling of anxiety, and plunge one into a purely elemental transport of the most unconstrained gaiety, a transport of which only we Russians are capable everywhere and always, even in the most anxious moments of life. The strains of our popular songs, stirring the heart and charming the ear, quiver in the night air, and, waking the silent chords of the soul with their ringing echoes, fill the hearts of the hearers with yearning and sadness, and a daring fiery longing for the unknown. . . . The wild rolling surge of voices has died away. Their Highnesses bid farewell to the officers and the gallant crew of the cruiser. The launch returns to the *Azov*. Bengal lights blaze up along the bulwarks of the ironclad we have just left. Fantastically illuminated figures stand along the side of the *Korniloff*. A prolonged deafening cheer thunders forth after the sons of the Tsar.

TUESDAY, *December* 4/16.

The squadron awaits the arrival of another special messenger with letters from Russia on a passenger steamer which is somewhat behind its time. It is time to weigh anchor. Considering the distance we have to cross before we reach India, it would not be amiss to have as much time to spare as possible.

Boats with pedlars surround the frigate. They are mostly Jews of a very pronounced type,

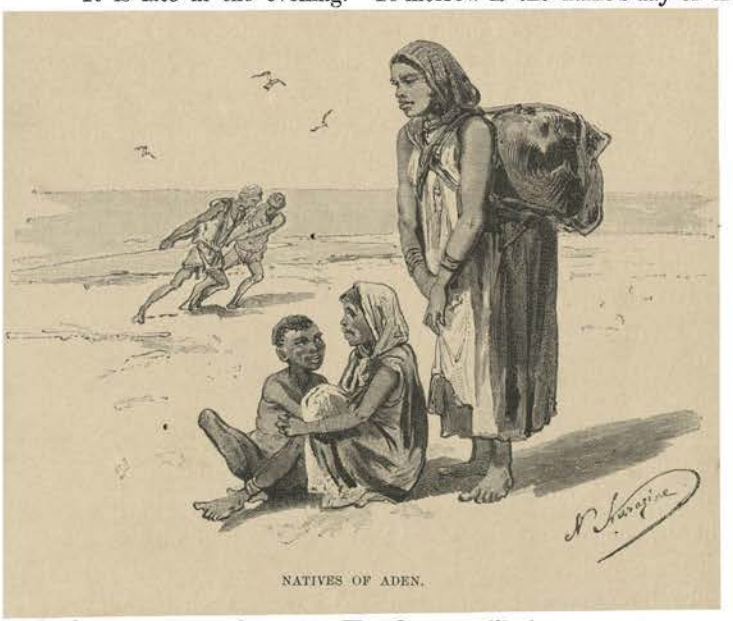
this race having appeared here almost as far back as the days of Solomon; according to another version, they come here from the Malabar coast. Their speciality is the purchase and sale of ostrich feathers in the rough. Besides the Jews, sellers of corals, shells, baskets, mats from Madagascar, lions' skins, etc., paddle about near the vessels. Two Greeks visit the *Pamiat Azova* to show their Highnesses a sea-monster of strange form and size, washed on shore by the ocean waves, and probably carried hither by the currents from the Antarctic regions.

After midday the expected steamer arrives at last with news from home.

The frigates leave Aden. The lower it sinks below the horizon, the sterner grow the fantastic serrated peaks of the rocky islands lying near the mainland and soaring above the ocean as if detached from earth.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 5/17.

It is late in the evening. To-morrow is the name's-day of the Cesarewitch, which will be kept up by those taking part in this journey, while on the way to Bombay, steaming at full speed to the shores of an enchanted land, which from days of yore has charmed and attracted the stranger. One draws breath more freely in the freedom of the ocean. Fresh and hitherto unsuspected powers seem to awake in the heart. One is possessed by the inevitable consciousness of our unity and power in the midst of the expanse around us as it gradually widens out before the eyes and is devoured by the swift course of our ships of war. The coming night has no terrors for us. The dawn, still dreaming in its crystal mansion, seems to be felt in the darkness long before daybreak.



NATIVES OF ADEN.

The sky turns amber in the gloom of the distance, which melts away before the rising sun, whose beams scatter their sparks upon the sleeping waters. Sunset hues are conjoined with rays of triumph and of new-born light.

The reflection of living beauty lies on the hills, that rise upon the far-off shores.

The crimson east sets fire with its kiss unto the cloudless vault that reigns above the still, mysterious waters of the south.

The boundless expanse of ocean smiles an enchanting welcome: the waves scarce move beneath the dumb bosom of our bark.

The unfathomable radiant empyrean lies above the azure plane of light; the mystery of boundless love broods over the blissful waves.

The echo of a vague and sacred sadness is heard in the celestial voices of the distance as it calls.

The azure distance lures us higher still and deeper: the scarce sounding waves have sunk into silence, the hues of the rosy dawn are gone and long burnt out, the crimson morn has vanished, but the sovereign day now rules: drops of fire fall from the summit of the throne and gleam in the peaceful waters with the expression of another creative word, with the glowing prayer of Nature in union with her God.[1]

[1] The original is in verse.

CHAPTER XII

'The fiery breath of Southern nights, the everlasting rush of the wandering billows, the calm radiance of the stars, and the rebellious course of the summer lightning.' [1]

THE ocean breathes; the glassy surface of the boundless waters heaves with a gentle and even swell in the sunshine, far distant from any land, calm and unruffled under the spotless azure of the skies. He who has never seen the sea in this state, he who has never felt its drowsy yet living thrill, nor gazed upon the shoreless waste and hearkened to the lazy murmur of the waters, disturbed in their slumber and falling asleep again in the wake of the vessel,—that man does not know the sea, cannot love it, and is cut off from the comprehension of the many divine beauties of the world around us. If man ever feels his infinite littleness before the Almighty, if ever the spirit of faith wakens up in the secret corners of the heart, if ever mortal man is filled with awe before the supernatural power that pervades even inert matter,—it is pre-eminently during a long sea-voyage, and that not in its hours of unruly, tameless grandeur only, but when the Creator contemplates it from the heavens that are filled with His glory. In such moments sea and sky merge into one whole. No discord mars their bright union. God is in the fire of the sunbeams. The clear waters reflect the vast dome of the universe.

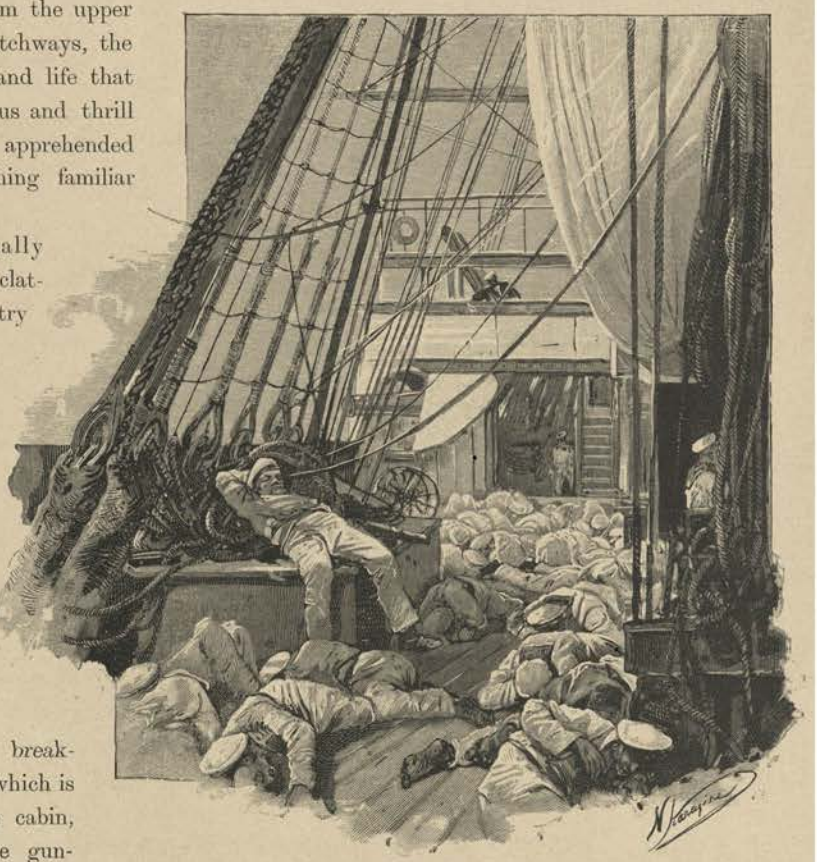
H.I.H. the Cesarewitch and his brother the Grand Duke George are on their way to Bombay. The time on board the *Pamiat Azova*, though passing more slowly than during the constant excursions on land, slips by imperceptibly. The sameness of each day's impressions is far from tedious, and even affords rest to the physical and intellectual powers, which were on the stretch for so long a time during our stay in Egypt. From the very morning, waking up long before the hoisting of the flag, one experiences a desire to go on deck or on to the stern gallery at once, and to give oneself up to contemplation. The changeless scene, with only the two accompanying Russian frigates in sight, charms and binds the eyes as with a spell. The lungs draw in long draughts of the healing air. The heart feels cribbed and confined in its narrow prison. The soul pants to fly beyond the bounds of the unknown watery expanse,—it seems as if it longed to soar into the depths of the joyously smiling ether; it is drawn downwards into the dark and mysterious depths of the immeasurable ocean, in which whole continents, knowing neither past nor present, covered with a tangle of seaweed, inhabited by wondrous creatures, sleep the sleep of ages and dream vaguely of their future awakening.

[1] Verse in the original.

It is still very early. There is scarcely any one in the ward-room. Only the second in command, Captain O. A. Enquist, occupies his usual place at the end of the long table which extends the whole length of the ward-room. The active servants glide noiselessly backwards and forwards, answering every moment to the calls from the cabins situated round the ward-room, now bringing water, now a brush, now a tray. The electric bells ring unceasingly. The soft, dull wash of the waves parting before the bows, along with the measured roll and the quivers that run through the ironclad at rare intervals, as it steams along at full speed, the calls and the words of command that reach us from the upper deck through the open hatchways, the currents of light, motion, and life that pervade the floating colossus and thrill the nerves,—all that is apprehended and experienced as something familiar and yet ever new.

The officers gradually gather to breakfast. The clatter of crockery in the pantry grows louder. The sounds of the daily life of the ship become more distinct. It is now eight o'clock, and all on board the frigate hasten on deck. Amidst the strains of the band the flag of St. George is hoisted at the stern.

Those who constantly accompany the *Cesarewitch* sit down to breakfast in his dining-saloon, which is situated next his private cabin, at the stern end of the gun-deck, above the ward-room. He himself, after rising in the morning, generally passes his time until lunch, at noon, in their society. The admiral and the captain take their seat at meals next the Grand Duke. Opposite the Cesarewitch, at the other end of the table, is the usual place of Prince Bariatinsky, while between them, on one side and the other, sit M. Onou, Dr. Rambach, Princes Kochubey and Obolensky, Captain Volkoff, and I.



A SIESTA IN THE TROPICS.

Excellent likenesses of the Emperor, the Empress, the Heir-Apparent, the august Lord High Admiral (the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch), and a painting of the battle of Navarino adorn the spacious cabin which forms the dining-saloon, to which we are so accustomed, and from which we have a splendid view of the sea.

When during luncheon or dinner the band plays on deck while the punkah swings slowly

above the table, wafting a cool breeze on those who sit round it, then the wide horizon, seen from here, opens out even more grandly, the regal surroundings acquire a new charm; the sensation of travelling is not only experienced as a reality, but is accompanied by a panorama of colours indefinable in all the shades which play on the surface of the immeasurable expanse. This is seen and felt clearly in the daytime, but in the dark, in the absence of all external light, the rushing gloom around

BAND OF THE 'PAMIAT AZOVA.'

us seems full of mystery. The frigate, as if winged and moved by some supernatural power, plunges into it, flying over the abyss in the night and bearing us with it, while we converse calmly and gaze into the distance unconcernedly, bearing also the gay company of officers in the ward-room below us, whence their ringing young voices reach us, and the hundreds of tired sailors who, having just slung their hammocks, sleep the sleep of the just, on the far-off seas of the South.

After breakfast, and also after lunch, the Cesarewitch generally retires to his private cabin or to the stern-gallery, furnished with comfortable seats, or, in case of unpleasant weather or great heat, to the library, situated between the dining-saloon and the stern-gallery, and furnished with a massive table, narrow sofas, and book-shelves.

The cabins of the admiral, the captain, M. Onou, Obolensky, and Volkoff open out into it (Prince Bariatinsky's cabin is beyond the dining-saloon, parallel to those of H.I. Highness, while the doctor, Kochubey, Gritsenko, and the author of this book live below, next the officers).

H.I.H. the Grand Duke George and Prince George of Greece, doing duty on the same footing as the other lieutenants, occupy small stern-cabins, near the ward-room. A hatchway leads up into the library. In their free moments their Highnesses mount through it to the Cesarewitch. The same passage generally serves as the regular means of communication between our cabins below and those above.

A little before noon a sample of the soup for the sailors' dinner is presented to the Cesarewitch. The boatswain stands by while the Grand Duke tastes the steaming soup brought to him.

Every day three of the officers of the *Pamiat Azova* are invited in turn to the table of the Cesarewitch. The Grand Duke George and Prince George of Greece generally lunch and dine in the ward-room, sharing the repast of the Cesarewitch in their turn only, on the same footing as their brother officers.

The time from 1 P.M. until the flag is lowered is passed in reading, letter-writing, conversation, etc. The days follow each other with such feverish rapidity, that they pass almost without notice, and one vainly strives to find time for rest, and to prepare more thoroughly for the long excursion through India that awaits us.

The Cesarewitch passes nearly every evening in the ward-room, where, often long after midnight, an animated conversation is carried on, laughter and talk enliven the young officers, and hour after hour passes as if in a pleasant dream.

The most important event of our passage to Bombay is the celebration of the sixth (eighteenth) of December (the name's-day of the Cesarewitch) by the squadron. It begins with divine service on the gun-deck, before the image of St. George.

At the lectern stands the powerful figure of our chaplain, Father Philarete. To the left of the altar is a sentinel, and a little beyond him stands the choir. To the right is the entrance into the cabins of the Cesarewitch and his suite. Next to the instruments piled up by the band stand their Highnesses, while on each side stand the officers in a dense crowd, with a countless number of sailors behind them. The open azure of the sea lies on each side beyond the guns of the battery-deck.

After divine service a salute is fired, the flags are hoisted, and simultaneously the escorting frigates signal congratulations, which the Cesarewitch orders to be answered with thanks and an extra allowance of spirits to the men. As, on account of its being the name's-day of H.I. Highness, all the officers of the *Azov* are invited to lunch, the tables are covered on the poop under a picturesque and undulating awning of flags of all possible nationalities. This fanciful and variegated awning is left intact until night, as after dinner (at which, by the wish of the Cesarewitch, all those whose name's-day it is are present) the officers again gather amidst the charming surroundings of the noontide feast, to drink tea and look at the acting of the sailors. They act 'Emperor Maximilian,' a strange tragi-comedy, of a very satirical cast, which was long ago borrowed by the Russian navy from the seamen of other nations, has been radically reconstructed by some of our wits, is passed on traditionally from crew to crew, and has even reached some far-away points in Siberia, where it is looked on as a sovereign remedy for *ennui*.

Two 'comic old men,' with long false beards, sit down on the deck to act as musicians. One

by one the *dramatis personæ*, in gay and fantastic attire of a naval cut, with crowns on their heads, wearing epaulettes and decorations, come forward and make rather vague, but laughable, speeches (in verse). The programme presents us with a mixture of personages having apparently not the slightest connection with each other. Venus, Adolph the disobedient son, Brambeus the executioner, the Emperor Maximilian himself, Death (attired in a sheet), a hussar, an Arab, etc., recite something or other in powerful voices, clank their side-arms, and stamp with their heavy boots. The plot is more than vague, but we are not inclined to be critical in our present complaisant state of mind, in the late twilight, surrounded by the gently sighing ocean. The appearance of the *Monomakh* and the *Korniloff* picturesquely illuminated by little electric lamps, the foremast of the former bearing the brilliant initials of H.I. Highness, while the latter is transformed into a fiery phantom ship, the well-chosen chorus of singers selected from the crew of the *Azov*, who vary the entertainment by their songs,—all this produces a cheerful and animating impression. The awning of flags, as if inspired with life, heaves gently above the heads of the group of spectators on the poop. The enormously broad and very low waves gently rock the mighty frigate in its impetuous course. An undaunted spirit thrills and palpitates in the mournful charm of some of the melodies. The impression produced is one of such mingled pleasure and sadness, that one would wish no end to this night, with the murmur of the waves, the brilliant lights, the current of friendly talk, and the dying ripple of the songs.

Our sixth day at sea. The squadron is not far from the shores of India now. According to the calculation of our officers, the *Azov* has run a distance, from her start from Trieste, of considerably more than 4000 miles, the last 3000, from Suez, having been covered in ten days, with scarcely a pause, excepting a short stay at Aden.

The rolling, imperceptible at first, is increasing. The ocean is agitated. Small sailing-vessels, boldly ploughing the waves in their westward course, little by little begin to enliven the watery waste. One cannot but call to mind how such little vessels, from days of yore, have served as one of the most important links between the West and the lands of the far East.

In the sky float whole mountain-ranges of clouds, which at sunset are fringed with purple and gold, hues which also appear on the pale violet of the waters. The clouds burst into flame in the glow of the sun reflected in them, and, transfigured into airy castles, some of the masses of cloud seem as though they were the radiant mansions of the gods of heathendom.

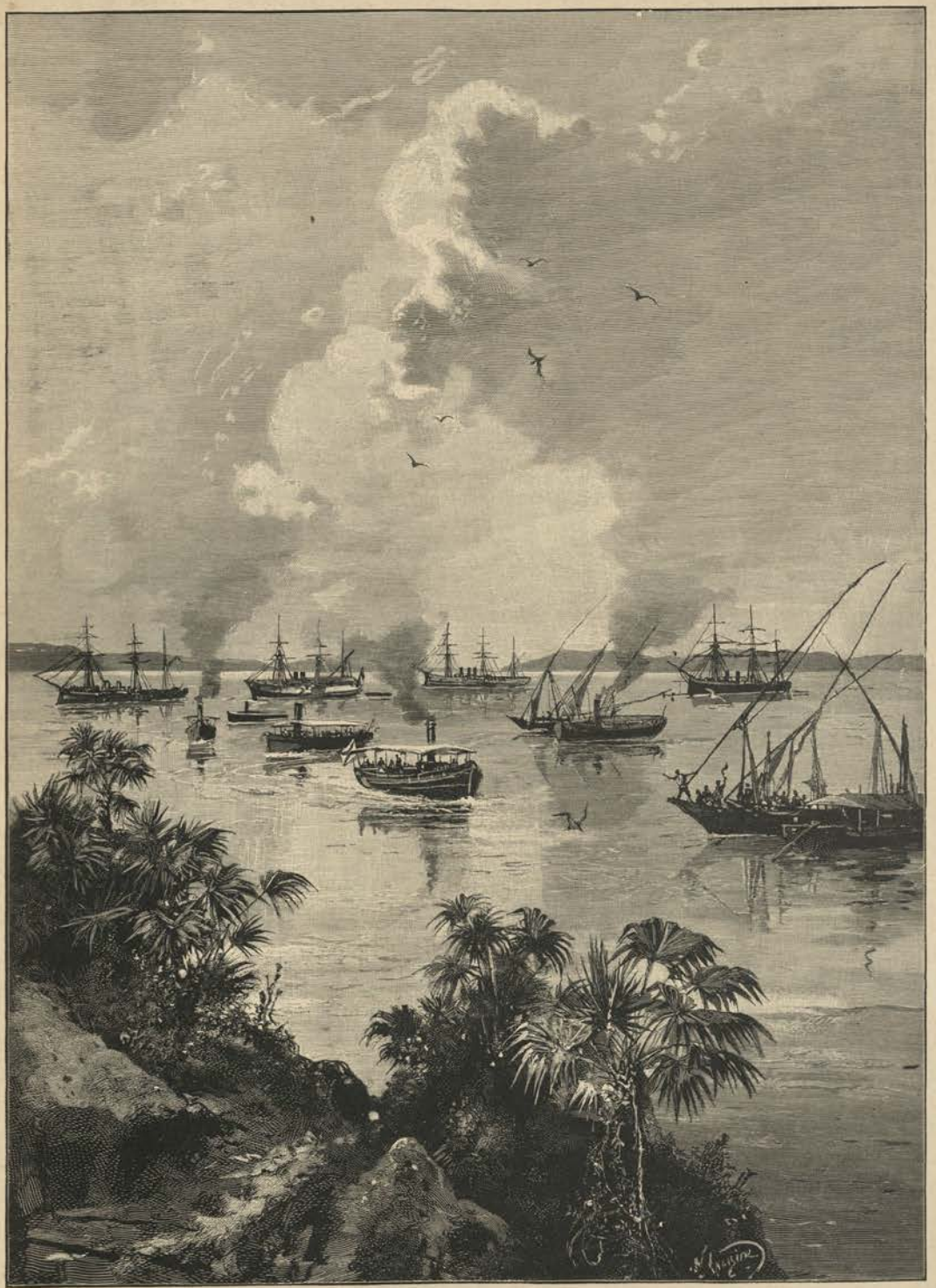
The sea darkens suddenly. Beams of golden light radiate from the sinking orb of day, and then, just as it dips below the horizon, a flood of green light bursts forth for a moment from the rosy gloom. One may well exclaim, in the words of our poet Tyoottcheff—

> 'Linger on, departing day!
> Let thy charm live yet a while!'

As the moon rises, a broad path of silver stretches out from it across the expanse of waters, and seems to lose itself again in the dark and boundless heavens: is it not by such mysterious paths that the pensive peris ascend to the closed gates of Paradise? The silvery night lies before us, and the glitter of the stars reflected in the waves. . . .

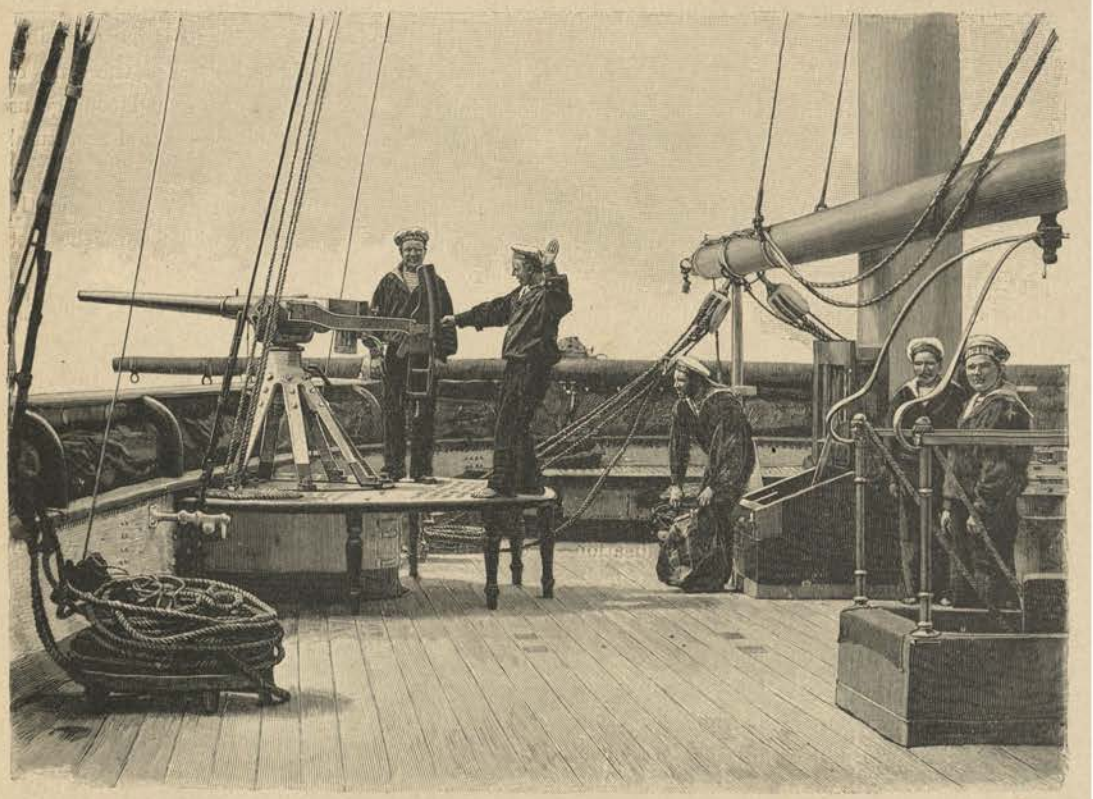
'To-morrow,[1] India! Sleep deserts mine eyes. I vainly sought it in the balmy night;—in the gold and crimson of the rising sun, the dawn greets the promised land, where the heavens are

[1] The original is in verse.



OFF BOMBAY.

pervaded with the charms of love, but passion is conquered by an unspeakable sadness,—where life glows bright, yet all is as a dream, and breathes with beauty irresistible as death. O land of daring dreams and soaring thought! thou risest out of the azure deep, whose mournful moaning echoes sadly back the discord reigning in the weary heart. India lies before us! here holiness and peace appeared in visions unto men contemptuous of pleasure; since their age the people live the self-same life, yearning for the Divinity, for freedom and atonement. Here, where the earthly realm of sorrow borders on the heavens, and when the soul is crushed by unceasing torments, this magic



GUN PRACTICE.

land calls us into a world of wonders, into the realm of the eternal mysteries and of boundless wisdom.'

TUESDAY, *December* 11/23.

It is between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. The vague shadows in the east seem to speak of palm-forests and of the land so long lost to the sight.

The summit of a distant hill, shaped somewhat like an obelisk, floats up out of the gloom that hides the Ghauts, those famous natural fortresses of Western India. The new Prongs lighthouse rises high above Kolaba, the southernmost suburb of Bombay. A fine chain of islands appears right before us. A dark, impenetrable cloud of morning fog hangs over the shore on the north-west, and veils a considerable portion of the view to our left. The Russian squadron, slackening speed,

steers in order of column, with the *Korniloff* bringing up the rear, into the great harbour where, in all probability, it will have to lie at anchor for a long time. The muffled boom of three guns from the shore announces that our arrival has been observed.

Before entering the harbour the *Azov* takes a pilot on board. It seems that the local authorities have long been awaiting our ships, which for some reason or other were expected to arrive yesterday. As the time of our arrival does not admit of the official landing taking place in the early morning, before the heat of the day, which, even in winter, reaches 77° F. in the shade, our first impressions of India are naturally somewhat marred. Apart from this, however, the near vicinity of Bombay marks such a step forward in our long journey, that the mind is imperceptibly relieved of a load of thought and doubt: there, beyond the distant blue hills, lies the land of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, the former dominion of the freedom-loving and courageous Marathas, the empire of the Moguls, crushed by fierce invaders, and the architectural and sculptural relics of an undying antiquity.

Rows of low buildings, warehouses, and workshops cluster closely on the flat and unsightly shore. Only the tower of the Church of St. John, built in memory of those who fell in the first unsuccessful Afghan campaign, rises above the military cemetery in which they sleep, next to which, according to Murray's Handbook, nothing better was found to be placed than a lunatic asylum.

In contrast to this scenery, on the right the hilly islands become more and more picturesque. It is not surprising that Hindus have from days of yore felt the attraction of these inimitably beautiful bays and promontories, peopling them with their myths and adorning them with their temples: into this broad, clear bay came the frail barks of mediæval mariners and of daring pirates, who wove their eyries on the neighbouring heights. The advent of European civilisation, with its enmity or contempt for the ancient civilisation of the land, with its utilitarian views of the world, its steam and gunpowder, has scarcely added to the charm of Bombay. As one sails up to it, at least, one thinks of it more as it was in the past than as what it is now.

A line of large red and blue buoys marks the channel selected for the passage of the squadron. Eastward and far towards the north flit the white sails of a number of fishing-boats. Some of them lie motionless under the cliffs that run along the shore. The outline of one island, buried in dense foliage, resembles the back of a camel.

The smoke of the salutes that are being fired floats up here and there. The startled gulls wheel about our ironclads. The dark mass of fog, which crept down into the town from the north-west, still hangs over it persistently as we steam into the bay.

It is said that there is no small number of batteries hidden among the rocks. Two monitors form the main part of the coast defence. A battery on the 'Oyster rock' is said to defend the entrance into the harbour. But in the quivering gloom around us, amidst the answer of the Russian guns to the English salvo of greeting, the neighbourhood is indistinct.

The masts and the funnels of the vessels lying at anchor stand out more clearly than anything else. We are now at the Heptanesia of Arrian, near the chain of islands, connected with one another, on which the enormous city of Bombay, lying grey and grim before us, has grown up and developed.

Half-past eight. The pilot shows us our moorings. Captain Brackenbury of H.M.S. *Turquoise*, the senior naval officer in port in the absence of the English admiral, at once comes in a steam

launch to meet the Cesarewitch on board the *Azov*. The gentlemen appointed to be near the person of the Cesarewitch during the whole period of his stay in India next come on board to present themselves. They are Colonel Gerard of the army of Bengal, attended by two native officers of his regiment, the Central India Horse, and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, well known to us as the author of *Russia*, an able diplomatist, whilom secretary to the former Viceroy of India, Lord Dufferin, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the Russian language.

At 9.30 A.M. comes the Governor of Bombay, Lord Harris, with his suite, to pay a visit of welcome to the Cesarewitch. Between ten and eleven o'clock the official landing is to take place. We are to bid farewell to the *Azov* for the next five weeks at least. In the bustle of preparation for the journey one does not quite realise that all these days of pleasure will be bought at the price of great fatigue, not so much physical as spiritual—that one will return to the ship a different man under the weight of all that has been seen and experienced.

A small party prepares for the journey, very much smaller than that which ascended the Nile: H.I.H. the Grand Duke George, being indisposed, remains on board the frigate. The Cesarewitch and Prince George of Greece start on their trip, beginning with Bombay, accompanied by Prince Bariatinsky, M. Onou, Dr. Rambach, three aides-de-camp, our artist, Gritsenko, and the author of this book.

Before surrendering ourselves to the charm of the novel surroundings that await us, it is but natural to turn the attention to the shore on which we shall soon set foot, and to call to mind the very scanty historical data concerning it, which are somehow but little known to the West in general, and are buried in works of a very special character.

Before its rise to the proud position of the first commercial city of India, with an annual turnover of some £80,000,000, Bombay was for a long time a comparatively unimportant place. The native sovereigns of yore seem to have valued it and the adjacent islands only for the palm-trees in which they were so rich.

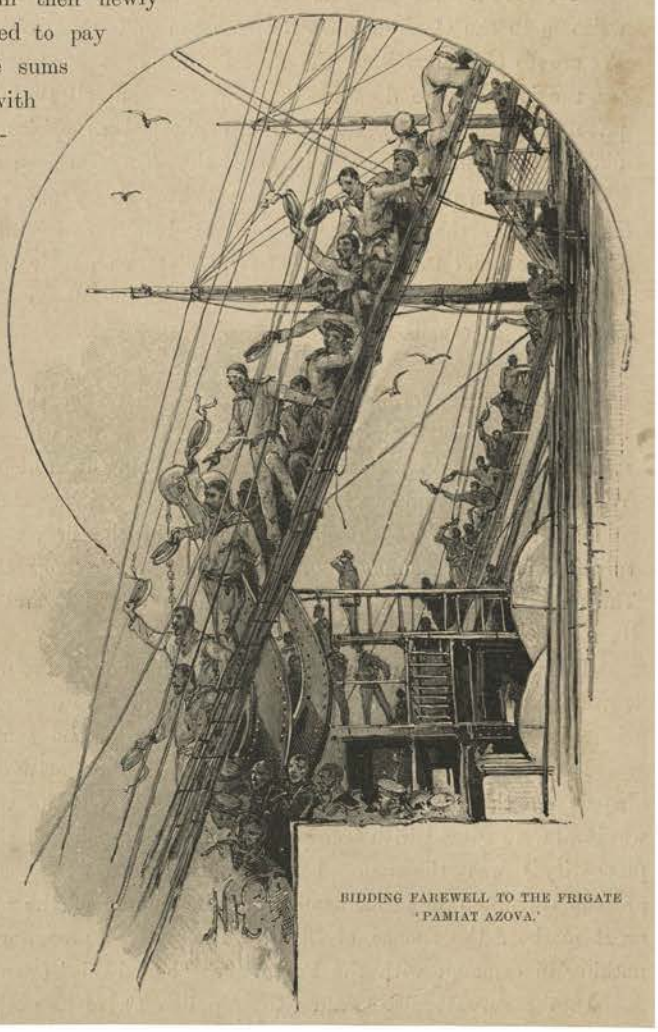
In the fourteenth century, a monk, Odoric Matiousch, of Bohemian origin and a distinguished traveller, equal perhaps to Marco Polo, attempted to disseminate the Christian faith in this region, where its seeds had been sown as early as the second century of our era.

In the first half of the sixteenth century the Portuguese began to settle here. They erected chapels on the hills, and made roads to them for the use of pilgrims. For want of glass the windows were glazed with transparent and highly-polished shell. 'Ilha da boa vida' ('the island of prosperity') was the name borne by the place now occupied by the city, which received its present corrupted Maratha name from the temple of the goddess Mumbai (Sanscrit *Mahima*, 'the great mother,' the spouse of Siva). The natives pronounce it Mambé or Bambé. The word has nothing in common with the Portuguese 'bom bahia' (good harbour).

In the seventeenth century the English strive to obtain possession of Bombay and receive it as the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, thus becoming owners of a city with a population then numbering 10,000, chiefly fishermen, and all sorts of fugitives and adventurers. Owing to a severe epidemic of cholera it suddenly decreases. During a period of ninety years the Marathas, especially the powerful pirate Angria, the lord of Kolaba, threaten the entrance to the harbour. The Dutch are also ready to attack it. The fleet of the Mogul, under an Abyssinian admiral, seizes it and holds it for several months, and only remonstrances addressed to the Imperial Court in the north save the European factory from being sacked. Continual dissensions with the Portuguese

take place, though their Viceroy himself was present at the cession of the place to the English, sent out with the fleet of the Earl of Marlborough in 1662.

The state of affairs begins to improve only from the time when the Royal Government, finding the excessive outlay incident to the possession of Bombay too heavy a tax on its resources, sees fit to sell it to the illustrious East India Company, at that time beginning to grow rich. Being cut off from the mainland, which still remained in alien hands, the English are far from feeling themselves firmly settled in their newly acquired colony, and are moreover obliged to pay their immediate neighbours considerable sums of money for the right of trading with the interior of India. But some unexpected circumstances afford great assistance to the new masters of Bombay. The Marathas were such bitter enemies of the Mogul, that they hindered his fleet from taking possession of this most important island, dangerous as it was to the Marathas themselves. Again, the Dutch fleet would certainly have taken it, had not some French vessels come to the rescue, *i.e.* the men-of-war of that very nation which at one time enjoyed such an enormous prestige in the East, and whose influence there was destined to be destroyed by England. Had the latter then lost Bombay, the map of India would now have been very different!



BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE FRIGATE 'PAMIAT AZOVA.'

The East India Company pursued a very wise policy towards the native population. In contrast to the narrow fanaticism of the Portuguese, who attempted to introduce Christianity by force, the English showed the widest religious tolerance towards the natives, giving them as large a share of self-government as possible, did not oppress and worry them with taxes, red tape, and the other offences of a scientific European administration. Though Bombay thus gradually became the centre of the British possessions in India, whence the English were able to attack the flourishing trade of the Mogul, and even of the distant King of Siam, the directors of the Company, far away in London, and caring only for their immediate money profits, scarcely did anything for the fortification of the growing emporium of the East, and it was only thanks to the lofty patriotism of the adventurers and fortune-seekers who came hither from their misty native land that Bombay

RECEPTION AT BOMBAY.

was preserved, grew strong, and became at last the most flourishing city in the possessions of the British Crown, second only to London.

At 10.30 A.M. the stately launch of H.I.H. the Cesarewitch glides swiftly out of the dense smoke of the salutes from our squadron; and, from the *Turquoise* and the *Reindeer*, cheers, mingled with the strains of the bands on board our ships, follow H.I. Highness. Not only the ironclads, but the two monitors, the *Magdala* and the *Abyssinia*, as well as the gunboat *Brisk*, the large steamers, and the yachts in the harbour, are decorated with flags. We draw nearer and nearer to the Wellington Pier, which still retains its former name of the Apollo Bunder (having nothing to do with the Hellenic divinity, but deriving its name from the 'palla,' a fish of which great quantities used to be sold here).[1] H.I. Highness is greeted by a salute of twenty-one guns from the Saluting Battery.

We draw up at the stone steps, covered with red cloth, which lead up to the splendid shamiana or reception-tent. Here Captain Hext, R.N., Director of the Indian Marine, who accompanied Lord Harris on board the *Azov* this morning, awaits the launch at the foot of the steps. H.E. the Governor and Lieutenant-General Sir George Greaves come forward to meet the distinguished visitors. Their Highnesses enter the gigantic tent and are met by the striking sight presented by the mingled throng of official and non-official personages, who respectfully make way before them, as Lord Harris presents the members of his council, the generals, the judges of the High Court, the consuls (Austrian, French, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Persian, and Turkish) and others.

The shamiana shows off the brilliant uniforms and the native costumes admirably. The dark-brown, gold-embroidered curtains hang picturesquely from the ceiling and drape the supporting columns, decked with shields and flags, of which a number are also attached to the ceiling. The long passage leading to the equipages is lined with flowers and plants. The Russian National Anthem is played by the guard of honour furnished by the Gloucestershire Regiment. From the balconies, covered with scarlet cloth, European ladies and the beautiful wives of the Parsees, decked in their rich jewellery, look down on the distinguished visitors, while the more influential of their husbands, fathers, and brothers, along with the Europeans and some Mohammedans of high social position, have gathered near the suite of the Grand Duke. Of the native notables present at the landing we must not omit to mention some independent chiefs: the Chief of Wishalgha (a Maratha district, which submitted to the British about the end of the last century), the Chief of Jasden (from an ancient town in Gujerat), and the Chief of Inchalkaranji. The Archbishop of Damaun, a colony ceded to the Portuguese by the fierce Marathas, as compensation for their frequent raids, is also visible in the throng, personifying the great spiritual power of Catholicism, which has long been striving to act on India. Near his Holiness stands Prince Samatsingji of Palitana, a Rajpoot of ancient family. The very name of the place whence he has come transfers our thoughts thither, where from time immemorial, on the holy mountain of Satroonjaya, among countless temples of artistic workmanship, the adherents of the Jain religion adore Adinat, a man who has reached divine perfection. Our excursion will not take us into the district of Palitana, but its name alone is, as it were, the source of an aroma of beauty, for in the imagination of him who has never seen the antiquities and the architectural relics of India, which excite such interest in the mind, and who is as yet only preparing to gaze on those monuments of Oriental art, the very name of a

[1] This is Sir George Birdwood's etymology; but the late Mr. George Pedder held that the name of the Apollo Bunder was due to its having been the site where the *poli* cake, eaten at the *Holi* festival, was baked. The late Sir Michael Westropp derived it from the *palwa*, or native fighting-vessels, by which it was frequented in the last century. Sir Henry Yule seems to accept the last etymology (*Glossary of Indian Words*). Probably the name of the fish *palla* or *palwa*, of the *poli* cake, and of the *palwa* fighting-boats, all enter into the etymology of 'Apollo Bunder.'

place which owes its fame to them gives rise to a vivid picture of those distant wonders of the ancient civilisation which day after day we are to enjoy.

We are surrounded on all sides by officers (of the Gloucestershire Regiment, the 4th Bombay Rifles, the Royal Artillery, and the Marines). The native representatives of the city, headed by Khan Bahadur Murz Ban, who erected the splendid shamiana, move towards the entrance side by side with the suite of the Cesarewitch. H.I. Highness inspects the guard of honour, and then takes his seat in a State carriage, along with the Governor, his military secretary Colonel Rhodes, and Prince Obolensky. Prince George of Greece and the rest of the party of the distinguished guest of H.M. Queen Victoria take their seats in the other carriages. Though numbers of people had flocked out into the street from early morning, and though no small numbers of spectators had come from a distance to catch a glimpse of the Russian Grand Duke on his visit to Bombay, yet the crowd is a pattern of order; stillness almost unbroken reigns around, and it is only gradually that a noisy animation makes its appearance. The populace naturally looks with wonder on the handsome uniforms of the Imperial Guard, never yet seen by them. Some of the half-naked natives must be greatly astonished at the fur shako forming part of the uniform of the Hussars of the Guard, especially when worn in the heat that reigns beneath an Indian sky. Nevertheless, so far as the outward impression goes, it would have been difficult to invent a more picturesque attire: the mighty North becomes nearer and more comprehensible to the children of the South when they see its representative in his pelisse trimmed with beaver's fur. The former sovereigns of the Punjab, also, used to appear before the natives of India in precious Himalayan or even Siberian furs.

As we drive along in the open Government House carriages, the gold and silver two-headed eagles on the helmets of the Horse Guard and Chevalier Guides regiments flash and blaze in the sun. They must give rise to the strangest remarks in the crowd, as to whether it is conceivable and safe for foreigners to appear with such head-gear, in a tropical land, under the scorching rays of the midday sun, when Europeans in general, to escape sunstroke, never leave the house during the day but in comparatively light pith helmets.

The procession moves on slowly from the landing-place. The Governor's body-guard, consisting of turbaned horsemen, under the command of an English officer, is quite in harmony with the native outriders, managing the four horses which draw the lofty and somewhat old-fashioned carriage of the Governor. The windows and the balconies along the way, to say nothing of the side-walks, are filled with spectators. Shouts of welcome are heard here and there. The variety of characteristic types of costumes, and of the peculiar native equipages, whence the gloriously robed ladies of the richer natives look on at the procession, is so great that, at first, words and colours fail to picture Bombay as it appears on first acquaintance.

But it is not without surprise, and even disappointment, that one finds it to be externally too European. The buildings, however, which at a distance look cold and unpicturesque, are really more attractive on a nearer acquaintance. Here is a building, in a mediæval style of architecture —a school for natives of India, erected chiefly at the expense of a rich Parsee gentleman, in memory of Mountstuart Elphinstone, the best of the former Governors of Bombay. Here is the massive Esplanade Hotel, partly built of iron. Near the Post Office we turn down Church Gate Street into the Queen's Road. The flags hitherto seen at the receptions are absent, the only building decorated with them being that of the well-known Greek firm of Messrs. Ralli Brothers.

Our progress becomes swifter. The crowds on the roadside become thinner. The neighbourhood begins to look more like a suburb, though we are still in the city itself. Soon on our right hand,

running parallel to the street, which is lined with trees, we see a long railing, from beyond which there seems to come a smell of burning. Judging by descriptions, this must be the place where the Hindus burn the bodies of their dead. In the near future we may have an opportunity of being present at the performance of this ceremony, which has its lawful explanation and justification in the climatic conditions of the land. Attacks, however, are made by medical men on the authorities of Bombay for allowing the natives to cremate their dead so close to the European quarters of the city. Hard by the heathen crematorium, a pious Mohammedan has erected a house for the *hajis* or pilgrims to Mecca who gather at this port. Next come the Mohammedan and the Christian cemeteries. The road winds along the shore of the bay (over ground but recently won from the ocean) past the Parsee Girls' School and up Malabar Hill, a wooded promontory running south, which is a favourite

HINDU LADIES.

retreat for the rich citizen of Bombay, as an invigorating breeze constantly blows here from the ocean.

Noon is drawing near. The carriages have left the landing-place a good four miles behind them, when, at a hilly turn of the road, we see in front of us a white iron gate, guarded by sentinels. Beyond it is a guard of honour, with banner and band, furnished by the 4th Bombay Rifles, under the command of a native officer, Subadar Mehta Harmehta. The strains of the Russian National Anthem greet H.I. Highness.

The broad stair of Government House is lined by motionless native servants dressed in red livery. Lord Harris hastens to leave the carriage and formally receive H.I. Highness. Half-way up the steps the Cesarewitch is received by Lady Harris, attended by Mr. Edgerley, private secretary to her husband. As the other carriages draw up, the members of the Grand Duke's suite make the acquaintance of Mr. Hardinge, second secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople, who speaks Russian, has served in St. Petersburg, and is appointed (along with Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace) to accompany H.I. Highness through India; also of Captain Forbes, and Captain St. Leger Jervis, aides-de-camp to H.E. the Governor.

Having driven in state through the streets of Bombay, it is now time to form a clearer idea of what surrounds us, and of the interest attaching to that part of India whither the journey of their Highnesses has led us. From the roomy verandah of Government House on Malabar Hill we have a really magnificent view of the ocean we have just crossed, of the chaos of European and native buildings, with stately towers, long open galleries, and soft outlines which seem to melt into the radiant distance. Between the city and the Government House, at present the abode of the Cesarewitch, lie the waters of the broad and shallow Back Bay, running up into that part of the land which is chiefly occupied by the newer quarters of Bombay. The calm surface of these waters forms a marked contrast to the harbour by the absence of any large vessels, and of the forest of masts, funnels, and sails which lines the dark-blue, foam-flecked sea lying beyond the chief European quarter. We are indeed in India, but in an India widely different from that dreamt of on the way hither, when the fancy, oblivious of the sameness and want of beauty which is to some extent peculiar to all seaport towns with a wide commercial development, painted the Malabar coast, without due warrant, as an all but virgin forest, inhabited by a strange people, and full of mysterious temples, overpowering in their majesty and unequalled beauty. Instead of this, the first impressions, received in the interval between our entrance into the harbour and the drive through the streets of the European quarter to the residence of Lord Harris were in reality somewhat calculated to rouse disappointment. What met the eye on the way here did not, either in colour or in form, surpass or efface our recollections of Egypt, still fresh and clear in the memory. On the contrary, excepting the typical faces of the natives, who from afar off greeted, or rather gazed with curiosity and wonder at the brilliant procession on its way from the landing-place to Malabar Hill, nothing seemed especially individual, particularly picturesque, or distinguished by that charm which met us at every step in the yet unforgotten land of the Pharaohs.

Now, having collected oneself after receiving a mass of new impressions, all that has been seen gradually becomes clearer, the spiritual eye penetrates, as it were, into the reality of the things around us, and gradually leads to the feeling that the imagination already reflects a whole new world, distinguished by this remarkable peculiarity, that it does not, at first, produce too deep an impression, yet gradually draws the European deeper and more irresistibly into itself. He who has once set foot on the shores of India, who has even for a short time experienced its charm, will never forget this beautiful land, with its people, at first sight unattractive, and with its beautiful scenery.

The house in which we now are guests is undoubtedly one of the most important centres of government on the face of the earth. From this spot the Governor of Bombay rules over an immense region, with a population of twenty-five millions; his sway extends over the native principalities adjoining the presidency or forming part of its territory; Beloochistan in the north is the boundary of the power of the administration, to whom the English nation intrusts on the western coast of India politically the most necessary districts of the Indian Empire. The greater part of the trade of Europe with the former empire of the Great Moguls is carried on through Bombay. The coast, which some two or three centuries ago was regarded as comparatively insignificant from a commercial point of view, desolate, unhealthy, and dangerous, on account of the neighbourhood of pirates, is at present very densely populated, has good sanitary arrangements, is covered with habitations, and may, in a sense, be said to be fortified. In any case, the time lies far behind us when not only Europeans, but even the half-savage natives, were here the rivals and foes of the English by sea. Strictly speaking, it is but a little while ago that the latter gained a firm footing on the Bombay

coast. About a hundred years ago they did not even hold the islands that lay nearest the town. Had not fortune shown such extraordinary favour to the countrymen of Clive and Warren Hastings in India during the last century, it is a very doubtful question who would now be ruling over that vast country which the Cesarewitch is about to survey.

Rooms are set apart for the distinguished visitors in a separate building next the Governor's house. The members of the suite are accommodated in little houses standing near each other in the garden. Red cloth is laid down along the path leading from the grand entrance of Government House to the entrance to the abode of their Highnesses. During the stay of the Grand Duke a guard is furnished for Government House by the Gloucestershire Regiment. An English sentinel stands on guard before the bungalow of the distinguished guests. Two Parsee reporters wander anxiously round the doors of our rooms in the hope of gathering some interesting information. After midday we begin to gather for lunch. Next the dining-room, on the verandah opening out on to the garden, lie the morning papers. In contrast to the usual tone of the British press, the articles on the visit to India of the Heir to the Russian throne are very courteous, and even sympathetic. Among the articles devoted to him one is pleased to find a good translation of Lermontoff's 'Sail.'

Glitters a white, a lonely sail,
Where stoops the grey mist o'er the sea—
What does his distant search avail?
At home, unfound, what leaveth he?
Whistles the wind, the waves at play
Sport round the bending, creaking mast;
But not for Fortune does he stray,
Nor yet from Fortune flees he fast.
'Neath him, like sapphire, gleams the sea;
O'er him, like gold, the sunlight glows—
But storms, ah! reckless, wooeth he,
As if in storms he 'd find repose.—J. POLLEN.

At lunch, even minor details show that we are in a new world. A number of native servants glide noiselessly among the tables round which the host and hostess, with their guests, have grouped themselves. The number of dishes is great, and they are highly spiced. The stupefying midday heat deprives one of one's natural appetite, and in general has a relaxing influence. Some of the turbaned servants, in their red liveries with white sashes, have the Russian letter N embroidered on the breast. It seems that here, in India, a European is inconceivable without a following of one or several natives, who serve him, and him alone, from morning to night, especially during meals, going personally to the kitchen for his food, standing behind him, changing his plate themselves, etc. The natives of Meerut (near Delhi) are considered as the best servants, and it is thence that several Mohammedans, knowing some English, very attentive, without pretensions, and having some experience in the service of foreign tourists, have been specially brought to attend on their Highnesses and the members of their suite.

Through the perforated carving of the fine ebony doors we can see into the neighbouring reception-rooms of the Governor's house. A portrait of the Empress of India occupies a prominent place in the dining-room. Two of those present bear names famous in the annals of Indian conquest. The days are still not far off when the position of the English in the interior of the country was so critical, that it was only the energy of champions, such as General (afterwards Lord)

Harris, that broke down the barriers on the road to the mastery of India. In 1799 he gained a victory, in what is now the Madras Presidency, over the dangerous Mussulman element, which might easily have become an irresistible and threatening power in the person of Tippoo Saib, the bloodthirsty Sultan of Mysore, who bore a bloody hand on his standard of green silk. The fame of this native sovereign was so great that, during his wars, the Brahmins used to offer up prayers for the victory of the very man who in all ways oppressed Hinduism, and insulted the religion of the heathen. At that time the English army suffered many privations, was weakened, and did not calculate on unconditional success. The victory it gained it owed to General Harris.

The grandson of another no less remarkable man, who accelerated the subjugation of the Punjab, young Mr. Hardinge, is another representative of a name that stands high in the annals of British India.

The heat of the day is passing into comparative coolness. The motley crowds which gathered a little while ago to gaze on the ceremony of the arrival of the Cesarewitch have already streamed away from the streets. H.I. Highness and Prince George of Greece, attired in plain clothes, and accompanied by H.E. the Governor, the suite, and several members of the society of Bombay (including some ladies) embark at the Apollo Bunder on board the steam-launch *Bee*, prepared for them by the authorities, and steam north-west across the bay. The party being large, some of the members have to follow in another launch.

Our three frigates—with which we must here part for our journey into the interior of India,—lying grim and motionless amidst the teeming life of the port, form a marked contrast to the other men-of-war and the merchantmen.

The soft blue waters heave with a calm and gentle swell under the scarce perceptible evening breeze. As the town recedes, the outlook becomes wider and more beautiful. In the distance lie the Custom House buildings and the dock of the Mazagaon quarter. Islands, promontories, and steep wooded cliffs appear a little way off. Beyond them, towards the mainland, towers a mountain-range. The surrounding verdure forms a pleasing contrast to the arid deserts of Aden, but recently left behind us. After our long sea-voyage, land seems to have become nearer and dearer to us. The enchanting bay, narrowing down towards the north, of course only increases the charm. The fanciful outlines of the heights in places remind one of ancient castles.

As yet we are but dimly conscious that we are really in India. The scenery and the light are beautiful, but not more so than in Egypt, and have nothing characteristic about them. One keeps asking oneself, 'What more?'

From Bombay to Elephanta is some six miles. Time slips by unnoticed, and in an hour we shall reach our destination. The launches steam swiftly over the still waters. Before us lies the island, formerly known to the natives as 'Devadevi,' *i.e.* the island of the gods, which now bears the prosaic name of 'Butcher's Island.' Here, we are told, is the quarantine station, and here we see that a park containing two cosy cottages has been laid out. Further on we come in sight of our destination, Harapuri (the city, or more strictly speaking the place, of artificial caves, in honour of Hara-Siva), where the hills, overgrown with brushwood, hide one of the most remarkable objects in the district.

Similar ones (though of another character) lie here and there near the bay. The most interesting among them is the Kanheri monument, which speaks, for instance, of the famous preacher Buddhagosha, who introduced Buddhism into Burmah and Siam, and also of the tooth of Buddha,

concealed here, against which a persecution was instituted by the Brahmins, and which was afterwards removed to Ceylon.

To land on the beach at Elephanta is impossible. One must make one's way on shore over a long series of slippery stepping-stones, which run out into the sea. The palms here grow closer to the water. The place looks lonely and gloomy. A tolerably wide stair, of about a hundred steps, built by some pious Hindus, leads up the slope of the nearest height, and along the narrowing valley. Here the keepers of the place annually kill hundreds of snakes as they creep out on to the slope to bask in the sun. Their choice of an abode is really very appropriate, the island being sacred to Siva, among whose attributes they are numbered.

The ascent, though somewhat fatiguing, rewards us with a beautiful view opening out on to the sea, with its light and scarcely appreciable play of colour, and on to the distant shores covered with tropical verdure, seeming like another green and heaving ocean. What a beautiful sight Indian scenery presents!

The stony path is bordered by a forest. Creeping plants stretch from branch to branch of the trees. The dark trunks of the Palmyra palms rise up straight as arrows. The reverend banyan-trees (*Ficus indica*) spread out in a labyrinth of roots and shoots. The bamboos expand into gigantic nosegays. The thorny cactuses intertwine in impassable barriers. The dead leaves rustle under foot. It is very hot, and the stair is somewhat steep.

Why was this island named Elephanta? Its discoverers, the Portuguese, found here a black image of an elephant some forty feet high. After having stood for centuries it began to crumble away. Travellers of the last century give descriptions of this giant figure, adding that on its back was another, but mutilated image, probably that of a tiger; in 1814 the head and neck of the animal, which gave its name to the island, fell off and the back cracked. By 1860 the unwieldy remains were transported to the public garden of Bombay.

Besides these remnants, there existed here, within the memory of Europeans, other traces of an undeciphered antiquity, *e.g.* a stone horse, deep sunk in the earth and now quite vanished, fragments of idols, fallen columns, foundations of buildings, etc. There seem to be grounds for supposing that here, in ancient days, stood one of the cities of the native kingdom of the Mauryas.

The distinguished travellers mount to a beautiful terrace, with a cottage, tenanted by the guardians of the monuments. By the side of the chairs placed near it (for the convenience of visitors from Bombay) stands a much mutilated idol, which there has probably not yet been an opportunity to add to any archæological collection . . . and here are the caves themselves!

Three regular rows of massive columns divide the entrance into the sacred cave. It is overhung by a dense mass of verdure, spangled with flowers. Further on, and deeper in the mysterious gloom, are seen forsaken altars, strange gods, and heathen legends carved on the basalt walls. It gradually dawns on us that we stand on the threshold of Brahminical India, that at last we see before us that unfathomable East, which has not crumbled away, like that we saw on the Nile, but still lives, moves, breathes, and attracts the spectator.

The central cave is empty and very gloomy. The crowds of worshippers and the priests have forsaken it from unknown causes: either on account of the rains, which flooded and ruined it, coming in through the cracks above, or because of the intolerance of the Portuguese, who assailed it with unprovoked mockery. The latter is the more probable reason. Strange to say, defenders of such Vandalism are to be found even now. Bishop Zalesski (a Pole by birth), recently sent to India by

the Pope, expressed, in print, his approval of this boorish behaviour: 'The shot of Catholics struck these infidel columns. Those who acted so in the name of the faith did right, as they were destroying a monument of heathen art. It was considered original, and even lofty,—nevertheless it was necessary to destroy it.' It is just this barbarous and un-Christian policy that partly explains why Portugal, once powerful, lost her hold on the country. The Hindus, with the timidity natural to them, shrank back before the uncalled for and brutal outrage. The temple was deserted. It is but rarely that a few zealous worshippers come hither to adorn some of the objects of worship and to wash in the little tank, lying on one side of the chief temple, the water in which is supposed to find its way underground from the sacred Ganges itself, and is therefore, in the eyes of the natives, endowed with miraculous qualities; *e.g.*, however much water may be drawn from it, the quantity never lessens.

We enter the vaulted roof of a comparatively low cave, about twenty feet high. Some of the columns exist no more. Of others nothing is left but the round, cushion-shaped capitals hanging down grotesquely above us. The feeble light, the damp gloom surrounding us, the mysterious figures of new and strange divinities—all, at first sight, favours the mystery which dwells here and disposes one to penetrate deeper into this new and silent world of ideas carven in the rock.

The gigantic bas-reliefs on the walls look into the distance with cold and fixed gaze. It is but natural to seek for the explanation of each figure, each group, for the meaning of the unnatural number of heads, hands, and feet. The imagination of the builders of the sanctuary was, of course, guided by the long received types of the images; but the more wonderful, then, is the genesis of the latter, the accuracy with which they were, and still are, handed down unchanged from generation to generation.

The most striking among them is the Trimurti (a combination of Brahma, Vishnu, and Rudra-Siva) in a separate three-faced statue. The central face is calm and passionless, the one to the right of it is grim and threatening, while the one to our right wears a joyous expression. The dimensions alone of these faces (almost without bodies, and with a peculiar arrangement of the hair) are enough to produce a strong impression even on a European, especially when attention is paid to details, to the finish of their several attributes: the lotus, the skull, the cobra. At one time the Trimurti was probably hidden by a curtain, drawn only on feast-days.

The noses of two chief busts are broken; some of the statues are altogether disfigured. In vain did the gigantic stone warders stand on guard at the entrance. Pale-faced strangers came hither and, with mocking laughter, laid hands on the temple of the divinity of destruction, whom we see here by the side of Brahma the creator and in other sculptures, the cave being sacred to Siva alone. Here he assumes different aspects as seems good to him.

Thus, to the left of the three-headed group stands a curious figure called Ardhanaris'war; the left half of the body is female, while the right is male,—this being a personification of the same terrible principle which here rests on the mythical bull Nandi, the fertiliser. Round it are seen some of the extraordinary creations of the Hindu pantheon: a four-faced Brahma on a throne supported by five swans, Vishnu with the fabulous bird Garuda, somewhat resembling an eagle. Indra on his elephant, etc.

In another place we find an enormous figure of Siva with a crescent on his headgear, and his bride, the goddess Parvati. Gods of smaller dimensions surround them here, while farther on we see them showering flowers on the same couple, enthroned in their palace in the Himalayas, on the occasion of the birth of their son.

ELEPHANTA.

On the opposite wall we see, under the above-mentioned palace (*kailas*), the ten-headed and many-handed Ravan, king of Ceylon and ruler of the powers of darkness, who, actuated by extreme zeal, vainly strives to move the abode of Siva, whose worshipper he is, from the north to the south. The terrible god has a third eye in his forehead, whence, in case of necessity, an all-devouring flame is ready to burst forth. Excepting when he appears as a happy lover, an inexorable conqueror, or an ascetic, he may everywhere be taken as the personification of anger, vengeance, or punishment. It is terrible to think in what shapes he appeared to the heated imagination of his adorers.

This rock temple is consecrated to Siva. Buddhist influence here is very vague and doubtful. The date of this monument of Indian architecture and sculpture is referred by archæologists to the period from the eighth to the twelfth century of our era. According to tradition, this sanctuary is the work of the heroes of native fable, or else appeared later in the days of Alexander of Macedon, idealised by the poetry of the East. Vague traditions also state that it was from the Brahmins of Elephanta that Zoroaster borrowed the principles of his creed.

It is customary in Bombay to choose this place for picnic parties. On the present occasion, too, the table is covered, tea and cooling drinks are prepared, and there is a rattling of crockery and a moving of chairs.

When, some fifteen years ago, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Bombay, a State entertainment was given by night in his honour at the foot of these bas-reliefs. The deserted temple was illuminated with red, blue, and green Bengal lights. But this artificial European gaiety scarcely harmonised with the sadness inspired by the surrounding sculpture. How much more splendid were they in days of yore. Then, all around was covered with a kind of coloured paste. Fragrant garlands hung from the ceiling, the gods shone with gilding and precious stones, lamps burned on the altars, torches illuminated the recesses of the temple, sacrifices were offered up to an inevitably fatal, mighty, and awful principle, far above passions and suffering, the Brahmins performed their sacred rites, the worshippers looked on in awe and silence. And suddenly, amidst such surroundings, how strange to find our Western life for the passing hour, to hear loud conversation, and to observe a certain want of respect for those principles before which the Hindu bows down to the dust.

Besides the chief cave there are smaller ones next to it. Before one of them stand two basalt griffins. Within the memory of the Portuguese there was a marble porch before one of the temples of Elephanta. But the work of destruction goes on, and nothing remains of it now. The colours have vanished. The masters of the place have given up the heritage of their ancestors. The idols are dead.

The distinguished visitors descend again to the marshy shore. Native children run by our side, offering flowers for sale. It is growing fresh, and a cool breeze ripples the surface of the sea, which still retains its rosy sunset hue, and seems to quiver. This shiver is communicated to us who are unaccustomed to the climate of the place, and very soon feel the effects of the midday heat in Bombay. We go to the line of stones, which form a sort of landing-place, and on to the launches. It is rapidly growing dark; outlines grow vague; Elephanta lies behind us, a dead, formless mass.

In the distance the vessels in the harbour show black, and sparkle with many a light. In the fluttering breath of the early night the sails of the native boats seem like joyously spread out wings. The calm moonlight begins to creep gradually over the silent earth and the murmuring sea. It moves onward, with all confided to it, into the unknown expanse. The engine of our

little steamer works noisily. The city is near. Next to the Apollo Bunder the Royal Yacht Club is brilliantly illuminated. There is scarcely time to dress for the State dinner at Government House, to prepare for the new impressions awaiting us at the rout and ball, to which the representatives of the Indian East are probably invited.

It is past six o'clock. On the road home from the landing-place one keeps remembering with a marked wonder the dim vaults of the heathen temple on the forsaken island, the dumb images yearning to depart from the desecrated temple, the sadness inspired by the strange sight of the empty temple and the solitude in which dwell those idols now deprived of all importance.

At the State dinner given by Lord Harris on the day of the Cesarewitch's landing on Indian soil, besides the augmented suite of H.I. Highness, there were present: the Bishop of Bombay and Mrs. Mylne, General Greaves, the senior members of the local administration (Messrs. West, Pritchard, Sargeant, and others), Admiral Basargin with his flag-officer, the French Consul, etc. During dinner the toasts called for by international etiquette were proposed.

After 9 P.M. numbers of guests began to arrive at the Governor's house on Malabar Hill. Altogether about six hundred guests were invited. Among others, the officers of our squadron were present.

The host and Lady Harris then requested the Grand Duke to pass in official procession, with the members of his suite leading, into the drawing-room, transformed this evening into a ball-room. A brilliant party gathered round their Highnesses and the Governor. At a few minutes to ten the Cesarewitch opened the ball with the hostess.

Our very natural expectation of finding a considerable admixture of the native element at the rout was doomed to disappointment. One only caught a glimpse of the lonely and gloomy figure of a semi-Anglicised Hindu: the chief of Lord Harris's escort, a tall, turbaned figure, sauntered, apart from every one else, along the gallery opening into the garden, and the only striking exception lay in two Parsees with their wives, whose attire could not but attract the attention of us newcomers. Black-eyed, pale-faced (with a yellowish tint), with hair parted down the middle, they wore silk shawls (*saris*) on their heads, the golden-tinted folds falling gracefully over their shoulders and waists.

But a little while ago, according to ancient Iranian views, women feared to appear before strangers not only with heads uncovered but even with forehead unveiled. But fashion has abolished this ancestral custom among the Parsees, as it has done that which required golden nose-rings to be worn, as is still done by many natives of India.

Among the Parsees invited to the ball was Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the grandson of a well-known merchant who made his fortune in the China trade, and received the title of baronet for the wise and generous distribution of his money in charity. The present representative of the family is at the head of the Parsee community, and has received the Star of India as a special reward from her Majesty.

The part played by the fire-worshippers, or, speaking more correctly, the sun-worshippers, in India is in many respects similar to that played by the Jews in Western Europe. There are Jews, too, on the Bombay coast, of Mesopotamian origin, with their own Rothschilds, the millionaire Sassoons, at their head.

In the intervals of the dancing, which lasted on after midnight, the guests walked in the garden, which was illuminated with garlands of Chinese lanterns. The beautiful warm air (two

weeks before Christmas at home in Russia!) predisposed one to the most pleasant thoughts. Seated on any one of the garden-seats, in the shadow, one might gaze unwearied and without end on the groups promenading among the illuminations. A refreshment-room was situated in an open tent in the garden. A string of carriages was drawn up beyond the lights that marked the Governor's house. The music seemed to dissolve in the motionless air. The gaiety and festivity so foreign to our hearts, passing as it were incidentally before the eye, formed an original and motley conclusion to the fiftieth day of the Cesarewitch's journey.

WEDNESDAY, *December* 12/24.

How strange it feels to wake up in a real Indian bungalow, one of those typical buildings in which the English live here! The series of lofty and spacious rooms is well ventilated by the windows and doors which open on to the terrace outside. Below it one hears the dull, measured roll of the sea breaking on the rocks on the shore. Through the light mosquito-net one can see the native servant as he carefully places on a chair at the bedside a tray with the 'chota hazri,' the early breakfast affected by Europeans in this country, and consisting of strong tea, biscuits, and fruit.

The fresh breeze blows on one's face as one comes out on to the long stone balcony gilded by the rays of the sun. European houses are always raised several steps above the ground, to prevent poisonous miasmas and reptiles from penetrating into the sleeping apartments. The dense foliage of the trees has interlaced around the houses in which we are living, part of the ocean spreads out beyond them, the foaming crests of the waves flashing in the sunlight. The city itself, the harbour, and the squadron are invisible, lying on the other side. Our ships are still near us, but we feel ourselves cut off from them. The world of India lies between us and them.

A bright and active lizard suddenly pauses motionless on a neighbouring wall. A pretty little dark-coloured squirrel, with stripes running across its back, stripes which, tradition says, are the traces of the fingers of a heathen divinity who took up the animal in his hands, leaps leisurely from branch to branch. A little green parrot looks out of the glossy foliage with absurd solemnity. The scene is full of lulling softness of early morning. The deep blue heavens gaze down on the palm-groves. . . .

Side by side with the remarkable spread of Western civilisation on the Bombay coast, and the firmness with which it has taken root there,—within a stone's-throw of the Governor's residence, and of the luxurious houses of the local plutocracy,—the ancient inhabitants of the land, the good-natured, conservative Hindus, under the guidance of the spiritual leaders of the people, the Brahmins, persistently continue to live a life of their own, to believe and to pray after their own fashion, and to look on the world, as they did a thousand years ago, with the eyes of grown-up children. As during the coming journey through India we shall, probably, more than once come into direct contact with different manifestations of the native religion, with local religious customs, and with the peculiarities of native worship, their Highnesses omit the visit to the temple of Valkes'war (the Lord of Sand) on Malabar Hill, a temple which owes its origin to the miraculous sojourn of the hero Rama, who tarried at this very spot during his advance on Ceylon, whither, according to the ancient romantic epic, Sita, the wife of this hero of immemorial mythical ages, had been carried off, her husband afterwards wandering through the wilds of India in search

of his lost spouse. In the course of his travels he came hither, to Malabar Hill, where now the grim muzzles of English guns look seaward. Wearied by his long journey, the hero was athirst, but there was no fresh water near, so he shot an arrow into the earth and a tank appeared on the spot where it fell. But the supernatural phenomena were not confined to this alone. The companion and comrade-in-arms of Rama, the hero Lakshman, daily despatched to him through the air a lingam, the emblem of Siva, for him to worship. Praying before it Rama gained strength for the continuation of his search, and for new deeds of valour. One day the lingam did not arrive in time, so the hero himself made the emblem of Siva out of a handful of sand. Since that time the spot on Malabar Hill has been regarded as sacred by the natives who gather there. When the Portuguese appeared the lingam is believed to have cast itself into the sea in sacred horror.

The natives still piously wash themselves in the waters of Valkes'war. The worship of the dread Siva is embodied, as before, in mysterious rites.

This is only one of the peculiarities of the part of Bombay lying nearest to us, but there are others, much more peculiar and but little comprehensible to Europeans, examples of which are not difficult to find.

Having left Government House between four and five o'clock in the afternoon for a projected excursion to the former Government residence at Parel, where the *élite* of Bombay society are to be presented to the Cesarewitch, their Highnesses, Lord Harris, and the suite drive along a beautiful mountain road, that runs along the upper part of the seaward slope of Malabar Hill. At one of the turns the eye is suddenly struck by groves of trees, on whose summits carrion-feeding birds of prey of the vulture family sit cleaning their beaks.

What reader of books on India has not heard of the 'towers of silence' of the adherents of the Zoroastrian religion? They stood here, on Malabar Hill, even before the advent of the English. Right before us, behind the nearest wall, half hidden in foliage, lies the last resting-place of the worshippers of the sun. As Europeans are not allowed to enter it, and to be present at the ceremony which replaces the rites of interment is out of the question, it would be useless for us even to leave the carriages for a cursory look at the model of these famous towers, which stands in the garden behind the wall. Information enough is supplied during the drive past for those who wish to form a clear idea of how the Parsees bury their dead and of what awaits them in the tower of silence.

The dead are brought here and given over into the hands of special priests; the corpses are laid on metal gratings above the circular aperture of the tower; the vultures flock thither and tear their prey to pieces, while the bones, as they are freed from the flesh, roll down into one common sepulchre, where for a period of many years the members of the Parsee community indiscriminately, without distinction of sex, age, or social position, find the same stern, all-devouring grave. It is only as an exception that one rich Parsee has built himself a separate tower.

If the vultures do not at once attack a freshly brought corpse, it is regarded as an evil omen, a sign of great sin in the departed.

Some travellers have blamed the Parsees for such hard-hearted and even barbarous treatment of their deceased friends and relations, but a better acquaintance with the causes which lead the worshippers of the sun to do so, in obedience to the commandments inherited from their fore-fathers, from a period nearly as far back as that age when Iran was yet developing and gaining strength, will lead us to look with a natural tolerance on this apparently fanatical custom, and

to find some justification for the peculiar actions of the Parsees. Their creed teaches that 'all that forms the fundamental elements of the universe—fire, earth, water, etc.—is sacred. A corpse, unclean in its very essence, would defile, by its immediate contact, those principles which men ought to reverence and protect from all possible contamination. Once the vultures have torn away the garment of flesh from the skeleton of a man, once the bones have fallen down into the common grave, which makes all equal, the elements remain untouched by decomposing matter, while those who have interred their dead after their own fashion have not committed any grievous sin.'

Freed from its mortal sheath, the soul flies upward to the heaven of Ahura-Mazda, into which none but the just may enter, passing safely over the dread bridge of trial 'Chinuvat.' At the gates of paradise they are met by a maid of marvellous beauty, the embodiment of their own good deeds. Then is the soul transfigured—

'And[1] all the joys of life again before it pass, and all that it has undergone, and all that lies before it yet. Then, warmed by the rays of bliss, and drawing breath from the source of life, the soul sinks peacefully into the ocean of eternal light.'

In explaining to foreigners these doctrines of their ancestral faith, the Parsees point out also that, from the modern sanitary point of view, it is more prudent and more cleanly to do as they, the followers of Zoroaster, do, thus finding a way out of hygienic and moral difficulties of no small importance. Educated Europeans, who, by-the-bye, are perhaps somewhat too hasty in developing an admiration for Eastern philosophy and interpretations, are already beginning to defend, in print, the practice of giving up corpses to be devoured by birds of prey. The Parsees, adroit, insinuating, logically defending each paradox they put forth, now find their views supported by some distinguished foreign writers. The latter probably side with the Parsees for the very reason that they explain and defend so eloquently the meaning they attribute to interment. In Thibet and Mongolia the Buddhists still bear their dead on to some height, leaving them there to be devoured by dogs, birds, and wild beasts. In some places it is even customary for the nearest relations to cut up the body on the summit of a hill and throw the pieces up into the air to the vultures that wheel around. European writers on Lamaism still look on this custom as brutal and shocking. Yet should some Thibetan with a European education come forward with explanations why the trans-Himalayan natives do so and not otherwise, it is quite possible that the very next day European scholars and men of science would begin to speak of the reasonableness and expediency of such a simple mode of burial.

PAREL. Here at one time stood a well-ordered Jesuit monastery, from which the British authorities expelled the monks for political untrustworthiness. On account of the convenience of the place, surrounded by a large park and far more isolated than the old Government residence in the fortress near the sea, the administrators of Bombay moved hither and settled in the massive buildings erected by the Jesuits, until, a few years ago, the unhealthiness of the low-lying spot on which the palace before us was built forced the Governor to seek a better site on Malabar Hill, which is constantly swept by the sea-breeze. There the richer citizens of Bombay had long been dwelling. Yet even as late as the visit of the Prince of Wales, H.R. Highness was received at Parel, now empty and deserted on ordinary days.

[1] Verse in the original.

Numbers of guests, chiefly natives, are gathered at the entrance of Parel. Their Highnesses enter the vast and brightly illuminated hall, and are at once surrounded by distinguished representatives of the native element. Here is Kumar Shri, the Chief of Palitana, whom we saw yesterday, and H.H. Sir Shri Keshri Singhi, Maharajah of Jam, an all but absolute sovereign of Rajpoot, *i.e.* of warrior-blood, the ruler of several hundred thousands of subjects, some 330 miles to the north-west of Bombay. Until a little while ago the proud fellow-countrymen of the Maharajah used to destroy their female offspring, in consequence of the impossibility of their marrying into families as noble as their own, and in order to avoid the disgrace of their remaining unwedded.

A stout youth, some eighteen years old, in a black frock-coat and fez, turns out to be Aga Shah, a wonderful being, looked on by the rich Bombay Mohammedans of the Shiite sect as the incarnation of the semi-legendary 'old man of the mountains,' the chief of the Assassins, a sect of religious murderers, whose name the Crusaders made notorious in Europe. Their peaceable descendants, of whom there are some 10,000 families in India, migrated hither from Persia owing to the dissensions between the former Aga Shah and the Persian Government, and have gained immense riches by trading with China and Siam.

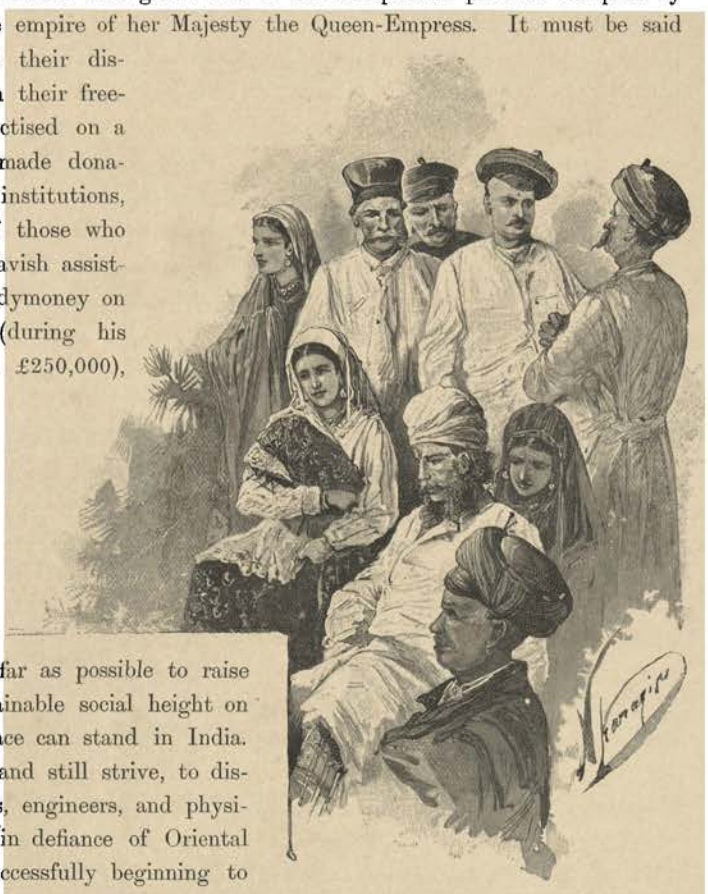
Hard by stands the Khan of Sachin, Nawaba Yava Nasrullah, the descendant of pirate-chiefs of Abyssinian origin, who were at one time the terror of the neighbouring coast, and who, on account of their friendly relations with the English, obtained the right of an official salute of nine guns from the authorities.

Name after name, one stranger than the other, strikes the ear, as one inquires who the non-European guests are. The names and titles sound so peculiar that it would be a pity not to mention some of them, *e.g.* Atmaran Trimbuck Kharka Rai Bahadur, Bujorji Zorabji Shroff, Bhagwandas Narotumdas, Bomonji Cursetjee Bandupwalla, Damoderdas Tapedas Varajdas, Shwlal Motalal, etc. Even a Russian ear, accustomed to the various names of our Asiatic borders, finds something strange in all these 'dasses' and 'jees.'

The majority of the guests consists of Parsees with their wives and daughters (in their variegated, delicately tinted *saris*). As we shall have to notice this small portion of the population of India more and more frequently, it is time to speak of them more in detail.

The migration of the Parsees to India took place shortly after the fall of the Sassanian dynasty. The Persians either embraced Islam, or submitted to the cruel and degrading conditions under which they were allowed to remain as heathens in their native land, or finally sought safety in flight, at first to the island of Ormuz in the Gulf of Persia, and afterwards to Western India, where a Brahmin rajah humanely received the unfortunate exiles, and permitted them to retain the faith of their fathers, on condition that they, on their side, should not in any way insult the religion of his subjects. They agreed to this, gradually grew accustomed to their new home on the peninsula of the Gujerat, assimilated themselves to some extent to the native population, and when the Mohammedans in after years penetrated into the land which had given shelter to the Parsees, the latter met their inveterate foe bravely, along with the other inhabitants. Before the advent of the Europeans the sun-worshippers were in no way very remarkable among the local castes and tribes; but afterwards the honesty, accuracy, and commercial capacities shown by them as agents in business transactions between foreigners and natives gained them an honourable position in the seaports of Western India. Side by side with the successes of the English, the

importance of the Parsee element kept increasing. They became very skilful shipbuilders, tradesmen, bankers, enterprising merchants, etc. The opium-trade with China and the development of trade with the seaports of the Celestial Empire, their own capacity for adapting themselves to the requirements of the day, their successful attempts, finally, at self-education, soon raised the Parsees to a condition of great prosperity, have made them invaluable to the English (even in their campaigns against Afghanistan), and have thus given rise to the exceptional position occupied by the 100,000 sun-worshippers in the empire of her Majesty the Queen-Empress. It must be said to the credit of the Parsees that their distinguishing feature has always been their free-handed charity, which has been practised on a grand scale. Rich Parsees have made donations to all sorts of benevolent institutions, without reference to the creed of those who were to avail themselves of their lavish assistance. One millionaire, called Readymoney on account of his unfailing charity (during his lifetime he has given away some £250,000), gave money for the sufferers in the Franco-Prussian war, for schools both Catholic and Protestant, for the sufferers from famines, and to hospitals. Knowing the ambitious character of the Persians, the British authorities rewarded and encouraged their representatives in every possible way, striving as far as possible to raise them nearer to that almost unattainable social height on which only men of Anglo-Saxon race can stand in India. The Parsees, on their side, strove, and still strive, to distinguish themselves as good lawyers, engineers, and physicians. Even young Parsee girls, in defiance of Oriental views of the weaker sex, are successfully beginning to study medicine in order to give what help they can to their Indian sisters shut up in the zenana.



BOMBAY NATIVE TYPES.

Having passed through the reception-hall, their Highnesses enter the garden attached to the former Government House, where they are greeted by our national anthem. The Governor has sent his own band here.

A gaily attired throng of natives follows after us, flooding the walks, and accompanies the Cesarewitch to the raised terrace, thickly planted with trees, which lies a few yards from the house. The somewhat neglected park around us, the legacy of the Jesuit fathers, spreads out in a dense mass of foliage gilded by the light of evening. The variety of turbans, the transparent silk tissues, the respectfully hushed murmur of speech around us, charm the sight and the imagination.

There goes the dark figure of a Catholic priest, gliding through the brilliant throng of natives. At once the past of Parel flashes on the mind, and not of Parel alone, but of all the surrounding country; had it not been for the armed Portuguese and the unarmed soldiers of Rome, who knows when it would have come under European influence.

Four centuries ago, Vasco da Gama, bearing credentials to the 'great Khan of the East,' landed by mistake on the Malabar coast, and almost humbly begged the local chiefs not to decline communication with the West. Soon after, however, the newcomers, full of proselytising ardour, settle on the soil in the quality of new crusaders and found the city of Goa, the capital of a colonial empire, full of luxury, brilliancy, and magnificence. St. Francis Xavier leads the civilising

STREET IN NATIVE QUARTER, BOMBAY.

movement. Their incredible successes promised a glorious future . . . but all was scattered to the winds, for unrighteous projects of a narrow clericalism, and the crimes of those who should have been the apostles of Christianity in the East, destroyed the work of the wise patriots and preachers of the early days of Portugal's dominion in India. Religious persecution bred death and corruption.

The distinguished visitors pass back through the palace of Parel on to the neighbouring lawn, where chairs are placed for the visitors, among whom the consuls and the officers of our squadron are especially remarkable: we are to witness the favourite military sports of the country, —tent-pegging and tilting at the ring. The dusky horsemen of the Governor's escort dash past us and try to catch large pegs driven into the ground, or swinging rings, on the points of their lances. For us Russians, acquainted with the sports of our Cossacks, the spectacle presents no very striking features. No doubt the natives present splendid material for light cavalry,

as the fathers and grandfathers of these same horsemen proved repeatedly in the epoch of the Sikh and Maratha wars; but for the former to develop to the full their native dash and dexterity, they, like Orientals in general, stand in need, perhaps, of Cossack drill and training.

After watching the tent-pegging, their Highnesses return to the palace, and, mounting by a fine marble staircase to the upper flat, cast a glance at the stately apartments above.

Twilight. The enormous deserted halls are dark and empty. It is sad to pass through these desolate chambers, where a Catholic altar once stood (and where, in later days, the English placed a billiard-table), where rajahs and nawabs, ablaze with jewellery, gathered to do homage to the British authorities and to offer their gifts, and where now nothing is heard but the hollow ring of the hasty footfall of chance visitors to Parel.

We are on a spacious balcony. Evening is drawing in. Groups of guests saunter about in the garden below. The Cesarewitch has come up to, and is conversing with, a fine-looking native officer, who has hitherto been standing alone. The tropical sun seems to be falling helplessly and sinking behind the trees. The slender palms, that line the terrace before us, seem to fan themselves with their elegant, fan-like summits. The air is rather damp. It suddenly begins to grow cool.

While waiting for the return home, one gazes into the transparent, deepening gloom, at the sky suddenly grown dark, at the park hard by, veiled in the marshy mist, and at the groups of natives gathered under the balcony. The Parsees preponderate among them. There are so many of them here, they are so typical (*e.g.* one spare-built old man, with large grey moustaches, has quite a Polish cast of features), that one cannot help adding to what has already been said of the followers of Zoroaster a few more facts and conclusions, some far from unnecessary.

In the great city of Bombay the Parsees form only a small percentage of the population, but owing to their great riches, their wonderful exclusiveness and solidarity, and, most of all, because of their power of keeping on good terms with the English, whose ideas and customs they assimilate, if only superficially, these foreigners play a very important part in Western India. Without the Parsees the English perhaps would not be quite what they are on the Malabar coast. On the other hand, it may be said without exaggeration that without the English the Parsees would not have come so much to the fore, and under any other rule would scarcely have been of such great importance. It is for this reason that one must look on the feelings of the Parsees towards the British from a special point of view, without the slightest suspicion of their sincerity, but finding a purely practical explanation for them, as an incidental fact, having but little in common with the real state of matters. At present the Parsees are all men of business: all their commercial interests are bound up with those of Great Britain, and it is on these alone that their loud assertions are based, when they declare that they feel themselves closely united to England, that in her they breathe, on her they lean, and that they feel and live in all her political joys and sorrows.

When the Crimean War was drawing to a close, when our heroes were suffering and dying a glorious death within the bastions of Sebastopol, when the rising of the sepoys, and of many other elements of the Indian population with them, was smouldering and preparing to burst into a flame, the Parsees suddenly began to exhibit ultra-loyal feelings, held special services of prayer in their temples for the success of the British arms, repeating the same spells which are said to have been recited by their ancestors in the days of the Irano-Persian monarchy when threatened

by external foes. Calling on the powers of heaven to assist the British troops in their war with the Russians, the Parsees went so far as to appoint a feast-day in memory of the fall of Sebastopol. Now, of course, more than a quarter of a century later, such an historical reminiscence can only bear an anecdotal character, but, as a fact, it is significant. In the dim chronicle of the indifferent and passive relations of the majority of the inhabitants of India to the foreign policy of the British, this exhibition of sympathy and enthusiasm on the part of the Parsee community stands quite alone, and strikes one by the unreasonable ardour of their desire to please and flatter the rulers of the land.

Of course it is almost unnecessary to say, that on the part of Russia there never had been, nor could be, any injury to the fire-worshippers, any disrespect to their religion, any attempts to threaten the prosperity of the rich Parsee community. At that very time, in Baku, when flames were bursting forth from the earth in the region of the naphtha springs, the wretched Guebres, exiled from Persia, worshipped the fiery element untroubled and in peace. Soon after our troops marched into the confines of Turkestan, beyond the Caspian Sea, and Russia annexed those very lands in which the religion of Zoroaster once flourished, where Iran in its primitive and most characteristic principles once held sway, where science, and especially archæology, will find vast regions in which to make excavations, and important discoveries in the sphere of those very questions, which should be most interesting to the Parsees themselves. Merv still awaits an investigator and interpreter,—that same Merv whither Yazdezard, the last king of the Sassanian dynasty, fled from the incoming torrent of Islam, bearing with him the sacred, quenchless fire of his land and his people. It is from the days of this king that the Parsees begin their chronology. For more than twelve centuries Merv was in the hands of the Mohammedans, the overthrowers of the Parsee religion. It is only now, in the course of our inevitable advance in Central Asia, that the ancient hearth of the Zoroastrian religion is freed from oblivion, opens out its field of ruins to archæologists, and calls on the Parsees of Western India, among others, to turn their attention to this once famous Persian city, in whose environs a vast number of monuments of deep Iranian antiquity are doubtless still preserved.

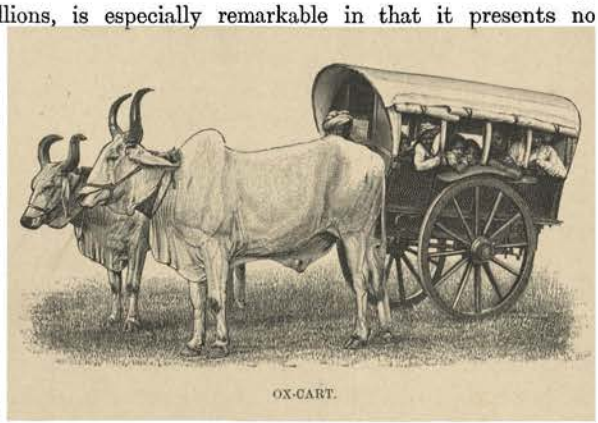
THURSDAY, *December* 13/25.

The Cesarewitch, accompanied only by some two or three persons, goes on board the *Pamiat Azova* to bid farewell to the Grand Duke George, lunches in the ward-room, and then, having gone on shore at 2.30 P.M., drives through the town, incognito, with Lord Harris, glancing, among other things, at the characteristic native quarters of the city. It will not be out of place, therefore, to look a little more closely into this centre of European civilisation, whence it spreads over the coast, which accepts it willingly enough, and which, owing to exceptional conditions, seems destined to serve as the portal to the young Eastern empire of Queen Victoria.

The development of Bombay and the introduction of order into it belong chiefly to the last quarter of the century. True, it was always distinguished by a certain picturesqueness, which travellers gradually learned to appreciate, but the outward adornment of the capital of Western India began to be especially noticeable in the second half of the century, when the riches of Bombay increased, not daily, but hourly, during the civil war in America, when the import of cotton into Europe was arrested. Cotton, to which little attention was then paid in India, and the cultivation of which was far from standing on a high level, suddenly became of incalculable

importance in the eyes of Anglo-Indians, rose immensely in price, and was exported to the West in enormous quantities. The city awoke to life. Men, the owners one day of very limited means, awoke the next to find themselves almost millionaires. Speculation contributed in a great measure to the rise of Bombay, but, having reached a certain height, after the end of the war between the North and the South, it experienced a series of bankruptcies and financial catastrophes in general.

One of the Cæsars said of Rome, 'I found it clay, I leave it marble.' A somewhat similar change came over Bombay in a comparatively short space of time. As far as beauty of appearance was concerned, it underwent a complete and rapid change; and as one looks on the city, filled with splendid buildings, in their settings of luxuriant tropical vegetation, one may say, without exaggeration, that Bombay is 'the city of parks and palaces.' The noiseless throngs in the streets (containing representatives of nearly every part of Asia), when examined in detail, present such a variety of attire and feature as is to be found nowhere else. No wonder this country, with its population of three hundred millions, is especially remarkable in that it presents no organic unity; in it there are no predominating races, no powerful native elements. Grouped up in countless subdivisions, the Indian subjects of her Majesty mutually exclude each other, belonging as they do to the most heterogeneous races, religions, castes, and sub-castes. The natives of India are estranged from each other by the marked contrasts in their religious convictions and social views. From age to age this land seems doomed, in the very nature of things, to become the prey of a series of foreign conquerors. The latter, if they come from the North, assimilate themselves more or less to the conquered races, lose their strict national and religious independence, enter, in some degree, into close relations with their new home, and, as a political unit, are absorbed by it. Strangers from the West, on the other hand, as history shows us, finding union with the conquered nationalities impossible and undesirable, also end by falling under the influence of native culture, and do not show themselves capable of leaving the stamp of their marked spiritual personality on the native population. Up to the present time Europeans have not been able to keep their hold on India for any long time, or to take firm root in this gigantic peninsula, which, like China, should perhaps be regarded as the cradle of every lasting civilisation, of every clearly defined mode of life, of all, in fact, which formed and forms the atmosphere of the impenetrable East.



OX-CART.

In the streets of Bombay we see long and lean Arabs in their heavy cloaks and brown turbans, handsome, effeminate Persians, stern Afghans and Beloochis, Negroes, Zanzibaris, Maladive and Laccadive islanders, Burmese, Malays, Chinese, etc. If we add to these the natives of India, the heterogeneity of type and garments naturally becomes even more remarkable. But this phenomenon does not strike the eye so much, nor is it, in its essence, distinguished by those same features which were so markedly apparent, *e.g.*, in the streets of Cairo, where, however, a great number of Europeans was to be seen at every step among the natives. There are much fewer of the former

in the streets of Bombay, where an inexpressibly motley throng surges ceaselessly from early morning until late in the evening.

Penetrating into the Oriental quarter, as soon as we lose sight of the colossal tower of the University, which rises above the European quarter of the city, and was built at an enormous expense by a famous Hindu, Premchand Raichand, in pious memory of his mother, Rajah Bai, the attention is at once attracted to the peculiar surroundings. The lofty houses, several flats

MALABAR HILL.

high, with coloured fronts, little carved balconies, little sculptured pillars, stand much closer to each other, it is true, than the buildings at and near the landing-place, but still, in places, they leave room enough for a tram-line, presenting a unique spectacle,—as a mode of locomotion, which, like a railway, obliges members of all possible strata of society to reconcile themselves to each other's neighbourhood on one and the same bench of the car, in spite of caste intolerance and natural pride and haughtiness.

Tall, lean Hindus in red head-dresses, with caste-marks on their foreheads,—stout Parsees in dark blouses, and strange glistening caps (clumsy-looking, brimless cylinders), borrowed from the tradesmen in their new home at Gujerat,—rich merchants with whole pyramids of muslin on their heads,—native women of the lower classes, with unveiled faces and with baskets of manure on their

heads, but wearing elegant bracelets and nose-rings, and with silver hoops round their ankles,—*bheesties* (water-carriers) wandering through the crowd with downcast look,—almost naked, golden-dusky little boys with blue rosaries round their necks,—Mohammedans from Central Asia,—all throng in the streets among the Hindu temples, inaccessible to the infidel, and remarkable for their gaudy and tasteless architecture, among shops full of stuffs, imported goods, and all sorts of things, workshops with objects of native manufacture, etc. Carts, introduced in the days of Portuguese rule, harnessed with trotting-bullocks, with a linen awning on poles (over the passengers, and partly also to shelter the animals themselves from the sun), the carriages of well-to-do Parsees, with their richly dressed children in gold-embroidered caps, the sturdy foreign horses of the tram company, in large hats (like human beings) to protect them from sunstroke,—all this passes like a phantasmagoria before the eyes, without leaving any connected, definite, organically whole impression on the memory. Owing to the racial variety, and even more on account of the heterogeneity of the populace, Bombay, as yet, has not enough individuality of its own, so that to form a clear conception of it from a superficial survey (as, for example, in Cairo, with its comparative sameness) is perhaps quite impossible.

There are no sights or curious spectacles in the city (unless, of course, we consider as such the horse-fair, with its Arabian, Persian, and other steeds brought to India from the north by sea,—or some Parsee wedding, accidentally remarked from the street).

Between nine and ten o'clock in the evening we leave Malabar Hill. The carriages roll smoothly along the road, that lies on the slope of the hill, towards the Victoria Terminus. The moonlight lies all around us on the waves, on the trees, and on the rocks that line the road and seem ready to topple from their places and roll down the moonlit, thickly wooded slopes of Malabar Hill. The Terminus is surrounded by crowds of people, and is handsomely decorated and illuminated. Besides the authorities, the Cesarewitch is attended by Admiral Basargin and the commanders of the Russian vessels. Countless watch-fires blaze along the railway line by which the Grand Duke is to journey beyond the Ghauts.

CHAPTER XIII

FRIDAY, *December* 14/26.

IT is a quarter to seven. Bombay lies two hundred miles behind us. We are at Nandgaon, a station of some size, whence we are to start on a long excursion to the little place of Roaza, near the rock temples of Ellora, which from days of yore have excited the wonder of all those who have visited this land.

The night was passed comfortably enough in the railway carriages, except that two or three of us, shut up in complete seclusion from the outer world, suffered severely from thirst after the spiced dishes of an Anglo-Indian table. Each compartment contained a sufficient supply of seltzer-water and lemonade, but we did not at once guess where to look for them.

The disposition of the members of the suite in the special train is more or less constant during the whole period of our journey through India. In the long series of carriages which, along with the sleeping car of their Highnesses and the dining car, composes the train, the Cesarewitch's suite occupy their compartments chiefly in pairs: Prince Bariatinsky with M. Onou, Prince Kochubey with Captain Volkoff, Dr. Rambach with our artist M. Gritsenko, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace with Mr. Hardinge, and Prince Obolensky with the author of this book. Colonel Gerard, to whom the difficult and responsible task was committed of superintending the whole of the Grand Duke's journey through India, generally occupies a separate little compartment where, even when the train is going at full speed, he dictates telegrams, reports, and orders to a native clerk. The numbers of the regular suite are at present increased by the presence of two English officers (Captain Grover, detailed on duty from the Second Punjab Horse, stationed at Meerut, and Lieutenant Newnham, from the staff at Simla). They have both of them lived in Russia, know Russian, and the latter is, moreover, married to a Russian lady, a native of Moscow.

We are thus constantly accompanied by four persons acquainted with our language, and understanding everything we say.

A Mussulman, Munshi Azizuddin, is attached to the suite for small services (such as making purchases, for short excursions, etc.), and the train also carries several fine-looking Sikhs, taken by Colonel Gerard from his regiment, the Central India Horse, as experienced hunters (or *shikaris*,

as they are called here). Though some of them are commissioned officers, yet this outwardly raises them but little above their native comrades-in-arms, as it does not allow of them mixing with Englishmen on terms of equality. Near them are accommodated the Russian and the native servants. The number of those taking a permanent part in the journey has at last become large enough (more than thirty). This party has to visit the most important places in the country, to travel thousands of miles, and to spend some six weeks in the almost ceaseless bustle of railway travelling and the strain inevitably connected with it.

We leave the station of Nandgaon in two lofty and roomy *char-à-bancs* on immense wheels. They are drawn by large, strong horses of Australian breed, which here in India are highly valued, especially for the artillery.

It is only for a few miles that the road runs along English ground. A splendid macadamised road winds between hedges over an uneven, somewhat hilly country. At first, rows of native police line the way, at a distance of about a hundred paces from each other.

Then the surrounding country becomes wilder and more uncultivated. Here the dominions of H.H. the Nizam begin. The road is still good, and has evidently been just repaved. We drive in the direction of the chief town of the district, Aurangabad, which along this very road keeps up a constant communication with the railway. The first equipage accommodates their Highnesses, Prince Bariatinsky, M. Onou, and the senior members of the English suite; in the second are Dr. Rambach and the rest of us. Driving swiftly immediately behind the Grand Duke's equipage, our situation becomes intolerable, owing to the thick cloud of dust raised by it. Nevertheless we keep up with it, but after driving some four miles or so we nearly become the victims of an accident. One of the wheels of our equipage breaks. Prince Kochubey is barely in time to notice the damage and stop the equipage; had he not done so at once, as we were driving at full speed, we would have been thrown from our high seats on to the stones and severely hurt. Fortunately our equipages are followed by a number of the little carts of the place with our luggage and servants. We manage somehow to find place in these not uncomfortable little equipages, or *tongas*, as they are called, and so continue our journey. The Grand Duke's equipage, though considerably ahead of us, also suffers some damage, owing to its unusual weight and the swift driving, so that their Highnesses are somewhat late in arriving at Roaza, the place at which a three-days' stay is arranged.

From Nandgaon onwards the native populace flocks in crowds to the spots where we are to change horses. For a few moments we stand face to face with the lower classes of the country, and that too in a comparatively wild district, not often visited by foreign travellers.

A strikingly original and silently watchful crowd respectfully gathers round the strangers. The district of Aurangabad, if not abounding in various types, is rich in subdivisions of a religious and caste character, which sets its seal on the representatives of every sect, every class, every village community,—an institution which has from ancient times been of importance in India. As the seclusion of women is unknown to the lower classes in the Deccan, having been introduced and instilled into the higher and, to some extent, the middle classes by the influence of the stern creed of Islam, so distinctly opposed to the fundamental requirements of the Hindu and, in general, the Aryan spirit, here and in every village crowds of women and children come up close to our

equipages and gaze long, with wondering and fixed eyes, on the guests of their sovereign the Nizam, among whom, report says, is the Heir to the Russian throne.

It seems that owing to the excessive diffusion and loquacity of the vernacular press, which is mainly the echo and the reflection of those vehement articles in which the Russophobe section of the British press discourses eloquently on Russia, her armies, her policy of conquest, etc., we are exceedingly popular all over the country, and its inhabitants, therefore, gather with natural curiosity along the path of H.I. Highness.

On our return to Europe, most of us will doubtless be asked the somewhat strange and idle question, Whether the Russians are liked and expected beyond the Himalayas, as if any appropriate answer could be found for it. The people of the far South, like the East in general, taken as an organic whole, do not, in principle, acknowledge anything beyond themselves, and do not in the least thirst for foreign interference in their life; yet along with this, there is no country on earth in which the population acquiesces more easily in events of an historical character or bows lower before the powers that be.

So now it is real heathen India that lies before us, unadorned by romance, rich in colouring, yet poor in outward garb. Half-naked, dusky people, with worn faces, an expression of quiet and lasting sadness in their eyes, streaks of coarse paint on their foreheads as a sign of their adherence to Sivaism and Vishnuism, which separate the peasantry of the Aurangabad district into distinct religious bodies, the red, dirty yellow, or sometimes even dark hue of their garments, the dismal notes of an enormous horn, with which some native or other in the crowd at a place where we change horses greets the stranger travellers,—all this is so new and unexpected, and harmonises so little with one's conception of the country and its inhabitants, that we cannot at once combine one's immediate impressions of the life that surrounds us.

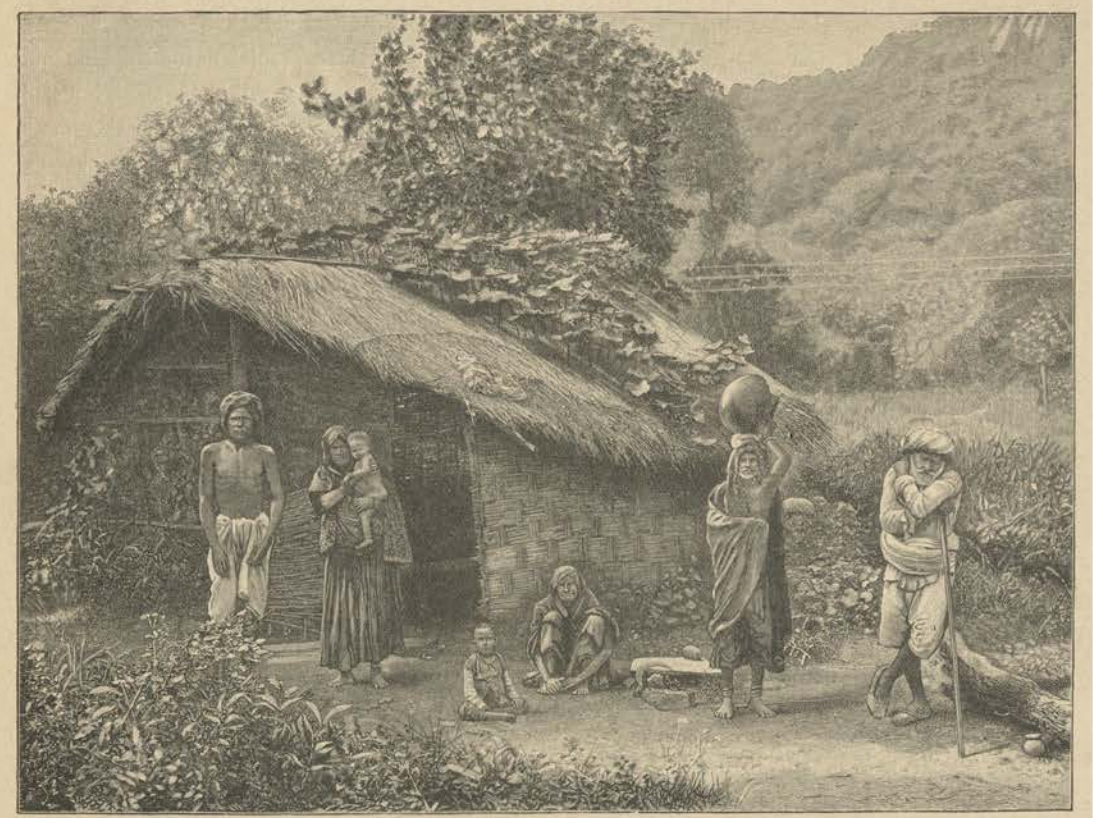
This world of simple and patriarchal customs, of naïve superstitions and modes of thought, so strange to the West, but so comprehensible and home-like in its simplicity to us Russians, forms the basis and support of life in India. It is enough to find oneself in these surroundings, and one at once instinctively feels their radical spiritual identity, *e.g.*, with our own simple peasantry. In their faces, the colour of their garments, and in many scarcely appreciable details, not a few of the subjects of the Nizam recall the country-folk of Russia.

When a son of the West comes into contact in the East with the lower classes of the population, they not infrequently seem to him inhabitants, as it were, of another planet. But that which either strikes him unpleasantly, or simply puts him to a nonplus, is so clear and, in some respects, so completely familiar to a Russian, that he does not trouble himself to analyse or define what he sees: if we take our forefathers, our mediæval merchants, the captives borne away by nomadic tribes into strange lands, and our free Cossacks,—where did they not journey to? in what far-distant Eastern lands did they not settle? what modes of life did they not come in contact with?—and yet, after all, we have not learned to look critically on Asia, because we have always been an essential part of it ourselves, its life and its interests have been ours, and by our geographical position itself we were called on to be the leaders of the elemental forces of the East, which only in us and through us could gradually awake to a higher and more conscious existence.

On the Grand Duke's way to Roaza, at every step we came across most interesting types and scenes. Here stands a girl with a plate, from which pious Hindus take a white clayey paint, with which to draw on their foreheads the conventional lines that symbolise Vishnu and his spouse Lakshmi, or Siva. The former lines run perpendicularly from the hair to the eyebrows, intersected

AT THE WELL.

by another line at the root of the nose, with a sharply defined red line down the middle. The latter, in contrast to the Vishnuvite lines, run horizontally across the forehead. Some of the natives bear the traces of paint on their shoulders, the marks of red-hot iron on the breast, and have their foreheads smeared with the charred sandalwood that has burned before the idols, or marked with black spots, etc. Corpulent Brahmins wearing the sacred thread, worn and apathetic sectaries of the latest creeds (in India at every step one finds schism and the breaking up of religious communities into irreconcilable subdivisions), groups of women with valuable ornaments in their



LOWER CASTE HINDUS.

noses and rings on their toes, stark-naked children wearing bangles, and with rosaries round their necks. . . . One must at length realise that this is not a vision, a dream, an illusion, but a people with a civilisation of its own, for whom our sober European chronology and sceptically arrogant view of the world is a disconnected and daring delirium void even of depth and poetry. . . .

Now there comes up to the place where we are changing horses a native religious teacher, an aged ascetic with wildly dishevelled hair and a dirty matted beard, with a staff and a mendicant's bowl, similar, probably, to those into which, as far back as the days of the semi-mythical Buddhas, the charitable used daily to lay their ample offerings. The body of this strange native is covered with ashes, is scarcely covered by an apron, and looks rather repulsive. A pretty child cuddles up to this grim pilgrim, away from us 'white men,' and looks on the visitors with shy, yet wide-

open, curious eyes. Female water-carriers in red waving garments, a breathless native postman (an almost naked runner with a light load on his head), the dismounted troopers of the Nizam's escort, which accompanies the distinguished travellers, the noisy throng of tonga-drivers, an immense number of whom forms, so to speak, the baggage-train of the Cesarewitch's excursion,—all this blends into a motley mass, in which, nevertheless, every separate outline, every characteristic figure in all its individuality stands out clearly in every detail.

The majority of the peasants are Kunbis, who form a most harmless, meek, extremely temperate, patient, hard-working, and ignorant element in the population of the country. It is in reality very easy for the present masters of India to manage these ignorant masses, soft and yielding as wax. A happy family life is said to be the lot of these people, naturally kind and extremely hospitable. In spite of their love for the soil, they cultivate it but poorly, plough carelessly, and do nothing to prevent the spread of tares. The Pardazi, natives of another origin who also inhabit this district, obtain much better results under the same conditions, because as ploughmen and natural farmers they pay more attention to their toilsome occupation.

The Kunbi women are the personification of inexhaustible zeal and endurance. It is not only house-work, but field-labour also, and long walks in the heat of the day to make purchases at the bazaars, that call for great exertion, especially on the part of the mothers, who are often obliged to carry their children on their backs.

We are told by one of the English officers accompanying us that the valuable ornaments of the village children still serve as a temptation to robbers; the poor children are sometimes attacked and killed for the sake of the precious metal. Now, of course, thanks to the vigilance of the authorities and the provincial police, such cases are becoming rarer and rarer. Still the time is not far past when robbery with brutal murder was no rarity in the interior of the country. The so-called Thugs even looked on their criminal business as something appointed them by their divinity (Durga or Kali, the spouse of Siva). Pursuing for part of the year the peaceful occupation of artisans, at certain periods, as if obeying a call from above, they would leave family and home, band themselves into gangs, variously attired, and apparently gather together accidentally; they then went forth on their repulsive chase, which replaced for them other forms of worship, and then there was no mercy for any who might incautiously cross the path of these fanatics.

At the little town of Roaza, by orders of the Nizam, a small camp has been prepared for the welcome guests. In the midst of it stands a pavilion, to serve partly as a drawing-room, partly as a dining-room. Before it a shamiana has been put up, with tables and a row of comfortable seats. Next to it stand the tents of their Highnesses and the suite, and of those local officials who have been commissioned to accord a brilliant reception to the Grand Duke. Two of the Nizam's ministers, the representatives of the nobility, the British officials, and others have come here from the native capital to meet him. A guard is mounted by the fine battalion of the Nizam's infantry, which with banner and band greets the illustrious travellers. The somewhat fatiguing journey from Nandgaon, finished, owing to stoppages on the way, only after midday, should, strictly speaking, entitle us to complete rest until next morning, when again, in the course of one day, memory and imagination must grasp a number of pictures, which speak of the ancient and the mediæval life of the Deccan; but the weather is charming, the hours of our stay in the country are reduced to a minimum, and it is finally agreed without delay to begin a leisurely survey of some of the remarkable objects of the place.

CAMP AT ROAZA.

Evening is near. The dust rises up between our camp and the little town, that stands not far from it. Crowds of people, most of whom curiosity has drawn hither from different far-off places, stream after their Highnesses, who set forth on foot to Roaza for an evening walk, and, should there be time, to visit the tomb of the Emperor Aurangzeb.

As we draw near it grows dark rapidly, so that there is no possibility of observing the crowd of natives closely surrounding us, and of forming an idea of the first place in the interior of India visited by the Cesarewitch.

A sloping elevation of stone, rising beside a mosque, that looms dimly in the dusk, leads up to a broad platform. Round it lie buried, it is said, several Mussulman saints and the ancestors of the Nizams, as well as the most terrible of the Great Moguls, known as Alamgir (the conqueror of the universe), who (on account of his cruelty and, at the same time, his capacities for government) occupies, to some extent, as clearly marked a place in the history of Hindustan as the contemporary of his famous grandfather Akbar, Ivan the Terrible, in the history of Russia.

The gloom in which the neighbouring buildings are wrapped grows deeper and deeper. The smoky torches, with which the inhabitants of Roaza strive to light up for the Grand Duke the local religious monuments, which are in no way remarkable from an architectural point of view, take away all desire to examine, in the dusk, the surrounding tombs. It is enough to feel that within a few paces from us the great representatives of Mussulman India lie sleeping their last long sleep. Prince George dons slippers that he may approach the tomb of Aurangzeb. It is in no way remarkable, and is even somewhat unsightly. This mighty sovereign, who during forty-nine years ruled over a boundless land, which brought him even at that time a revenue of about £34,000,000, who had at his disposal a standing army of 500,000 men, who erected in his favourite city of Aurangabad an exquisite mausoleum to his adored wife, Rabia Daurani,—this Eastern sovereign, boundless in his desires and passions, wished that, according to the strict injunctions of Islam, he should be buried in the poorest fashion. The will of the deceased was faithfully observed by his son and his court. Aurangzeb ordered that only that small sum should be expended on his funeral which he had gained by the sale of little caps made by his own hand. Another and larger sum, the proceeds of the sale of copies of the Koran, carefully made by the emperor, was distributed among mendicants. The tombstone of the Mogul is not covered by the dome of a mausoleum, but is scorched by the sun and washed by the rain. The aromatic branches of a tree that droops over it are its only ornament. There is no inscription to tell whose ashes lie buried here for all time.

Those who lie near him, on the contrary, are surrounded with some little pomp. On the tomb of Seyd Zainuddin, who died in 1370, there are said to be verses from the Koran. The door of the mausoleum is studded with thick plates of silver, while the steps are decorated with carefully polished and fancifully shaped stones, brought here as offerings by fakirs and pilgrims. Ostrich eggs hang above the tomb. The garments of Mohammed himself are treasured up near it, and on very great feast-days (in the month of March) are shown to the people.

Besides Zainuddin, another 'seyd' much venerated by Mohammedans lies buried here,—Hazret Burhanuddin, who settled near Roaza in the thirteenth century, when Islam had not yet penetrated into the Deccan, then strictly Pagan. This saint decided on coming here with 1400 disciples to spy out the land and prepare the ground for the contemplated Mussulman expedition. The general, who led the latter, was thus enabled to take advantage in the enemy's country of the assistance and experience of his cunning brethren in the faith. At the tomb of Hazret Burhanuddin

the faithful treasure up the hair from the beard of the Prophet, the number of which, according to common belief, keeps increasing every year. This miracle, however, is but of secondary importance, when compared with another believed in by the people. When, soon after the death of the 'seyd,' his tomb was beginning to crumble away, and his followers, who dwelt near it, had no means of livelihood left them, then their prayers, addressed to their departed master, gave rise to the following phenomenon: little silver trees began to grow out of the stones round the tomb every night. They were sold at the bazaar, and in a short time brought in a sum of money sufficient for keeping the tomb in repair and for feeding its guardians. Then the miracle ceased, and it is only now and then that the shining shoots appear towards morning on the stones.

When about to return to the camp, a horse is led up to the Cesarewitch near the mosque: part of the suite also leaves Roaza on horseback. One rides along the dusty road to the tents that lie white in the distance, and seems to bear away with one a portion of the spiritual atmosphere of Islam, in which historical characters like Aurangzeb grew up and took form; on the one hand there was unfeigned piety and care for the welfare of the subject nations, on the other there was extreme intolerance for alien creeds, and a cold cruelty in trampling underfoot all their moral life and being.

SATURDAY, *December* 15/27.

In the morning an excursion is to be made to the environs of Roaza, whither the illustrious travellers and their suite start on horseback at 8.45 A.M. As they ride through the gate (called Nakkarkhana[1]) at the end of the little town, where so many famous, now departed, Mohammedans have found a home, several of the townsfolk, having ascended to the little pavilion above the arch, greet H.I. Highness with the discordant strains of native music, as has long been the custom here when a welcome is offered to distinguished visitors.

The first historical Indian town visited by the Cesarewitch after Bombay,—Daulatabad,—was once not devoid of a certain grandeur. At one time it occupied a prominent position in the Deccan. Some grounds for this are doubtless to be found in the character of the country, where in the midst of a comparatively broad plain there stands a solitary majestic rock, on which it was easy to build an impregnable citadel, from which to rule over the surrounding country.

Even from a distance this ancient fastness appears very picturesque, and reminds one in its outline of a gigantic beehive or sugar-loaf. To say who ruled the neighbouring country at one epoch or another is, as yet, difficult, and sometimes impossible, owing to the vagueness of ancient Indian historical data. Its past begins to grow clearer about the end of the twelfth century, when the throne was occupied by rajahs of the Yadava dynasty (probably of Scythian origin), which bore on its standard the image of the fabulous Garuda bird. The town was then known as Deogiri (or Devgir). There are two other versions of the name: Deogar or Dharagir. Plates of copper, engraved with deeds of gift, found by archæologists in this region, distinctly give us the names of the ruling rajahs. They did not long enjoy their capital: towards the close of the thirteenth century the famous Mussulman conqueror Ala-ud-din Mahmud invaded the Deccan at the head of 8000 horsemen, and besieged the modern Daulatabad. The crafty leader spread a report that he led only the vanguard of a vast advancing army. Sometimes, the better to deceive his antagonists, the representative of the Mohammedans declared that he had quarrelled with his Sultan, and had

[1] So named because distinguished visitors were here welcomed with music.

come to Southern India solely to offer his services to the native pagan princes. Deogiri was at that time governed by Rajah Ramchandra, who, according to popular report, was the owner of countless treasures. Ala-ud-din drove the Hindus within the walls of the fortress, and as they had fled thither when taken unawares, they had not been able to lay in a stock of provisions sufficient for such a dangerous siege. The Rajah himself had just returned from hunting, his wife and his son were absent on a pilgrimage, and the townsfolk, by mistake, brought into the citadel of Deogiri, instead of sacks of corn, the sacks of salt brought by some merchants from the Concan coast (where Bombay now stands), and discovered their blunder when it was too late. The enemy exacted an enormous ransom from the captive citizens, took possession of a number of elephants and horses, terrified the neighbouring Indian princes by their success, devastated the surrounding country, forced the inhabitants, by torture, to show where any treasures were hidden, until at last the defeated Rajah offered to conclude a peace and pay a considerable tribute, if the Mohammedans would agree to retire. His son attempted to raise the siege, but suffered a severe defeat. A countless quantity of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, jaspers, gold, silver, silks, etc., was given to the fortunate victors by the Rajah, who was glad enough to buy himself off at such a low price. Among other things, Ala-ud-din received several trained elephants, which, according to mediæval custom, could wield the sword and use the bow.

After the departure of the hated Mohammedans, the Hindus of Deogiri proclaimed their independence. In consequence of this, Ramchandra and his sons were again defeated, made prisoners, robbed, and brought in state to Delhi, where the Sultan showed the unfortunate prisoners great honour, bestowing on the elder of them the title of 'Rai Rayan' (King of Kings) and the right to the umbrella or canopy, which in the East are regarded as symbols of honour and power.

After this the Rajah, being set at liberty, was distinguished for his loyalty, so that, *e.g.*, when in the following year a Mussulman army was passing his fortress, on its way against a rebellious prince, his brother in the faith, Ramchandra, devoted all care to it and supplied it with provisions, obliging his people to sell the soldiers in the bazaars all necessaries at the lowest possible price.

Soon after, the aged King, subdued and all but uncrowned, went down to his grave. His son perished in trying to raise an insurrection. A powerful army sent hither from Delhi occupied Deogiri and other fortified places in the Deccan. A smothered dissatisfaction, however, continued to agitate the country. Harpala, the son-in-law of Ramchandra, meditating treason, dissimulated and waited.

Owing to the intrigues of his own courtiers, Ala-ud-din died of poison. Taking advantage of the ensuing confusion, the inhabitants of Deogiri suddenly again declared themselves free from the yoke of the stern strangers: the Mussulman chief, Kutab-ud-din, son of Ala-ud-din, determined to spare no one this time. Harpala was flayed, and his skin fixed to the gates of the city. The Yadava dynasty of the Deccan died out. The governor appointed to this country was soon deprived of his ears and nose for disobedience. The district was now to become permanently the full unalienable property of the Mussulman sovereigns.

One of the very first of the sultans who finally took possession of the land was suddenly seized with the somewhat cruel and fantastic desire to abolish the flourishing city of Delhi and transfer the capital to Deogiri, compelling hundreds of thousands of townsfolk, terrified by such an unheard-of order, to migrate hither, their real property, however, being bought up by the Crown.

This took place in 1338 under Muhammad Tughlak-Shah, who gave orders that, in three days after the time appointed for emigration, not a single man should be left in the former capital.

Behind the hills to the left a thin smoke rises above the near, though invisible, city of Aurangabad, which at one time (as late even as the last century, before the weakening of French influence in the domains of the Nizam) contained about 1,500,000 inhabitants, but which is now

RUINS OF DEOGIRI.

terribly desolated. Daulatabad, too, which now rises before us, was once great and spacious, but now it is a poor impression that is produced by its deserted suburbs as our cavalcade rides through the massive gates leading to them, around which an almost impassable jungle of underwood intertwines with the wild apple-trees and the ruins of former buildings, and extremely thick walls lie in dark unsightly heaps. The important commercial and political centre which stood here in ancient times was probably called Tagara, and kept up an animated intercourse with the West, even with the Egyptians and the Greeks. Excavations in the neighbourhood will doubtless give very valuable results in the future.

In the Middle Ages the city received the name of 'the castle of the gods'; while after the Mussulman conquest it became known as 'the place of treasures,' or 'of prosperity.' There are

few signs of either the one or the other to be seen as one approaches Daulatabad, in which at present there are scarcely more than 1200 souls, consisting of the families of the garrison, which dwell in little huts, while side by side with them, half-ruined, deserted palaces stand empty.

Clumps of trees at the turn of the road to the native citadel give shelter to our horses in their deep shade. Their Highnesses mount the hill by the winding passages which connect the series of gradually rising, massive walls. Where it is dark (in the low, gloomy vaults, which during countless sieges held throngs of warriors) lanterns are placed, while to conceal the bad smell of the close air pieces of sweet-smelling wood are laid by them.

The height of the enormous conical rock, fortified by the people of Tagara and Deogiri, and in the days of Mussulman power surrounded by a deep ditch, amounts to some 630 feet. The road leading to the summit is often cut through the solid rock. The yawning galleries between the steps of each steep path increase the charm produced by the thought of what this grim and mysterious castle must have been in days of yore, when enormously wealthy rajahs ruled here, when they were at last replaced by the governors of the emperors of Delhi, and the heavy tribute from the whole of the flourishing Deccan, mercilessly exacted from the Hindus, was temporarily brought hither, behind these hoary walls and mossy ramparts. About the end of the fourteenth century and later, the neighbourhood, the indigenous inhabitants of which frequently fled from their oppressors into the jungle, began to suffer severely from bad harvests. Whole districts (especially near Daulatabad) suffered want and were decimated by starvation. People were ready to sell themselves into lifelong slavery for a crust of bread, but none would give it. The people ate the flesh of dogs and bones of dead men, pounded and mingled with damaged flour; there were cases of near relations destroying one another.

Before the city gained a prominent political position, the Sultan, Tughlak-Shah, who was smitten with the fancy to transfer his capital to the Deccan, to the loss of the stately city of Delhi, actually gathered, for a short time, a vast number of people into the city we are visiting. According to tradition, only two wretched men of Delhi (one blind, the other paralysed) ventured to disobey the imperial orders, and concealed themselves in the artificially abolished ancient city. They were discovered and executed: the first was dragged for forty days to Daulatabad, whither the executioners brought only the leg of the unfortunate man, while the other (according to a custom of Central Asia, practised not so long ago in Bokhara) was cast down from a minaret. The Sultan is said to have experienced inexpressible pleasure at the sight of the gigantic city of Delhi lying dead and empty: the very dogs and cats in it were destroyed. Thousands of the inhabitants perished, succumbing to the horrors of their wanton and cruel exile, or the severe privations of the journey, though the Sultan spared no care for the involuntary emigrants, and, among other things, ordered trees to be planted along the way.

Their Highnesses have mounted to a lofty terrace in the middle of the fortified hill. A sheer precipice lies at our feet. Strange ruins, of an ancient type (probably the remnants of some pagan temple), overhang the abyss to one side of us. A spreading plain girdled by a wavy range of hills surrounds the ruins of the citadel of Daulatabad, which stands alone amidst a wide field. Surveying this vast expanse from the height on which we stand, one comprehends how once room enough could be found here for a numerous population, distributed, in the days of Tughlak-Shah, in different quarters, according to their occupation: in one dwelt the warriors, in another the civil servants, in a third the judges (*kazi*) and men of learning, the members of different orders of dervishes and the fakirs, in a fourth the merchants; then followed artisans, and so forth. Each part of the city

had its own mosques, bazaars, workshops, cisterns, etc. The power of the Sultan in the south reached as far as the comparatively distant shores of Western India, which he was only prevented from conquering finally by the appearance of an epidemic of cholera.

By the will of the sovereign, endless series of drummers lined the way from Delhi to Daulatabad. As soon as anything took place along the road which it was worth while announcing in the capital, they struck up a roll, which, passing swiftly along the line, soon reached the imperial palace. On the summit of the rock Tughlak-Shah could dream peacefully of conquests and of enforced internal reforms. No insurrection seemed terrible to him who sat, well prepared, in this citadel. Even should the foe break through the outer fortifications, impassable obstacles awaited them higher up. First, the rocks above the main ditch surrounding the fortress were so smooth that to mount them was not to be thought of, and, moreover, one of the passages hewn in the rock was furnished with a brazier and a plate of iron, on which a fire was kept burning, making it impossible to break through such a hell of flame.

During the reign of the Great Moguls, the ancient city of Deogiri was strongly fortified (especially at the time when the young Aurangzeb was his father's viceroy in the Deccan). Dutch and English gunners were engaged for the fortification of the rock. The most skilful among them were kept permanently in the service, and were even forbidden to return to their native land. About the middle of the seventeenth century the French traveller Tavernier, who has left very interesting notes on India, came across one such prisoner, who for sixteen years had not been allowed to leave Daulatabad (or Dultabat, as he calls it), from which he was at last released only because he succeeded in raising an enormous cannon to the very summit of the citadel.

There the flag of the Nizam now flies, and there stands a pavilion (*barradari*), to which, however, their Highnesses do not mount, on account of the heat: the view of the neighbourhood, seen even from a lesser height, is still grand. All around in the jungle lie ruins, accessible only to wild beasts, while in the clearings lie the fields of the industrious Hindus, to whose patience the district has always owed its riches and fertility. Here, on the height, the former sovereigns of the place used to repose in summer, in their cool and luxurious chambers. All that is now left of the princely palaces is a grim skeleton of buildings with solitary blue or yellow bricks here and there. Slowly one descends the royal hill, where once on a time the besieged had no cause to fear storm, or sap, or Greek fire.

In the jungle that has overgrown most of the monuments of antiquity about Daulatabad both boars and panthers are to be found. One such has been tracked down near the fortress by the natives, and the Cesarewitch descends the rock for the hunt.

Below, a narrow stair of some twenty steps leads down to a little stone bridge thrown across the grim ditch of the fortress. It is said to have been built only some fifteen years ago, before which time communication with the outer world was kept up by means of some three or four beams, which were frequently taken off. The ascent to the opposite side of the moat is very steep, and so narrow as only to allow one man at a time to pass. Casting a glance backwards, one sees clear traces of wood and stone carving on the walls of the fastness,—one sees apertures leading into some completely deserted subterranean chambers,—one sees, finally, at the foot of the neighbouring rocks, a green and stagnant pool: if one throws the peel of an orange into it, its disgusting green garment opens out, black circles spread over it, and then suddenly all is again motionless, dead, and exhales the poisonous breath of a half-filled grave.

On reaching the outer ramparts the distinguished travellers are offered fruit, for which Daulatabad is famed all over India, its grapes being especially prized. By orders of the Nizam the *killedar*, or commandant of the fortress, devotes special attention to their culture.

At the lower gates of the citadel stands an enormous black cannon, bearing distinct traces of the shot which has struck it. On it is an inscription in Persian: 'Made by the Arab Mahommed Hussein, chief of the arsenal.' It is also stated on the gun that it belonged to 'Abdul Mozaffar Mohidin Mahommed Aurangzeb Bahadur Alamgir Padishah Ghazi.' At its muzzle we find its name ('the destroyer of fortresses') and a verse from the Koran, signifying that victory for the faithful is at hand.

CHAPTER XIV

H.I. HIGHNESS THE CESAREWITCH, with his travelling companions, returns along the picturesque road which runs south-westward from Daulatabad to Roaza. On looking back, the fortress which we have just left, with a tall minaret at its base, seems in the distance even more majestic and stern in its outlines. The blue tiles which adorn the distant turret sparkle brightly in the sunlight. The expanse over which we ride is dotted and surrounded with the thickly overgrown ruins of the very ancient political centre of Buddha Vanti, remarkable for its striking size. For many centuries the bricks and stones taken from its palaces and temples formed an inexhaustible store of material for the buildings of the neighbouring mediæval cities; in fact, here we find repeated the construction of the Arabian city of Cairo out of the remains of ancient Memphis. As in our trans-Caspian region, within the confines of the vast district of Merv, remarkable coins are easily to be found here after heavy rains. The rise and completion, in the neighbourhood of Roaza, of the rock-temples of Ellora, whither H.I. Highness will soon proceed, can only be explained by the existence in ancient times of a large and civilised population in this locality. The most eloquent witness to its wants is borne by the large and numerous tanks which are still to be found in places in the dense low forest.

The road runs up the steep slope of the heights which separate the plain of Daulatabad from Roaza. On the right hand the way is bordered by a thick wall of stone, to save equipages from falling over the cliff. This wall has long stood here, as it is mentioned by Tavernier, who visited this land more than two centuries ago, and who crossed the range in a native bullock-cart. Bullocks must find it hard work to pull a heavy load up here. On two wayside pillars, about half-way up the slope, are the names of those of Aurangzeb's nobles who made the road.

Far behind us the range of brown, uneven hills rises in a semicircle about the famous rock-fortress, known as Balla-Hissar, which is vanishing among them, along with the pavilion on its summit. Right in front of us, amidst fruit-trees and grey tombs, lie the little town of Roaza, the white tents of the Cesarewitch's camp, and the dull expanse of the upland which slopes down towards Nandgaon.

We ride swiftly past the graves of many a famous Mohammedan. One of them calls for our attention: in it lies the son of an Abyssinian slave-woman, Malik Amber (†1626), the founder of

RETURN FROM DAULATABAD.

Aurangabad, a serious rival of the Great Moguls, who attained to great power, and who ruled wisely over part of the Deccan until its second conquest by the armies of the Emperors of Delhi. Not far from this famous ruler lies Tanah-Shah, the last king of Golconda, once famed for its diamond-mines. Dethroned and taken captive by Aurangzeb, he spent several years in Daulatabad, where the remains of the Chini Mahal (or Chinese palace) occupied by him are still exhibited. The tomb is now empty, and open to the gaze of chance visitors. The British officers of the Aurangabad mess have turned it into a traveller's bungalow.

Having passed it, their Highnesses dismount near their tents, which are guarded by sentinels from the Haiderabad native troops in their uniforms of red and white.

The representatives of the Mussulman nobility of the Deccan have gathered in the little house which forms both drawing- and dining-room. A considerable number of visitors are present at luncheon. The combination of native costumes and most remarkable head-gear with the Western character of the meal and of the manners of those present apparently forms a very ordinary feature of aristocratic life in India.

It is to be regretted that we shall not see the present Nizam, Haiderabad ('the city of the lion') not being included in the programme of the journey. He is twenty-four years old, and has received a semi-European education, has had an English tutor, is a lover of field sports, and is said to be a young man of great promise. This is a very interesting fact, if we take into consideration that the young sovereign stands at the head of a kingdom, theoretically independent, with an area of a hundred thousand square miles and a motley population of ten million souls: the dominant element consists of the Mussulman nobility, but the majority of the people are true Hindus, belonging to all possible castes, with most various occupations and aspirations. As the Nizam is essentially the master of the heart of Central India, many a complicated question, not only of interior and local, but even of foreign policy, depends indirectly on this prince and his brilliant court. The dominion of Haiderabad has its own small regular army and a considerable irregular one. The natural resources of the country, its favourable geographical situation, the great prestige enjoyed by the Nizams for the last two centuries, the indefiniteness of the events on which the near future of the Anglo-Indian empire depends,—all this taken together might well have imparted an exceptional interest to a visit paid to Haiderabad by the Cesarewitch, and to the personal acquaintance of H.I. Highness with the young ruler of the Deccan.

What does 'Nizam' mean? It is a title of honour (something like a Viceroy) bestowed on an ancestor of the present prince by the Great Mogul for a series of invaluable services, military and other, rendered to the Imperial house of Delhi. It is interesting enough for Russians to learn that the founders of the Haiderabad dynasty were of Central Asiatic stock, and that in the female line they are descended from the prophet Mohammed himself, and in the male line from the first caliph Abu Bekr. When Shah Jehan reigned in Northern India, there came to him from Bokhara, in 1658, the Kazi Nawab Abid Kuli Khan, who soon earned a name, being made a minister and appointed governor of the important district of Ajmir. After a pilgrimage to Mecca the powerful adventurer from Bokhara became prime minister to Aurangzeb. In 1687, during the attack of the latter on the fabulously wealthy city of Golconda, Nawab Abid Kuli Khan perished in storming the courageously defended fortress. His son, Mir Shahab-ud-din, who emigrated from Samarkand to India some ten years after his father, inherited his rank and position. For his military successes in the chivalrous and purely pagan land of Rajputana, during the struggle with the unruly native princes, the Mogul rewarded him with the title of 'Khan,'

while for his victories over the terrible Marathas he received in 1682 the sounding title of 'Ghazi-ud-din Khan Bahadur.'

Aurangzeb was warmly attached to, and deeply regretted, his faithful servant. When the latter was wounded during a sally from a rebellious city, the Mogul wrote to his wounded general that he could not muster up courage to come and see his sufferings.

The ancestor of the Nizams was afterwards placed at the head of a body of 14,000 men, for the purpose of doing as much damage as possible to the implacable Marathas, and having taken prisoner one of the bravest of the mountain chiefs, Santa Gorpara, sent his head to the stern sovereign of Delhi. The troops intrusted to Shahab-ud-din were at that time considered to be the flower of the army, better even than the Emperor's own. The Mogul set especial store by the artillery, which his favourite Samarkandian led into battle. After the death of the latter, he was universally declared to have been a man born to overcome obstacles, and to command, and also to have been a prominent statesman, with so pleasing a mind and so attractive a character, that many men in India wondered at the appearance of such a man among the rough representatives of Turan.

The grandson of the Bokharian adventurer followed in the footsteps of his grandfather and father. While yet comparatively young, he received from the Emperor, as a reward for his prowess, a beautiful Arab steed, a saddle embroidered with pearls and precious stones, a sword of honour, many other valuable presents, and the command of 5000 horsemen. Striving to avoid any participation in the bloody internecine struggles between the successors of Aurangzeb, this powerful lord in the beginning of the eighteenth century received the governorship of the Deccan and the corresponding title of Nizamu-l-Mulk.

Aurangabad was chosen as the administrative centre; thence the Viceroy despatched troops against the chief foes of Islam—the Marathas, and there (with some intervals, when the Viceroy of the Deccan was temporarily recalled to the north) he gradually gained such a degree of independence, that his connection with Delhi and his subordination to its court grew weaker of itself and lost its former importance. Fortress after fortress surrendered to the Nizam. His army increased in numbers with extraordinary rapidity. His position in the land was almost that of a king. If some external honours were paid to the Mogul, it was mainly out of politeness and only in part from necessity. As if to increase the power of his principal vassal, the Emperor for a short time, it is true, set him over the flourishing land of Gujerat and the district of Malwa.

Money to the amount of millions, and many millions' worth of valuables lay in the treasury of the ancestor of the Haiderabad princes. What his capital was is to be seen from the number alone of the former inhabitants of Aurangabad, which amounted at times to 1,500,000 souls.

Having at their disposal, as allies, troops drilled by French officers, and possessing an artillery very good for those times, the early Nizams rapidly gained power in the south and the south-east, and not only repeatedly forced the Maratha horsemen to fly, but also gained possession of an important centre in what is now the Presidency of Madras—Trichinopoly.

Many changes, however, have taken place since then. The British are practically almost complete masters in the land. The descendant of the famous adventurers from Central Asia has lost no small share of the power of his ancestors, and should, in reality, be thankful that he has escaped the fate of the emperors of Delhi, the Rajpoot chiefs, and the Maratha leaders. Politically, India is dead. The glory of its brilliant courts is departing. Speaking metaphorically, it reminds one of the proud fastness of Daulatabad, now without meaning, and of that burial-ground of great men, the dreary town of Roaza.

In spite of the heat, H.I. Highness examines in detail the half-ruined temples and monastic buildings and the forgotten altars which lie at the foot of the hill near the camp, and which have long ago gained for the place a well-deserved fame. It is impossible, during a short visit, to examine step by step, still less to give a description of, the site of antiquities, to the study of which such eminent workers in the field of Indian archæology as Burgess, Fergusson, and others have devoted their time. Before noting down the fragments of information gathered and the impressions produced by what was seen and heard, while the distinguished travellers were surveying the series of interesting heathen shrines, it will be necessary to cast a glance at the conditions and object of their construction, at the past of the surrounding country, so closely connected with them, at the necessity of penetrating deeper into the mysterious vitality of these monuments, without the comprehension of which the essence of India itself is dark and mysterious enough.

In days of yore the Deccan was called Dakshinapata ('the way to the right'), for the Aryans, who came into the country from the Punjab, went eastward to the Ganges and then turned toward the south, into a country rich at that epoch in gigantic forests, inhabited by a dark-skinned race, into a virgin wilderness, into which other tribes had previously penetrated, also by degrees only, and settled, not without difficulty, among the savages,—tribes of the so-called Dravidic race, which are acknowledged to have been of Mongolo-Turanian origin, and which appeared from beyond the Himalayas as the representatives of an original civilisation gradually developed by them in Southern India to a very high degree.

The new immigrants, invading the districts occupied by the Dravidians, may have borrowed much from them, but they strove, at the same time, to introduce into this foreign land their own cherished religious views, which had been handed down among the Aryans from generation to generation in their sacred chants, and the wisdom of their forefathers (the Vedas, which in modern times only have gained their world-wide fame).

According to tradition, unified in such poems as the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, the ancient Deccan formed, now and again, the field of action of such legendary heroes as Rama, when this hero, with his wife Sita, before her famous abduction by the evil king of Ceylon, wandered through the wilds of this land and visited the courts of the local prehistoric princes, whose emblem was the monkey. This detail alone is enough to show how far off and misty is the epoch to which this popular legend belongs.

At another semi-mythical period we meet in the Deccan with those brilliant figures of Sanscrit epic poetry, the mighty Pandava brothers. Their father was once heir to the country which lies round modern Delhi, but gambled away his title of rajah to his nephew, and was soon after obliged to go into exile towards the south, where his supernaturally mighty sons were born. When they reached manhood they filled all India with the deathless fame of their exploits.

According to tradition these demi-gods once saw a strange light about the heights on which Roaza now stands, and, considering what it might mean, decided to gratify the gods by constructing those rock-temples which now line the rocky range. Krishna helped the heroes to carry out their pious intention. Hearkening to their prayers, he miraculously prolonged a single night, making it equal to several centuries, that, working during this period of time, the brothers might complete a series of great buildings, and, making Indian art famous, might amaze the whole world with the rapidity of their work. This plan succeeded. The astounded inhabitants of the surrounding country acknowledged the magic powers of the sons of Pandu. The bravest warriors flocked to

their standard. The brothers led their armies to the north-west, where lay the heritage of their father, and reconquered it from their cousin, its sovereign.

The temples of Ellora are an inheritance, as it were, from a far-off primeval age. The night into which Krishna plunged the world during their creation seems still to dwell within these extraordinary and mysterious caves, inhabited by graven images alone.

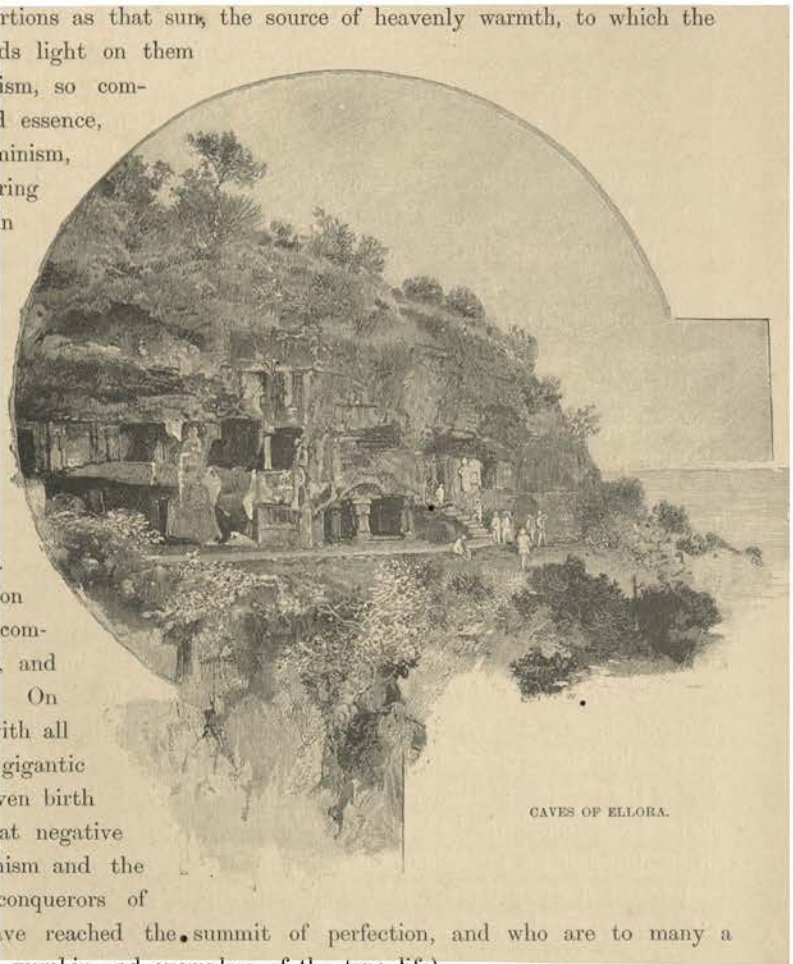
Strictly speaking, the Deccan of myth and vague tradition crosses the threshold of history only in the reign of the mild and merciful Buddhist Asoka, at the time when he extended far and wide the boundaries of his dominions, though the whole world of ideas of that epoch was so full of good-will towards all living creatures, that even the king's prisoners of war were immediately liberated. In all probability it was during his reign (scarcely earlier, at any rate) that the followers of Gautama Buddha first began to excavate their cells here. It was only afterwards that imitators and rivals of these Buddhist architects and sculptors could and did appear.

Small as the confines of Ellora now are, the plain that borders the neighbouring slopes surrounds one of the most important archæological sites on earth. Speaking impartially, the monuments remaining here deserve, from an artistic point of view, far more attention and interest than the monotonous antiquities of Egypt, which, though created by the Pharaohs under far more favourable conditions, yet after all bear witness to a considerable want of taste and imagination in their builders. The tombs and the temples on the banks of the Nile tell us mainly of the connection of the native sovereigns with the gods, of their victories over external foes, of the trials undergone by human souls after death, etc. The temples and caves of Ellora, on the other hand, serve, or rather served, to totally different ends. The semi-legendary men who hewed these subterranean halls (with their bas-reliefs, altars, monastic cells, etc.) out of the rock, were animated by the fiery, unconquerable desire to bring down into the temples and monasteries created by them, not only the image and likeness of the supernatural beings adored by them, but the divinity itself, which seemed unattainable to ancient Indian thinkers and ascetics, yet which was and is so near and familiar to the simple, half-savage, unsophisticated people.

For some reason or other (probably on account of the mildness of its climate) the Deccan has been, from ancient times, the favourite dwelling-place of Brahmin and Buddhist anchorites, and a conscious factor in the development of religions; here the spiritually elect devoted themselves to contemplation, detached from all worldly and earthly affairs, sought salvation in the wilderness, among inaccessible hollows and ravines, swarming with wild beasts, and yearned for purification and for triumph over their passions. Among the points most frequently chosen by such men—for further action on the deeply pious body of laymen—Ellora occupied perhaps the most prominent place. The traditions which refer to it have their root in such a remote and misty antiquity, that even now (from the cultured Brahmin down to the simple peasant) no one seems to doubt that the expanse lying before us was, in ancient days, honoured by the presence of those superhuman beings and supernatural architects, the great Pandava heroes, and even of some of the gods who assisted them.

Three religions once found a peaceful home at Ellora: Brahminism, Buddhism, and Jainism. Each has left behind it some monuments of its art,—very primitive, most invaluable historically, and, what is more wonderful than anything else, very well preserved. The priority in the construction of the cave-temples and monasteries is said to belong to the followers of Gautama Buddha, the princely hermit. Side by side with the subterraneous architecture of the Buddhists (according to the opinion of scholars) the Jains next began to build their temples; finally, roused

by its antagonists, Brahminism took the field, and, in all fairness, it must be said that in the products of its sculpture and architecture it has not only excelled its accidental predecessors, but has even thrown them to some extent into the shade. There is nothing strange in this. Brahminism may be compared to the bright sunlight that permeates India. The fiery ideas of which the powerful caste of priests were the representatives would naturally give, in the process of artistic creation, something as tropical in its colouring, as invincibly majestic in dimensions and beauty, as vital in its proportions as that sun, the source of heavenly warmth, to which the Brahmins pray, and which sheds light on them from its azure home. Buddhism, so completely different in character and essence, seems, in comparison with Brahminism, more like the mild and shimmering moonlight, falling on the earth in its repose after the heat of the day, shedding joy and healing on hearts plunged in the mist of dreams, picturing the future in the silvery midnight gloom. Jainism is something even more undefinable, something like that diamond-dust which sparkles vaguely in the Milky Way. The principles of this religion bear the stamp of something incompletely formed, mystically vague, and without any real foundation. On the other hand, Brahminism, with all the monstrosity and all the gigantic variety of the images it has given birth to, has none of those somewhat negative features that distinguish Buddhism and the belief in 'Jinas' (*i.e.* in the conquerors of sin and evil, in men who have reached the summit of perfection, and who are to many a pious Hindu the objects of his worship and exemplars of the true life).



CAVES OF ELLORA.

At the foot of the steep hill which the illustrious travellers descended on their way from Roaza rises a strange, fantastic rock. The nearer one approaches it the more incomprehensible seem the outlines of this mass, which from a distance appears to be formless. One is struck by the symmetrical unevenness of its surface, and by the deep apertures piercing it through and through from different sides: yet the more one examines it, the clearer it becomes that this is a pagoda, and not an ordinary pagoda, but the famous palace of the god Siva, 'Kailasa.' Before us stands a monolithic monument: the whole is hewn out of one colossal mass of stone, artificially separated from the hill. We see little temples, terraces, pyramids, little belfries, stairs, statues, obelisks, lions, elephants guarding the holy place. . . . What magic power called them into being and

breathed life into the soulless mass? Its dimensions are truly grand. The square alone, which surrounds it, covers more than an acre of ground. The rock-temple itself is to be measured by scores of yards in length, breadth, and height. If in Europe people admire the patience of a poor Chinese artisan who carves curious trifles out of a piece of ivory, what must then be said of the artists who transfigured a whole range of hills, for the purpose of serving their gods and blinding the throng of zealous worshippers with the brilliancy of their work? Hidden in the ravine at the foot of the hill, deserted by their numerous priesthood and nearly forgotten, these temples, in their majestic solitude and silence, produce a powerful impression on the spectator. However carefully one may look, the joints in the stones remain invisible. None, apparently, is supported by another. They seem as if they had been united organically from all time. The rock does not differ at all in colour from its surroundings, being as brown as the range of hills lying near it and running on into the neighbouring plain. Traces of human handiwork are scarcely visible on the walls. Man seems to be a stranger to this mysterious building: it seems to have sprung up of itself amidst the kindred scenery of the Deccan.

But these impressions are delusive: according to the data of Indian archæology similar monuments are to be found on open ground, and even among totally different surroundings,—for instance on the sea-shore. Another such temple stands in the Presidency of Madras, at Mahavellipur, and is also a building of the so-called Dravidic style of architecture, which seems to be nearly connected with the Assyro-Babylonian. Their historical connection is not yet very clear, but the existing hypotheses concerning the degree of their far from accidental relationship are based, first, on the ancient commercial relations of the Malabar coast with Mesopotamia and the Gulf of Persia, and next on the undoubted arrival of the Dravidians (by ways still unknown) from the far north-west. There are still elements in the population of Beloochistan whose speech is near to the dominant language of Southern India.

Their Highnesses pass through the rocky wall that separates the Nandgaon road from Kailasa (the palace of Siva). Images of the meek goddess Lakshmi on a lotus, stern warders of stone (*dwârapâlas*) on each side of the temple-gates, the heights closing in on both sides, along with the sight of the artistic mass hewn out of their very heart,—all this awakes a far more thrilling interest than the caves of Elephanta, seen not long ago. True, on examining in greater detail the chief of the wonders of Ellora, one notices things, here and there, similar to those that struck the eye on the day of our arrival at Bombay (the carving on some of the pillars is identical with that of Elephanta), but on the whole the difference is too great: the architecture of Elephanta did not tend to whirl away the spectator in the labyrinth of dreams and beliefs brought down by it to earth,—here, on the contrary, each stone, each nook of the wondrous building, is full of some deep and hidden meaning, which has its root in prehistoric creeds; they speak of legendary exploits and of struggles between supernatural beings, they force the spectator to examine and ponder over problems of being, the very conception of which would scarcely have arisen otherwise.

At the entrance into the court of the Brahmin temple stands the mutilated figure of a gigantic elephant with a broken trunk.

Kailasa is otherwise called 'Rang Mahal.' Archæologists consider this temple to have been erected about the middle of the eighth century of our era. Tradition saith, that some hundred and fifty years later a certain rajah, named Elu, from the once flourishing city of Elichpur in Central India, being sick, found healing in the waters of a tank, which still remains at the place afterwards named Irul or Ellora.

ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND TEMPLE.

The building now being surveyed by the illustrious travellers consists of four stories. They are all somewhat unfinished. The frail bridge leading from the central fane to a side chapel has fallen.

We mount up to a long gallery, admiring the sculpture on the walls. The carving on the rock is so delicate in places that it seems as if executed in wood. The skilfully hewn arches overhead are curved like ribs. The work of the sculptors who adorned the front of the building reproduces scenes from the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. A passing survey of the temple does not allow of pausing on the details of different small but complicated groups and marvellously interlaced ornaments. One can only gather general impressions and search for something complete in conception and execution.

We penetrate deeper and deeper into the rock-temple. A pantheon of stone, the heathen world in its most fantastic and somewhat coarse forms, opens out before our eyes. Here is the four-handed goddess Annapurna ('the satisfying'), with her beads and bowl, the hostess of Siva, when, in the guise of a beggar, he wandered over the earth. There is Krishna with his shell and his sword, with his foot planted on the terrible reptile Kaliya. The mysterious and tranquil Vishnu is represented resting on an enormous sea-serpent, with a lotus springing from his belly, and a four-faced Brahma appearing in this wondrous flower. The same Brahma is also sometimes found riding on his sacred goose, or with a trident, bow, and quiver, driving the chariot of the sun, harnessed with the personifications of the wise Vedas, in which the six-handed Siva rushes into battle against the demon Taraka.

On the walls of Kailasa new images, abstract ideas, embodied in stone, make their appearance at every step. Here a god, in the guise of a boar, strives to raise the land on his tusks above the surface of the all-embracing primeval waters. Further, Garuda, half-man, half-bird, the destroyer of reptiles, bears his equal Vishnu on his mighty back. In another place the latter, under the name of Narasimha, is represented with a lion's head, and savagely rends with his delicate braceleted hands the miserable body of a demi-god, lying across his knees, who has terrified and angered the gods by his extreme power and ambition. How is this mixture of artlessness, depth, and horror to be explained?

According to popular belief, Siva once supported his spouse and his sons (Ganesha, the god of wisdom and riches, and Kartikeya, the god of war) by collecting alms in the garb of a fakir. But, having given himself up to drunkenness, he neglected his family duties, so that his wife Parvati was brought to extremities, and was reduced to satisfying her hunger by eating even 'the rat and the peacock,' the faithful creatures on which the children of the dread divinity used to ride. Then the goddess began to obtain food by means of her spells, causing it to vanish from her husband's bowl as soon as the customary alms were dropped into it. At last Siva, weak and worn, plodded his way home, and, O wonder! was fed by his wise spouse, who for this received the name of Annapurna. In frantic delight he clasped her in his arms with such force that they united into one bisexual being (Ardhanaris'war), which we saw represented on the Island of Elephanta, and which we remark here also. The head is in a whirl from the abundance and fulness of mythological, carefully thought out, and completely incomprehensible material! . . .

The social peculiarities of mediæval India are accidentally reflected here and there on the outer wall of the temple: *e.g.* there is a carving of an army going into battle . . . some warriors are on elephants, others in chariots. It is a sculptured page from the Mahabharata!

There has scarcely been time to impress this characteristic picture of ancient India on the memory when one already stands before the kneeling figure of the bigoted, ten-headed king of

Ceylon, Ravana, who voluntarily cuts off one of his heads as a pious offering to the bloodthirsty Siva.

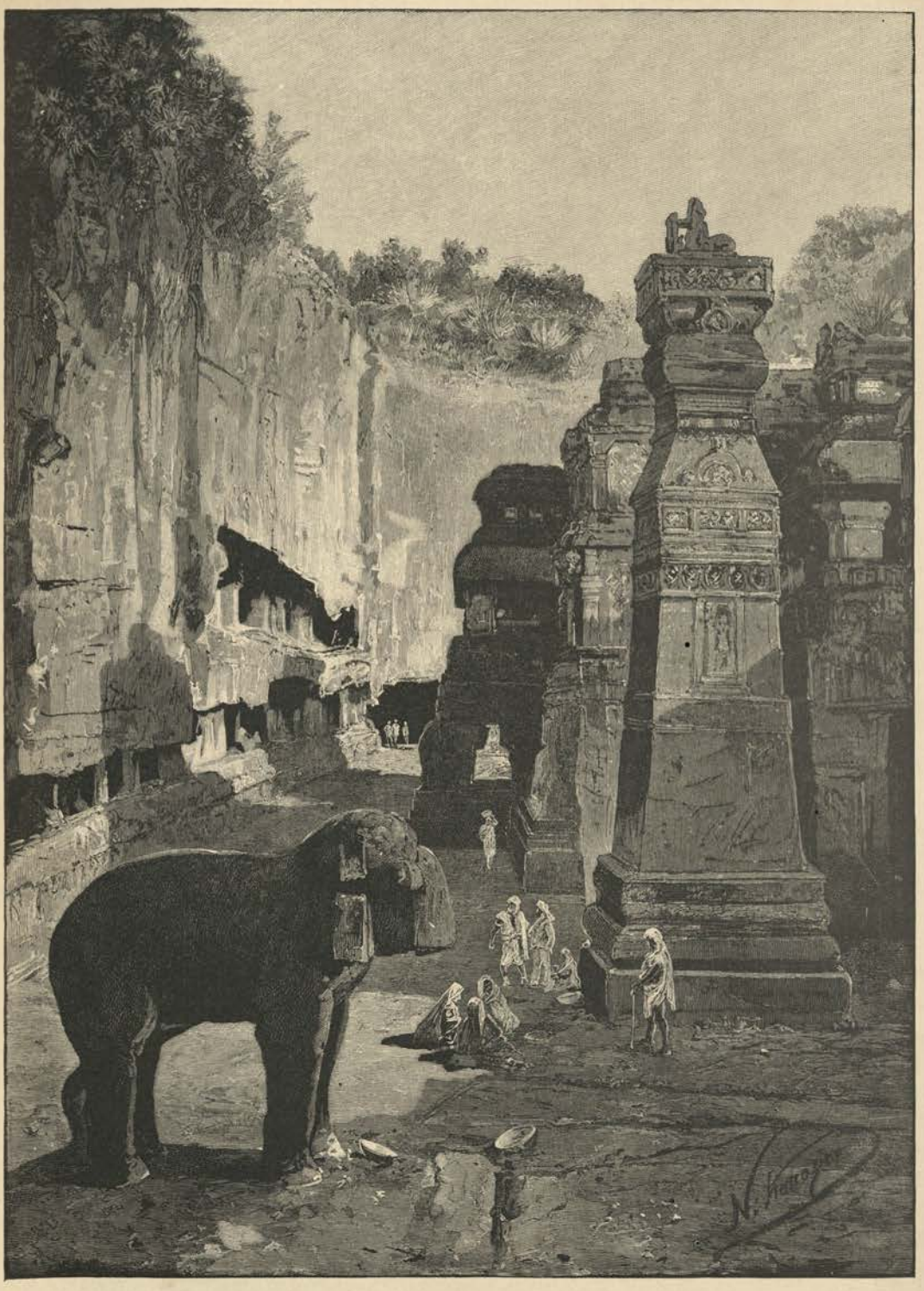
The idols carved in Kailasa are original, and strange to an incredible degree: the god of the sun, for instance, has lotuses growing out of his hands, and rings in his ears. Other divinities are in diadems, lofty tiaras, and bracelets. Above some of the groups we find carving of wonderful delicacy, reproducing the forms of tropical vegetation.

The illustrious travellers cross the threshold of the inner sanctuary, ascend to the upper story, and attentively survey the sacred rock. The low ceiling of this mighty temple is said to have been once adorned with coloured tracery, which has disappeared owing to the orders given by Aurangzeb to kindle a fire within the confines of the fane he hated. But this may be no more than a vague popular legend, and the whole may be explained by the carelessness of the heathen pilgrims of a later period, who sometimes remained for a long time within the domains of the idols they worshipped, and who, at night, used to light bundles of straw among the cold, damp stones, to warm themselves and to drive away with the smoke both insects and beasts of prey.

Obliged at last to tear oneself away from this grand monument of the ages, which have conjoined the creative impulse with the warm sincerity of the simplest faith, we slowly leave Kailasa, and, emerging from its walls, gaze absently on the deserted plain that stretches to Nandgaon.

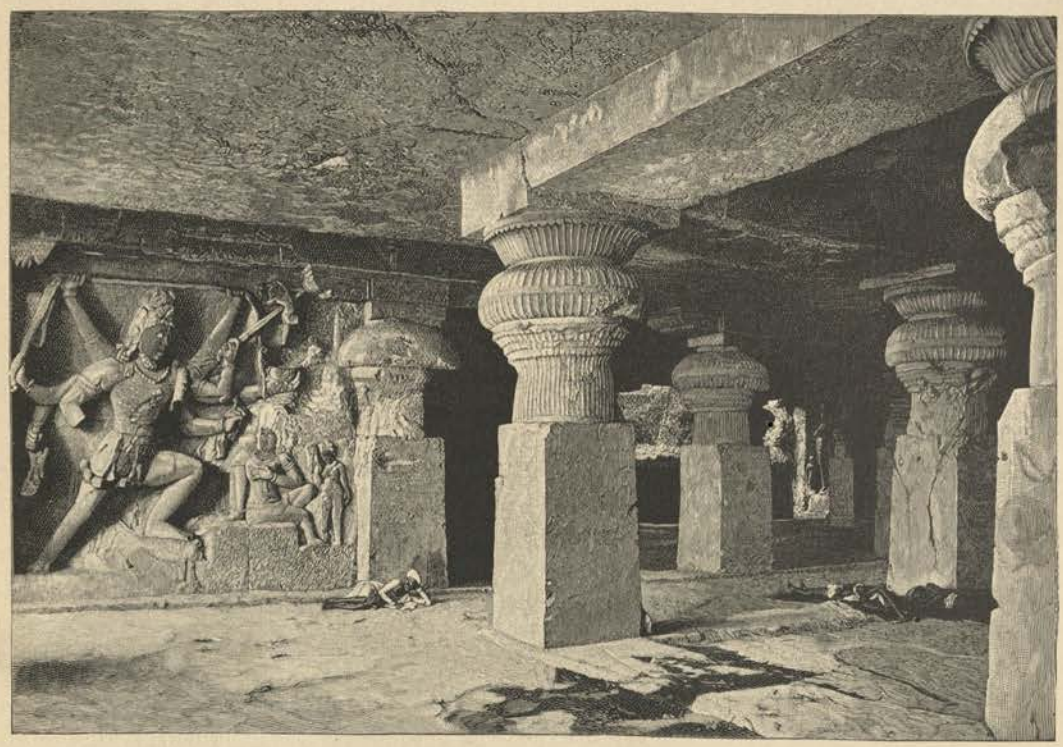
Lower than the mountain road from Roaza to Ellora, and somewhat to a side, stands the little dwelling of the watchmen appointed by the Haiderabad Government to preserve the caves from ruin, and from the vandalism of tourists. The Parsees are distinguished for the latter, being possessed of a mania for carving their names on all objects of interest. Salar Jung, late prime minister to the Nizam, guarded the antiquities of his native land most zealously, linked them by comparatively convenient roads with the railway stations, restored the choked-up entrance to the dwelling of the gods—in fact, showed himself a cultured administrator, equal to the situation.

Somewhat narrow paths lead through the brushwood to the very foot of the hilly range. To the left of Kailasa we are shown another series of temples, which, however, it is scarcely possible to examine in some two days. While yet full of our impressions of the vast Brahmin pantheon and the heroic legend of India, we pay a passing visit to the temples lying near the 'palace of Siva.' According to the report of archæologists, it is interesting here to follow out the changes in architectural style and sculptural peculiarities in the gradual passage from the oldest Buddhist fanes to the later ones of a Vishnuite stamp. The shading off in building and sculpture is at first almost imperceptible. It is only after several involuntary pauses before the images of the 'wise prince' buried in contemplation, that one realises that one is in a world of completely different images, in a region of totally different petrified dreams and lofty aspirations. There, side by side, on the borders of heaven, where ancient heroes and semi-mythical creatures stand out in relief from the walls and meet fearfully with gods of terrific appearance, the very stones seem to be full of the life and motion of a struggle that has neither end nor beginning. Here, with mild eyes, abstracted from all things earthly, sits Buddha gazing into eternity through the golden gloom of the gigantic cave. It has three stories (for which reason it is called Tin-tal), and is of great dimensions. Their Highnesses examine it, mounting the stairs hewn in this rock-temple, excavated, probably, about the end of the seventh century of our era. The attributes of the figures in the niches, compared with Brahminical attributes, are very peculiar; flowers and trees preponderate,



KAILASA.

and then little magic wands (*vajra*) and books. The latter form the distinguishing mark of the Buddha-like being Manjushri, the personification of wisdom, which, as we know, is incarnated and re-incarnated in the Emperor of China. The never-failing source of mercy—Avalokites'wara, a Buddhist divinity, still worshipped, chiefly by the Lamaites, and acknowledged as the supreme patron, so to speak, and the spiritual sovereign of Thibet, stands here also near the deserted altars. Around are the Buddhas of the past and the Buddhas of the future (the fingers of their raised hands strangely folded). Above the images is a sort of canopy (*chatra*). Their brows are adorned with crowns and haloes. One image represents a sinless ascetic, buried in the deepest mysteries of



SIVA'S GROTTO.

contemplation. There is neither power nor wish to continue the survey of these monuments, a fuller acquaintance with which would have a meaning only if they were studied with a scientific aim. Once this is wanting, over-fatigue within the walls of any of the temples of Ellora is both undesirable and useless. The illustrious travellers leave them, with the firm resolve to return on the following day. After us, along the road that sweeps past Kailasa, plods a sad, poorly clad, old Hindu (probably the guardian of this group of temples), with an old English book in a red binding: it seems that the poor native uses this book (published many years ago, and written, moreover, by a sceptical foreigner) as a guide to the labyrinth of gloomy fanes, in which his ancestors found rest, hope, and healing for heart and mind.

Our dinners at Roaza last till late in the evening, and, to some extent, are of an official

character. At the head of the Haiderabad nobles who met the Cesarewitch stands a typical representative of the feudal nobility of the land, a relation of the Nizam's, his minister of revenue, Nawab Vikar-ul-Umra Bahadur (a strongly built, middle-aged man, with the stern face of a Turanian of that epoch when the warlike tribes of Central Asia poured into the Indian world). With him is his son, Nawab Sultan-ul-Mulk, with precious ornaments on his tarboosh (a cap recalling the lofty fez of the Khedive's palace-guard). Also, to show greater honour, another minister, Nawab Fateh Nawaz-Jung, has come here from the capital.

The presence of several other taciturn Mussulman nobles of the Deccan (several native rajahs are vassals of the Nizam, but pagans have not been invited to take part in the brilliant reception), with a very independent air, in embroidered caftans, impart, in their turn, a great charm to the surroundings.

The court has spared no expense that the Heir to the throne of Russia might meet in Roaza with the fullest Eastern hospitality expressed in European fashion. Provisions, wines, and ice have been brought from Bombay. On our way from the railway we passed a baggage-train of hundreds of pack-horses, bearing all that was necessary. A whole army of servants moves noiselessly around the dining-saloon. Our English fellow-travellers look somewhat askance at a countryman of theirs, with free and easy manners, who officiates as butler at the Grand Duke's table, a thing which, in the eyes of the masters of India, does not befit one of the ruling race.

Colonel Ludlow, of the Madras army, is temporarily in charge of the police service. Mr. Stevens, an extremely attentive and sociable gentleman, is commissioned by the native authorities to superintend the order of the reception. According to his words, if the Cesarewitch had visited Haiderabad, the pomp and fabulous splendour of his reception would have been indescribable.

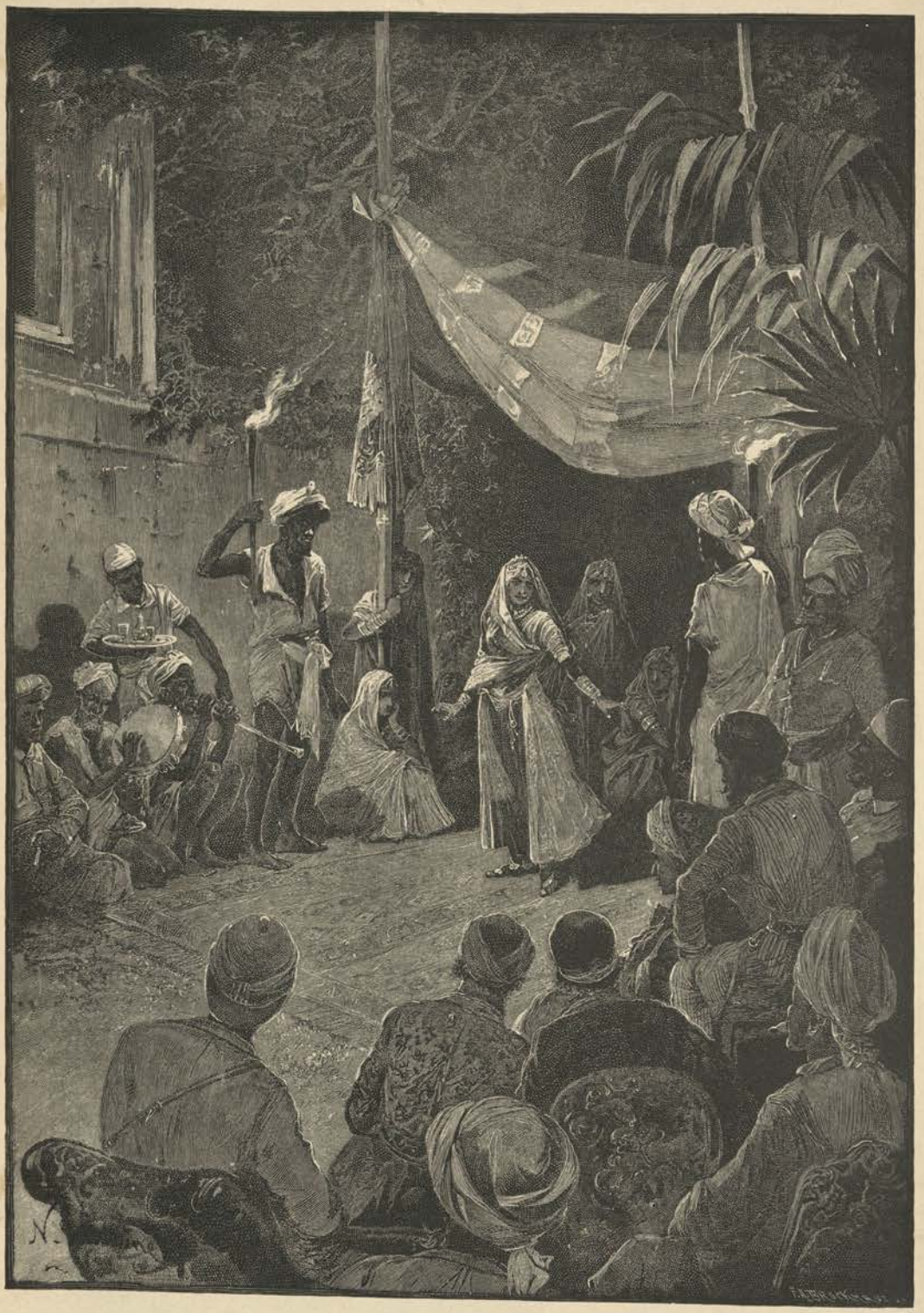
Two or three officers of the English garrison at Aurangabad have come to Roaza,—among them the commander of the mounted battery, whose horses brought their Highnesses from Nandgaon, the special correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette* accompanying them.

The band of the native battalion, which has furnished the guard of honour, plays immediately next the dining-pavilion. Schubert's 'Marche Héroïque' is followed by the overture to Glinka's 'Life for the Tsar,' the strains of Ostler's 'Isis' waltz and Waldteufel's 'Sirens' float through the night-air, giving place in their turn to gay and sparkling *pot-pourris* from the 'Duchess of Gerolstein' and 'Madame Angot.' Then comes the soft ripple of a melody from Schubert's 'Am Meer.' And yet we are but a few paces from the tomb of the Great Mogul, who lies buried in holy Meccan earth, brought specially for him from Arabia! . . .

The Vikar-ul-Umra, who sits next the Cesarewitch at dinner, proposes the health of the Queen-Empress, of our Emperor, and of their Highnesses. Three national anthems ring out in reply. H.I. Highness drinks to the health of his host the Nizam, the other guests at the table, according to custom, repeating the concluding words of the toast, 'Highness Nizam.'

Under a broad awning, next the dining-pavilion, stands a motley group of dancing-girls. They are not singing or dancing yet, but gaze motionless at the foreigners, lazily adjusting their garments and necklaces; but what distrust in the inflated, enthusiastic reports of tourists is inspired by the very appearance of these dancers, what prose, what disenchantment! Unsightly, brown, clumsily wrapped in rich and heavy garments, that cover them from head to foot, they produce a far from favourable impression.

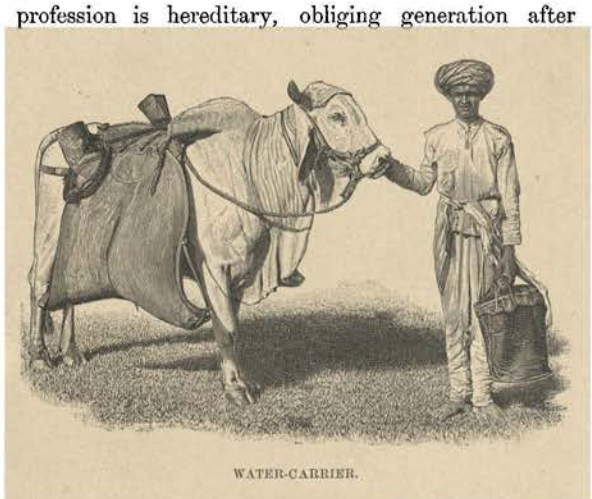
It is only respectable women in India that have the right to wear light and transparent



NAUTCH DANCE.

garments. The upper classes, moreover, are invisible to the eye of the stranger, while the women of the lower classes, whom alone we have seen, cannot be said to be overburdened with clothing. Dancing-girls, on the other hand, as the representatives of free love, have long been obliged, owing to their ambiguous social position, to conceal most carefully their bodies, breasts, and shoulders. The soaring fancy of the traveller, which pictures them as ethereal, semi-nude visions, must here descend to earth and face a somewhat unprepossessing reality, without seeing a spark of poetic fire in the slow and coldly measured motions of the dancing-girls, accompanied by the discordant strains of a small drum and a rude fiddle. The Egyptian *gawazis* and the Indian nautch-girls are sisters not by profession only, but also in the traditions of their art. Its central idea is that of hidden passion, seeming indifference, intoxicating charm, and a quenchless thirst for love, in which the heart believes no more, and which, nevertheless, still lures it on.

Ugly and miserable torch-bearers (the profession is hereditary, obliging generation after generation to earn a miserable pittance by carrying lights for people of the upper classes) stand, with a weary and submissive mien, on each side of the swaying nautch-girls, as they gently advance towards the spectators and retreat as slowly. Their ornaments clink, their necklaces heave on their bosoms, their graceful little bare feet patter untiringly on the hard soil of the camp in their regular customary measure, indifferent to all around them, while above us the burning abyss of the heavens hangs in a ceaselessly sparkling vault over the dark landscape of Roaza. The surrounding plain lies silent in the dim distance under the mystic light of the moon, now high in the heavens. The shadows of a throng of curious natives pass backward and forward from the moonlit gloom to the fantastic strip of light about our shamiana.



WATER-CARRIER.

Now the fiery fountains of a fabulously beautiful exhibition of Oriental fireworks begin to play. On a neighbouring hill, beyond the Mussulman tombs, the brilliant lines of an illumination spread far and wide. Rockets rush up into the dark blue of the southern sky. A shower of parti-coloured sparks falls from them on to the ruins of the neighbouring town.

Now a burning sphere rises slowly out of the roadside gloom, beyond our tents. It rises higher and higher, up to the level of the characteristic outline of the distant heights, swaying on the boundless starry expanse under the silvery rays of the moon, and then, sadly and unwillingly, sinks downwards to the earth, as if to meet another such sphere, which rises from the dense foliage of a clump of trees, followed by a third, a fourth, a fifth, a whole series of winged little flames, which vainly strive to reach the distant vault.

Morning. A still, clear, balmy morning. Khultabad ('the heavenly dwelling-place'), as Mohammedans sometimes call Roaza, the region of tombs, seems to justify its name. Waking up almost at break of day, one steps out on to the verdant expanse, which slopes downward from the mausoleum of Tana-Shah towards Ellora. The scene is still and deserted. Only the muffled beat

of drums comes from the tomb of one and another saint, whose descendants are doing honour to his memory, while, with a harmonious tinkling of little bells, the double-humped oxen of the water-carriers, with brass-bound horns and with leather waterbags on their backs, plod along in our direction.

Every day their Highnesses and their suite go out hunting. The natives track out a large panther, which has its lair not far from the camp. At last the hunt is successful. The beast is driven up to the line of sportsmen, and, before it reaches the post of the Cesarewitch, is slightly wounded by Prince Obolensky and mortally by Prince Bariatinsky. It is brought to the tents, admired, and then skinned. While this is taking place, Gritsenko, our artist, who shares the admiration of the Nizam's minister, Nawab Fateh Nawaz-Jung, for the first dancing-girl of the place

SHOOTING A PANTHER.

(a plain and dusky girl), whom we saw dancing yesterday, and shall probably see again this evening, is carefully sketching her near the pavilion. She has not come to the sitting alone, but has brought her ugly old mother. In the light of day the figure of the nautch-girl, muffled up in silk and gold embroidery, stands out even more distinctly amongst the semi-European surroundings of the pavilion. The jewel in her nose, the glossy hair parted down the middle, the apathetic bewildered gaze, compel one, in spite of a certain prettiness in the expressionless face, to repeat what has been said before: one must either wilfully pervert the truth in speaking of the dancers of the East, or else acknowledge that these women belong to another world, utterly strange to us, and that only the meaning of their songs, their pantomime of love, and the symbolism of their motions can to some extent interest a European.

The illustrious travellers again descend to Ellora, where, as we are told (*mirabile dictu!*),

SHOOTING-PARTY.

the famous tomb of some Mussulman saint is to be found, and that, too, next the caves which are the pride of the Hindus. At the beginning of the century, when the Marathas still had a firm footing near Roaza, the very garrison quartered here was composed of warriors of Rajpoot blood, to do honour to the district, which had created, even though in ancient times, a series of miracles of religious art. Times are changed. The spell is growing weaker. A more prosaic view of things is taking the upper hand.

Amidst the dense growth of trees and bushes rise the grim, grey rocks which screen the entrances into the desolate temples and the long deserted monasteries. He who has passed through these grand creations of ancient Indian architecture, and alternately either glanced at or gazed for long on the deathless work of these unknown architects, who strove to bring down their divinity from heaven and embody it in stone for all time, he, after visiting all these almost prehistoric monuments, will naturally feel in his heart the breath of the epoch which gave birth to such ardent faith and to such art.

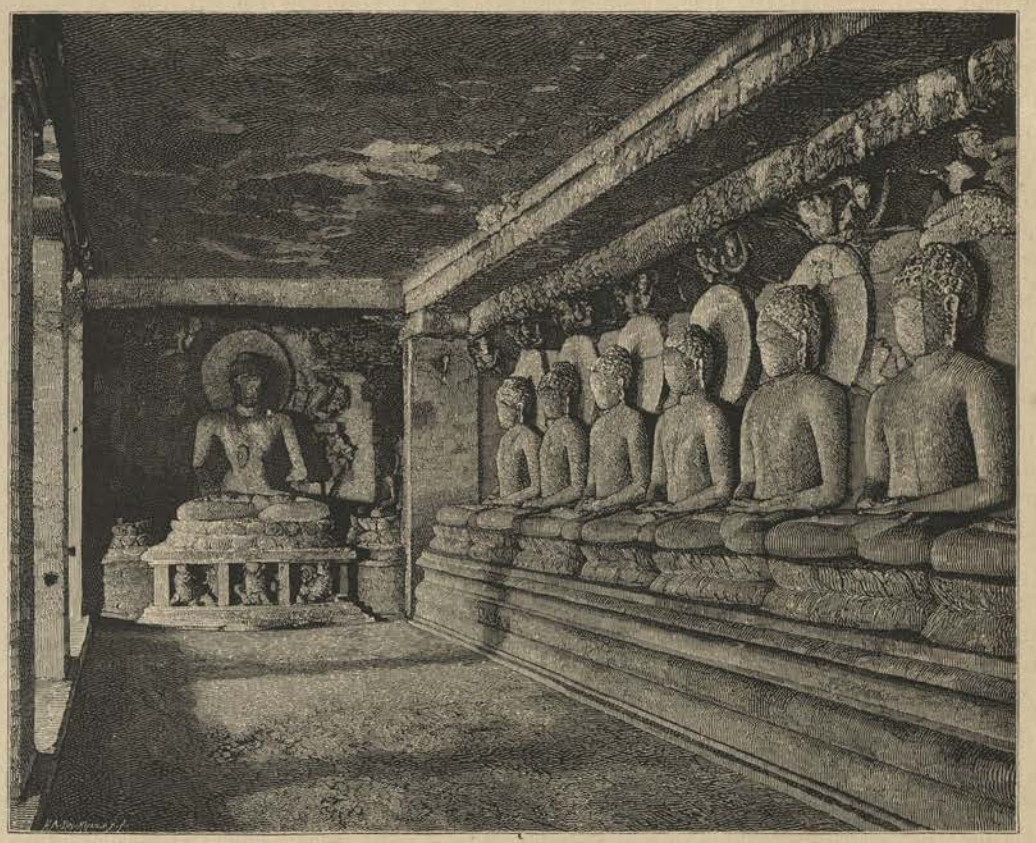
To comprehend it, it is necessary to go back in imagination to the far-off misty past of this land. . . . The Deccan was then a stern forest wilderness, inhabited by wandering savages; it was void of settled life, of any regular community, and of higher civilisation of any kind whatever. The energetic Aryans gradually penetrate into the virgin forest wilds, cultivate the ground, build towns, fortify themselves against the persistent attacks of the surrounding barbarians, and bring both their divinities and their inspired hymns into the land they are slowly colonising. Some parts of the Deccan undergo a change. In course of time a prosperous, commercial city rises up between Roaza and Daulatabad, not far from what is now Ellora, a city in which the culture of the day doubtless flourishes, amidst the animation, once common in many cities of ancient India, in the golden age, when it yet led a life of its own under the patriarchal rule of semi-mythical rajahs.

Various religious movements arose in those ages within the land, stirring up all those who would not acknowledge the absolute authority of the Vedas, and refused to bow down slavishly before a handful of haughty Brahmin priests, who sought to make a monopoly of knowledge. On all sides independent thinkers, and preachers, and supporters of a higher, more universal truth kept coming forward, one after another, from among the people. They subjected themselves to severe ordeals, gradually gained the blind confidence of their contemporaries, and at last, almost deified by the people, they preached to their countless followers and hearers an ethical doctrine which was to afford to this suffering world healing for the soul and final bliss hereafter. Such a teacher was Buddha. The moral revolution which he inaugurated in the heart of the nations of Asia does not, strictly speaking, present anything new, as the commandments proclaimed by the wise prince, who had renounced all earthly desires, had always been familiar to India.

The rapid success and spread of the Buddhist monastic community, thanks to which the abstract teaching of the older faith, which was not in touch with the people, became more tangible to laymen seeking for the truth, is to be explained partly by the negative influence of Brahmin views of life and of the world of spirit. When the centre of gravity, the power of influencing the masses, suddenly passed from the ancient priestly caste to the founder of the new faith and to his active and untiring successors, the latter, to gain a firmer hold of the enthusiastic population, which was so strongly drawn to them, and to counterbalance the influence of Brahmin intrigue and Brahmin ceremonial, found themselves obliged to call in the aid of art, that prime factor in the development of all religions. It was then that the monuments of ancient Buddhist architecture

and sculpture, monuments which are still great, began to arise one after another, each more splendid than its predecessor in fineness of conception and flight of fancy.

Buddha was a man, and his words are no more than the teachings of simple humanity; but after the death of 'the master,' the people could not do without some definite objects of worship. Whatever the beauty of the princely sage's teaching,—words alone will not stir the people, who seek a visible expression for their feelings of reverence. The leaders, therefore, of the primitive Buddhist community had recourse to sculpture, that it, if nothing else, might recall to the yearning



BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

throng of disciples the figure of the self-concentrated Buddha, who had passed into the mysterious state of Nirvana. Statues of the master made their appearance, in which he was generally represented in an attitude of contemplation, or as preaching, or, finally, as sinking peacefully to rest.

Here, at Ellora, it was the disciples of Sakya-Muni who, earlier than all other religious teachers of heathen India, made unto themselves cells for dwelling and for prayer. From separate and accidental refuges these cells began to grow into little monasteries. Next to the retired caves, which were yet near to inhabited places, peaceful altars, brightened by the beauty of certain

images, soon appeared,—altars to which groups of worshippers, in the fulness of their hearts, brought offers of flowers, perfumes, and grain.

Ascetics, in the silence of the chambers adjoining the rock-temples, repeated the sayings of Buddha, pondered over them, and, overpowered by a mass of thoughts, directed their fixed gaze westward towards the boundless, forest-covered plain of the Deccan, which lay spread out before them. Fixing their stony eyes on the ever open door of their temple, open to men of every caste, the images of the master, carved in the rock, loomed dark in the gloom above their lion thrones. (It may be remarked that the lions which support the seat of Buddha were, and still remain, emblems of a mighty spirit, firm before all possible obstacles, and royal in its very essence.)

So century followed century, until Brahminism gathered strength and rose against Buddhism, until Islam came into the land and the last adherent of the anti-Brahminical faith fled from the temples of Ellora, leaving to oblivion places so sacred to them, that even now it is not without some awe that the sceptical European tourist enters into them.

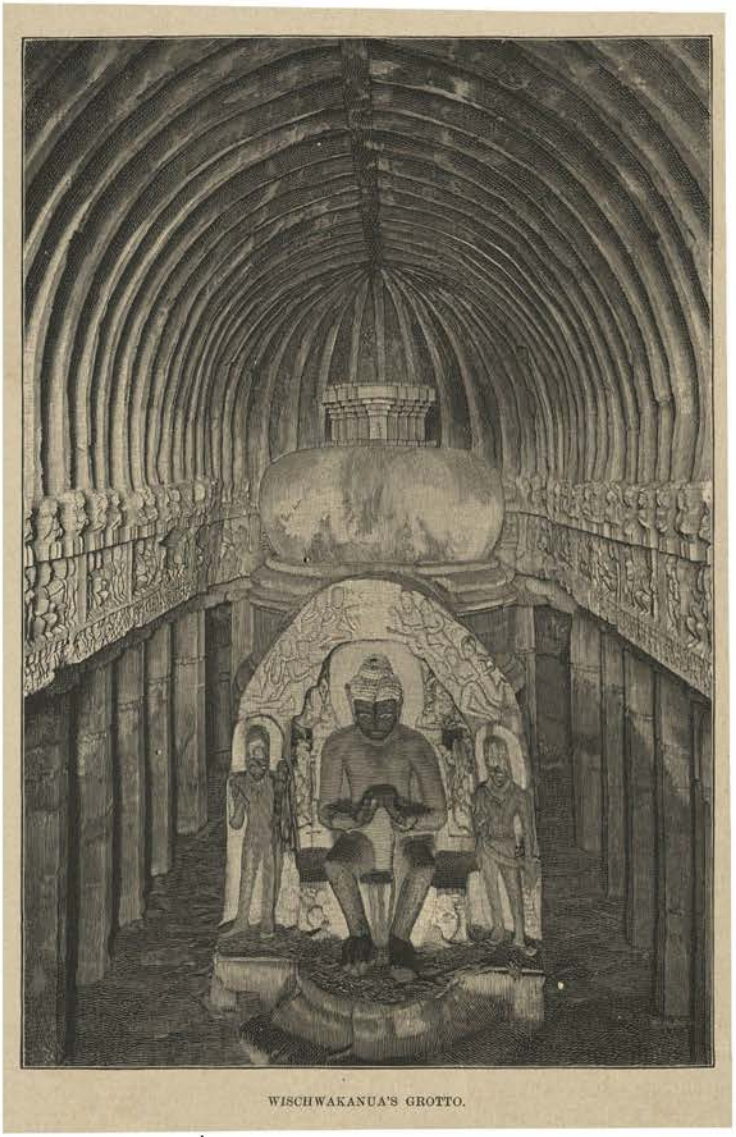
Their Highnesses cross the threshold of the strange cave, known by the name of Visvakarma (after the legendary architect of the gods, said to have exercised his divine talents on its construction). This is not a temple such as those we have already seen (both here and at Elephanta), but a regular little cathedral (hewn in the rock), with arches, with bas-reliefs on the walls, and with a massive, round, dome-shaped monument or dagoba within it, such as is still erected by Buddhists all the world over in memory of the great deeds of the sage, who reached Nirvana. Before this mystic monument rises a stern, dark, towering mass,—a gigantic figure of the master, with two companions.

The shadow of an impenetrable mystery lies on those reddish features, tinged with blue and green, though the light of day comes in broad uneven waves from above through a threefold Venetian window above the entrance. The silence of the vault, the fanciful ornaments along the inside walls of the sanctuary, 'the ray of light which seeks the darkness' (as our Russian poet Feht has it), at the feet of the mysterious sculptured Buddha . . . can such a picture ever be erased from the memory? Carved on the stone, heavenly spirits, like impalpable visions, hover round his brow, as if they had descended to hearken to his wondrous words. Night and dawn, mortal life and eternity!

At the entrance, looking fearlessly at the tourists, variegated lizards and squirrels glide along the ledges on the front of Visvakarma, basking in the sun on the knees of this or that divinity, sitting petrified in his niche, sometimes startling some meditative parrot from his perch on the pillars of the porch. . . .

We go northward along a narrow road, far away from Tin Tal and Kailasa, to the monuments of Jain culture. A lean old Brahmin runs after us, begging for alms. To the right of Ellora rises the amphitheatre of hills. Along the way we meet with several wild, long-haired, dark-skinned people, clothed in rags and heavily laden. These are the comparatively recently subdued Bheels, the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, who, lurking on the wooded heights, used to raise a panic in the district by their marauding expeditions. Under the Moguls they kept the peace, but afterwards grew more unruly. The Marathas sometimes allowed them to rob and plunder, only levying a heavy tribute for permission to carry on so profitable a business, while at other times they punished them brutally, cutting off noses, tearing off ears, and branding them with red-hot iron.

According to tradition, they are descended from Siva and a mortal mother, whose son excited the wrath of his dread father. The name of the tribe is connected with the Dravidic word 'Bhilla' (a bow). Formerly the women, as well as the men, went forth to battle, being skilled in the art of noosing the enemy.



WISCHWAKANUA'S GROTTO.

Their Highnesses enter another two-storied rock-temple (of a later age than those we have already examined). It was hewn out by the Jains, the professors of a religion nearly akin to Buddhism, and which developed almost side by side with it, but attracted the attention of prominent Orientalists only in the later years of this century. The eye is struck by a mingling of ancient Aryan images with ideal embodiments of an anti-Brahminical type. Wherever it is possible, naked ascetics are carved, whom the faithful (mostly Hindus of the mercantile classes) reverence as 'Jinas,' *i.e.* men who have conquered their sinful nature. At the same time, we see at every step ornaments perhaps invented by Jainism,—ornaments that are full of beauty and hidden meaning. Such, for example, are the threefold canopies above the saints, the seven-headed serpent that rises behind the throne of the sage who has conquered the power of the flesh, the wheels of the 'moral law,' moved everlastingly by the spiritual instructors of the people, etc.

On ascending the staircase inside the temple named Indra Sabha ('the court of Indra'), one at once comes on an enormous stone image of him to the right (under a tree with birds, mounted on his famous mythical elephant Airavata), while on the left hand, mounted on a mutilated lion, sits the goddess Indrani, or, as some scholars surmise, Ambika,—one of the amiably disposed personifications of the spouse of Siva.

Resting in the comparative coolness of the rock-temple after the journey under the burning

sun along the Ellora range, the illustrious travellers contemplate the rock-carved ideology of Aryan religious art. Two or three chance pilgrims, apparently come from a distance to worship, along with their families (hitherto it is only our people and the nations of the Mussulman, and in general of the Asiatic East, that are capable of travelling thus, only for religious purposes, apart from all considera-

THE GODDESS INDRANI.

tions of time and space!), stand timidly on one side at the temple porch below. The children reverently raise their little hands to their foreheads at the threshold of the fane. Several men, perhaps native anchorites, perhaps only vagrants (with wandering eyes, shaven heads, and rings in their ears, the wearing of which is prescribed by certain sects under pain of expulsion from the caste) lounge carelessly in different corners. Above, in the second story, whither their Highnesses have ascended, there is not a soul, and all is still; only the deposed gods still dwell in their royal mansion, while,

if one gently strikes the two pillars in the depths of the majestic cavern, they give forth a strange, singing sound, which embodies, as it were, the futile cry of the past for that which is gone without recall!

Indra the thunderer, that lightning-wielding counterpart of Zeus and the Slavonic god Perun, naturally makes one think of what this divinity of the Vedas must have been when the Aryans, *i.e.* tillers of the earth (from *ar*, a root signifying to plough), penetrating further and further into India, offered up to him the greatest praise and the most numerous sacrifices of all. The wild aborigines around were regarded as implacable foes,—the spawn of darkness. The orb of day (Surya) favoured the good in their struggle with them. But sometimes, during the rainy season, clouds covered the sky, the struggle for life in this new land became more terrible, and then in the worship of the storm they celebrated the victory of fire over the chaos of the material world.

Agni (in the sense of 'mover' first, and only afterwards in that of 'fire') was reverenced by the composers and the singers of the Vedic hymns as the highest and most perfect among all the gods of heaven (the Devas). As the god of the Brahmins, he was the patron of the house and hearth in the settlements which kept springing up everywhere. Mighty in battle, Agni was yet inferior in warlike capacity to his twin, the god of the caste of warriors (the Kshatriyas)—the all-destroying Indra. It is true, the one was pictured with dark-yellow eyes of blinding brightness, seven tongues of restless flame, a chariot harnessed with red horses. But the other had a thousand eyes; he held the forked lightning in his right hand, and rode a mighty elephant, who trampled down all obstacles before him. If he, the lord of the storm, only breathed on the impious barbarians, then destruction awaited them,—they were reduced to ashes.

Gazing on the image of the Indian thunderer within this ancient Jain temple, one seems to see Indra, soaring above the Aryan warriors at the thickest of their midnight fight, with the foe who is gaining the upper hand; one seems to hear their imploring hymn to the principles of light and gladness—

> 'Genius of victory, spread thy wings o'er us!
> Lightning flashes over the skies and the azure wars with the clouds.
> Morning, O far-off morning! when art thou coming?
> Up from the abyss, where is nor moon nor midnight;
> Where in the boundless expanse the eyes of the stars are quenchless.
> Sun, O longed-for sun! when wilt thou shine forth?'

On the other hand, one seems to see the same Indra lowered in the cycle of the gods, giving up his lightnings to the hermit sage, who rules over nature, holding it in submission with the former weapon of the thunderer,—the magic wand (*vajra*), which is now the attribute of the Buddhist priesthood of the north.

Indra is now uncrowned, but still stands at the head of the heavenly host, receives the souls of good men into his mansions, sins himself, and is even temporarily expelled from heaven. How beautiful, too, is his heaven (*svarga*) on the summit of the legendary Mount Meru! He who eats of the fruit of its trees can remember all that took place and was experienced during innumerable past lives. The flowers that bloom there, if woven into the tresses of a mortal woman, will retain her husband's love towards her for ever. The golden mansions of Indra are built by Visvakarma, the miraculous architect, on pillars of diamond. Yet he, this incarnation of joyous and passionate

will, is fixed here to the rock, staring at the goddess of pleasure, imprisoned within a few yards of him, and is no more than one of the rich ornaments of the Indra Sabha cave of Ellora.

This cave, or some place near it, gave shelter, according to tradition, during the first Mussulman invasion, to a Gujerat princess of Rajpoot blood, Devadevi, the bride of a prince of Deogiri (Daulatabad), whither a wonderful subterraneous passage is said to have run, and still to run, from these temples to the citadel.

The body of Mohammedans who besieged it came hither to look on the heathen buildings, which are distinctly mentioned by the celebrated Arabian geographer Makrizi. They must have drawn back with disgust and sacred horror in the Brahmin temples at the sight of Siva dancing his infernal dance over the ruins of the crumbling universe,—at the sight of this divinity with a scorpion on his breast and skeletons by his side, while human skulls swing at his girdle, a cobra wreathes itself round its lord, who, savage, bloodthirsty, inexorable, pierces a victim with his trident.

Here, in this Jain temple, even the stern sons of Islam could find nothing to shock their religious feelings to such an extent. Many images of ascetics sat in a pose of motionless and blissful contemplation, much like the Sufis of the true faith. Only Indra frowned, as he does to-day, half rising from his obedient elephant, while the black, polished eyes of Indrani glistened with somewhat too earthly a smile.

CHAPTER XV

HAVING started from Roaza on December 17 (29) accompanied by part of his suite, to hunt black buck, and having spent the night at Deogaon, about half-way on the road to Nandgaon, the Cesarewitch arrived at the railway only late in the afternoon of the following day. The journey was made by H.I. Highness in an ordinary native tonga, drawn by brisk and tireless Dekkan ponies. These ponies play, and have always played, a great part in this country, where there has always (until quite lately) been an enormous demand for horses, which used to be brought here both from Arabia and from the Persian coast. Now the demand is falling off. Splendour and outward show are gradually disappearing among the native population. Warlike tendencies have died out. The necessity for keeping up a fine body of cavalry for frequent wars is passing into the region of tradition.

The stately Sikhs (in light green, picturesque uniforms, with pennons on their lances), who escorted the illustrious guests of the Nizam, rode by them all the way along the Aurangabad-Nandgaon road, which we now drove over for the second time: it will probably soon lose its former character,—from the day when the English carry out the plan of some of their capitalists, to build a tramway along it.

At the railway station, whence we are to return to Bombay, their Highnesses dined in a hall picturesquely decorated with various antelopes' horns.

Before starting on our return journey over the Ghauts, we passed the night in the carriages of the Grand Duke's train, where many of us probably still dreamed of the gloomy battlements of Daulatabad, the series of tombs in the calm and peaceful plain of Roaza, of the entrances into the subterraneous temples, through the little courts in which little green squirrels sport, while a solitary vulture soars above them in the sky. . . .

During the course of our visit, Lala-din-Dayal, the best native photographer of India, took by order of the Nizam some two dozen excellent photographs, as a record for India of different moments of the Cesarewitch's visit to Haiderabad. Along with his Excellency, Nawab-Fateh Nawaz-Jung, there came to the reception a cultivated Mussulman journalist, Seyd Muhammed Hussein of Lucknow, who, some six years ago, published in London a little book of serious meaning: *Our Difficulties and Wants*, dedicated to Gladstone. In it he clearly and irrefragably sets forth the impoverishment of the inhabitants of the North-Western Provinces, who in former days never

knew such want as they do now, the causes of the famines, etc. Both townsfolk and villagers are equally growing poorer: the former no longer enjoy the easy circumstances they used to do, owing to the decline of arts and trades, caused by the decline of the native courts and the realisation of the free-trade principles of Great Britain; the latter are reduced to extremities by the disappearance of large neighbouring pastures in the jungle, by the excess of legality in the distribution of the land, by the preservation, on the part of the half-ruined and parsimonious land-owners, of each scrap of land, each little tree, each bush. Cattle-breeding, once widely spread, is dying out. The manuring of the soil is naturally much worse. The price of corn has risen terribly, without bringing in any more to the producers. Formerly the peasants, without burdening themselves, paid what they owed with portions of their harvests, etc.; now they must keep money in hand,—hard to get, and, moreover, scarcely covering the most necessary expenses.

These are interesting data! What a sorry wind-up to the century which saw the triumph of European interference in the destinies of India!

The author of *Our Difficulties and Wants* (and not he alone!) questioned us indirectly about our empire, and about the state of affairs in Russian Central Asia.

Outwardly every native, educated and developed on European lines, is devoted to Government and to liberal England, and is ready to speak *urbi et orbi* of the benefits she has conferred on the inhabitants of Asia; but who can say, who can even guess, what may lie hidden in the hearts of these Orientals?—whether they may not, with heartfelt hatred, consider as a burden the law they are forced to accept, the strict and systematic rule, and the destruction of some of the fundamental bases of their ancient civilisation?

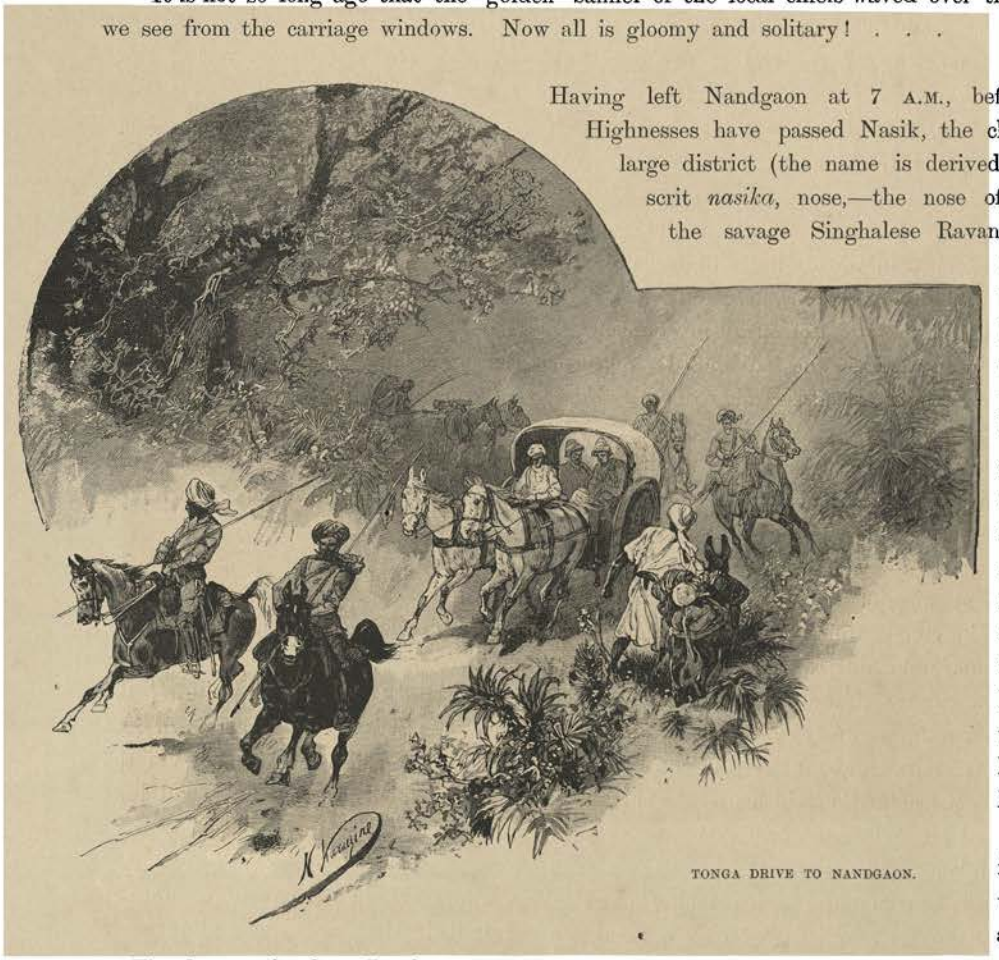
Early in the morning of December 19 (31) we at last cross the Ghauts, so famed for their beauty. The train creeps up some steep hillside, then slowly slides down a rather steep slope, winds among innumerable hills, which during the winter are distinguished by the dulness of their verdure and by a strange deadness of appearance. Travellers who have been here during the rainy season are, on the contrary, enthusiastic about the rush of the torrents that run down into the valleys along the railway, about the brilliant foliage that covers the summits and the slopes of the hills, about the joyous animation which fills the surrounding country, which gave birth to, and bred up for an historical struggle, the warlike Marathas,—mountain robbers, it is true, but defenders of their independent land.

It was from the heart of just such a majestic and savage wilderness that the proud aspirations of their first valiant leader Sivaji soared over a great part of India! His campaigns and those of his successors were, of course, accompanied by bloodshed and the ravaging of many districts, but this was quite according to the spirit of the age, and was even, to some extent, analogous to the character of war in the West. Nevertheless these inimical relations to the surrounding countries (especially when they were subordinated to Islam or to the influence of European settlers) finds its justification in the fact of its being in reality the protest of a regenerated Hinduism with a very strong vitality. Faith in the Brahmins, and in the religious principles inherited from their ancestors, mingled with a sort of national feeling,—this is what inspired the Marathas and made of them a warlike power, which had, and may perhaps yet have, to be taken into account.

They exhibited certain purely Turanian features, which found their expression not only in an unbridled love of freedom, but also in other characteristic details; *e.g.* the Maratha women (like

the Kirgiz and Mongolian women) freely took their places in the flying bodies of horse that went on distant expeditions, rode fearlessly, and bore without heed all the privations and accidents of their frequent migrations. A regular military camp of these restless mountaineers presented something between an encampment of Huns or of Jinghis Khan's army and an enormous bazaar in which enterprising merchants laid out their goods in motley array and drove a brisk trade.

It is not so long ago that the 'golden' banner of the local chiefs waved over the hill-tops that we see from the carriage windows. Now all is gloomy and solitary! . . .



TONGA DRIVE TO NANDGAON.

Having left Nandgaon at 7 A.M., before noon their Highnesses have passed Nasik, the chief town of a large district (the name is derived from the Sanscrit *nasika*, nose,—the nose of the sister of the savage Singhalese Ravana, who carried off Sita, having been cut off here, according to the Ramayana), and, penetrating into the depths of the Ghauts, they stop for lunch, about 11.30 A.M., at Igotpuri, a station of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, situated high above the level of the sea. At 4 P.M. the illustrious travellers stop again for tea, at Titvala, not far from Bombay.

Then again come steep rises and descents, bold curves and viaducts straight as an arrow, tunnels bored through basalt of remarkable hardness, and reverberating bridges,—in a word, the gradual progress of the railway to the tropical coast, to the blue expanse of the ocean, from which the English planned it (some thirty years ago), and whence they energetically laid it onward into the depths of the land.

The train rushes swiftly along the lowlands of Konkan, overgrown with a jungle and palm-trees. The fanciful outlines of the dark, reddish rocks lie far to one side. A populous and animated district opens out around us many miles before we reach Bombay. Dwelling nestles up to dwelling; the crimson turbans and kerchiefs of the people glow in the sunlight; flocks of brown

sheep and grey goats plod, intermingled with buffaloes, along the smooth and narrow roads, that run on into the distant woods. The huts of native fishermen, standing by the lazily plashing water, hint at the neighbourhood of the ocean.

The suburbs of the capital of Western India pass in a wearisome panorama. At last, at 5.30 P.M., we arrive at the splendid Victoria terminus, which reminds one more of a part of some silent palace than of the scene of daily bustle and almost ceaseless movement.

RAILWAY OVER THE GHAUTS.

At the station (by the desire of the Cesarewitch) there is a non-official reception, and a short stay to allow of the meeting of the Cesarewitch with H.I. Highness the Grand Duke George, who, by the advice of the doctors, has not yet left the *Azov* to join his brother during his most interesting excursions through India.

H.I. Highness the Grand Duke came on shore accompanied by Admiral Basargin and the captains of the Russian vessels.

Lord Harris is absent, awaiting the Cesarewitch at Ahmedabad. He is replaced by Colonel Collingwood, who, as senior British officer, accompanied by several members of the local administration, receives the Imperial guest at the Bombay terminus. The platform leading to the first-class waiting-room is carpeted with red cloth and decorated with vases of flowers and Chinese lanterns.

Dinner is laid for thirty people. Before each plate stands a pretty little lamp. A band of

music plays in a neighbouring gallery. A crowd of natives is seen in the distance, beyond the railing of the Victoria terminus. . . . Yet one cannot but feel saddened by the shadow cast by the ill-health of the Grand Duke George over the journey begun so joyously, and by the thought that the brothers are not together to admire the beauties and the monuments of the wondrous land into which a special night-train will shortly bear us again. At 8.40 P.M. we start. A new succession of impressions, a fresh stream of images and colours invading the mind! . . .

All plans for further excursions through the dominions of the Nizam are dropped (owing to want of time and the distance of many historical monuments of the Dekkan, lying buried in the

VICTORIA STATION, BOMBAY.

wilderness). Our way now lies towards Gujerat, passing Surat during the night,—that port, so well known in the commerce of the world, whence Europeans of different nationalities have energetically forced their way into India. It is somewhat to be regretted that we shall not visit Ajanta, famed for antiquities analogous to those of Ellora.

THURSDAY, *December* 20, 1890 (*January* 1, 1891).

Early in the morning, about 6 A.M., their Highnesses stop at the little station of Vishvamitri, near the river of that name (on the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway), before reaching the capital of the prince of Baroda, a scion of a famous Maratha house, which has retained the name given to its founder Pilaji, remarkable both for his capacities, his bodily strength, and his bravery, 'Gaikwar' or 'Gaekwad' (cow-herd).

At first the principality of Baroda was not on good terms with the British, especially while the free and unruly spirit of its Arab mercenaries made itself felt there; but since the Mutiny their relations are outwardly much improved. In 1875 the local sovereign was deposed on the

charge of unfriendly feelings towards the British Resident. The new Gaikwar is said to be a sickly young man, apparently interested in little more than the building of a most splendid and gigantic palace. . . .

The illustrious travellers proceed along a small branch line (the Gaikwar's State Railway) for about fourteen miles, to the station of Kilanpur, accompanied by the political resident in Baroda, Sir Harry Prendergast, by Colonel Jackson, Mr. Littledale, and two or three other English officials.

While antelope-hunting, the Russian sportsmen see for the first time a leopard specially trained for this sport,—the native 'cheeta' (*felis jubata*). It is usually captured and tamed at a certain age, when it has already learned to hunt its prey and to overtake it with its beautiful and impetuous leap.

The cheeta is accustomed to rest and gambol under the shade of some favourite trees, where the natives set a trap for it. Having caught it by the paw, the hunters tie it with strong ropes and confuse it by throwing a sheet over its head. The prisoner is then borne off to the town or village, half-starved, and purposely deprived of sleep: *e.g.* having taken off the sheet and placed the animal before a street where people are constantly passing, they begin to tease it in different ways—sometimes gathering in knots and seeming about to fall savagely on it, sometimes waving handkerchiefs at it, sometimes deafening it by the ceaseless chatter of women. The last method acts most strongly on the terrified cheeta. It becomes subdued and tame,—so tame and submissive as to be as obedient and good-natured as a dog. The hunting-leopard walks with its masters through the crowded bazaars (the people not being in the least afraid of it, only the dogs growling angrily as it passes), sleeps in the same bed and under the same blanket as its keeper, etc.

It not uncommonly happens, that amidst its new surroundings the cheeta completely forgets its inherited habit of hunting, and loses, among other things, its wild gigantic leap, which enabled it, when in its native jungle, to capture its prey so easily. To-day, however, their Highnesses see the cheeta's savage bound. It was brought to the meet in a cart, blindfold, put down comparatively near to the timid but unsuspecting antelopes, and the hood suddenly pulled off: in the twinkling of an eye the beast seemed to awaken to life, and darted forward with lightning-like rapidity.

On catching its prey, it is either allowed to taste the blood of the yet quivering quarry, or else it is even regaled on bits of the liver. The Baroda cheeta was dragged away from its victim very quickly, and, having been blindfolded again, was driven away.

Altogether, during this day, some fourteen black antelopes were killed.

After luncheon in the open air, their Highnesses return to their special train, to proceed, without any further stoppages, to Ahmedabad, as the prince, in whose dominions they have made such a short stay, is not at present in his capital (in which there is nothing that calls for special note, beyond the enormous palace of the Maharajah, of a semi-European, semi-Indian style of architecture, which is still building, and some cannon of gold and silver, with precious harness for the oxen that draw them, which are preserved in the Baroda arsenal!), and, moreover, Prince Bariatinsky has sent the young Maratha sovereign a telegram thanking him in the name of H.I. Highness for the reception given him at Kilanpur, where the Imperial guest was received by the representatives of the native population, who crowned him and his companions with wreaths of flowers as a mark of hospitality and honour. The carriages placed at the disposal of the Cesarewitch at Visvamitri, the luncheon, the cheeta, the beaters,—all was provided by the Gaikwar.

We are speeding swiftly towards Ahmedabad. The country seems to grow more prosperous

and better cultivated. The wooded plain is full of large monkeys, which coolly and fearlessly sit or gambol by the line of rails. They tumble off the trees with horrible grimaces (the females with their young clinging on their backs), jump, race each other, and run close up to the peasants working in the fields. Around us in the sultry noontide lie rich cornfields and a flourishing land!

The province of Gujerat is one of the most interesting and prosperous districts of India. It was at one time inhabited by the Gujars, who were afterwards driven further east into the valley of the Ganges.

Long ago, in the days of hoar antiquity, within the memory of the epic legends of the Aryan race, it warred with the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, at about the same place where Ahmedabad now stands. Archæological investigations on the neighbouring peninsula of Kattiawar (the ancient Saurasthra) supply ample grounds for believing in its ancient and intimate relations with Mesopotamia, Arabia, and even Egypt, and that, too, long before our era. The Græco-Bactrian kings Demetrius and Menander carried their historically important conquests as far as its borders. Soon after the beginning of our era, Irano-Scythian and Turano-Scythian tribes also came hither,—tribes akin to those Sakyas from whom Buddha sprang. These new-comers, Sakya-Singhs (lions), named their capital 'the city of lions,' took temporary possession of the whole of the land which now forms the Bombay Presidency, conquered Ceylon, and even began a series of successful naval campaigns against the islands of the Indo-Malayan Archipelago. Buddhism must undoubtedly have flourished for some time among the Singhs; but, as the Sakyas were followed by new conquerors from the Sassanide kingdom, who Professed the religion of Zoroaster, and as Brahminism, with the worship of Siva, possessed considerable vitality in this part of India, its inhabitants seem to have satisfied themselves with a mixture of contradictory creeds, not one of which gained any marked degree of predominance until the fifth century of our era. It was then that, under the patronage of native sovereigns, one of the most sympathetic, and at the same time most mysterious, forms of Hinduism—Jainism—developed and gained power. Its white-clad priesthood surrounded as with a magic ring the famed Gujerat king Siladitya.

A sovereign of that time is represented in the strangest manner. Of course he stands out clearly amidst his half-savage troops, among whom are several warrior-bards: peaceful agriculturists, his subjects, bring him unmurmuringly, day by day, the fruits of the earth as gifts. The symbol of sovereignty, a crimson canopy, is commonly borne above the king. A gilded sun, as an aureole, is always represented behind his head; he himself is decked out in necklaces of the finest pearls, and diamonds glitter in his bracelets. . . .

The Jain sages succeeded in disposing such kings in their favour, and being, so to speak, the guardians of the fundamental principles of native art, induced their rulers to erect temple after temple, monument after monument, to the glory of their faith. To the present day, heavily as the hand of time has fallen on the monumental antiquities of India, the architectural relics of Jainism are especially numerous, especially remarkable from an historical point of view, and especially deserving of study.

When Islam came into the land, and, having flooded it with a torrent of blood, wished in its turn to build and create, it was still the heathen temples, the heathen ornaments (without the figures), and the heathen conception of the beautiful that supplied the material and the prototype for the conquerors.

It is 4.10 P.M. At the station, which the Grand Duke's train is approaching, an official reception awaits us, with Lord and Lady Harris at the head of the authorities. Next to the Governor stands the Commissioner of Ahmedabad, Mr. James, and Colonel McNaughten, the military commander of the district. There are also many influential natives present.

The station, as usual, is beautifully decorated. The platform is carpeted with crimson cloth. The guard of honour, specially brought from Bombay, is furnished by the Gloucestershire Regiment.

An escort of native soldiers forms behind the carriage in which the Cesarewitch takes his place (with Lord Harris, Mr. James, and the Governor's aide-de-camp, Captain St. Leger Jervis). Prince George of Greece and Lady Harris follow in another carriage. Crowds of people throng the way,—quite different in type and costume from those we saw at Konkan and in the Deccan, with a quaint disorder in their impulsive attempts to join the procession, not to lag a step behind it, filling the winding streets, wide as they are.

We drive into the 'city of Ahmed,' named after the famous Sultan who reigned in Gujerat in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and who founded his capital here—a capital which afterwards attained to vast dimensions, and is said to have contained at one time some two or three million inhabitants.

The locality in which this great political centre of Mussulman learning and Mussulman power in Central India afterwards sprang up was in ancient days the site of different Rajpoot fortresses, when the bold Aryan warriors who invaded the land gradually defeated and subdued the half-savage natives, who soon fraternised with the new-comers, and formed with them a series of small independent states, with a purely polytheistic constitution, peculiarly odious to the Mohammedans who afterwards invaded the country.

It was long before Islam could gain a footing in the land, though grim chiefs professing the creed of the Prophet repeatedly devastated Gujerat, destroyed the fortresses of the infidels, flooded whole districts with their gore, desecrated their idols, and ruined their temples.

By the end of the fourteenth century the sovereigns of Delhi were convinced of the impossibility of crushing the spirit of enmity and rebellion in so conservative and comparatively distant a district, and therefore Zafar Khan, the son of a Rajpoot, who had deserted the faith of his fathers, was appointed Viceroy with extraordinary powers. As almost at the same time Tamerlane fell on Northern India, and with his warriors demolished the Imperial capital of Mussulman India, the Viceroy of Gujerat at once found himself free and independent of Delhi. Waging constant war against his pagan neighbours, fortifying himself more and more on the ruins of forts and castles taken by storm, Zafar Khan gradually became complete master of the land. The unstable camp of the warlike Viceroy could, and had to, become permanent, to become a city, a political centre. After the death of this notable Mussulman chief, when the reins of government passed into the hands of his grandson, Ahmed, this at last took place: it was his reign that saw the building of the series of walls, gates, and other architectural objects of interest, into whose confines the carriages of their Highnesses are now entering.

According to tradition, the founder of the city chose this particular place on account of his love for the daughter of a Bheel chief, who was master of a fortified hill here, named Asaval, on the ruins of a former very ancient and important heathen city. The prophet Khizr (Elijah) being asked by the Sultan Ahmed whether he might commence building the city, is said to have answered in the affirmative, provided there should be immediately found among the 'faithful' four men bearing the name of Ahmed, who during their whole life had daily and without omission repeated

the evening prayer prescribed for all believers. Four such were found: Ahmed himself, his teacher (a pious sheikh), and two more such peculiarly righteous men.

As the surrounding country was, and (as we could see from the train) to some extent still is, covered with ruins, half-hidden in foliage, which bear witness to the former existence in this place of many palaces, temples, and monuments belonging to a very remote age, the Sultan gave orders, on the one hand, to break the latter up, so as to obtain the necessary building material in as easy a way as possible, and on the other, despatched caravans for white marble to the adjacent peninsula of Kattiawar or to the district of Ajmeer and to Rajputana, whence, as *e.g.*, from Jodhpur, valuable blue marble had long been imported.

Trade increased rapidly, though the new-built city has no good harbour near it, nor was its geographical position favourable. Nevertheless its fame spread far and wide from Cairo to Pekin. Beginning with the merchants of London and ending with the Dutch mercantile houses in Java, all over the world, in the sixteenth and seventeeth centuries the desire to enter into intimate relations with Ahmedabad kept increasing. Horses, arms, opium, tobacco, cotton, and corn were brought thither from the interior of India. Flourishing corporations made their home in Ahmed's capital; cloth, silks, cloth of gold and silver, valuable embroidery, etc., manufactured by expert workmen, were disposed of in quantities to the islanders of the Malay Archipelago and on the eastern coast of Africa, where the natives willingly gave pure gold in exchange. Vessels constantly came to Aden, bringing cargoes from Gujerat. Bokhara, Khorassan, the most distant provinces of India, in their turn kept sending caravan after caravan: dusty, worn-out camels were constantly overtaking the plodding oxen, that dragged their heavily laden wains through the gates of Ahmedabad. Thither from many foreign lands came merchandise eagerly awaited in the interior of the country: copper, quicksilver, rosewater, Arabian steeds, ivory, amber, wax, cocoa-nuts, pepper, and various spices. Further India and Java especially supplied many a foreign rarity. Burmah imported precious stones, musk, etc.

Intoxicated by the rapid development of their commerce, the Portuguese navigators more than once found themselves paralysed by the enterprise of the Ahmedabad merchants, who at times even incited the natives of the far East (or, more correctly speaking, of the distant South) to receive the Europeans inimically. Moved to revenge, the countrymen of Vasco da Gama at last closed the gates of the Red Sea against all Mussulman vessels, and rigorously restricted the marine trade of Gujerat. As the dynasty of the Sultan Ahmed was degenerating, and the strong hands of the Great Mogul Akbar were taking possession of the whole of India, the prosperity of Ahmedabad, depending as it did on the existence of the splendid court and on the government of the wise sovereigns of the land, was perceptibly impaired and approaching its decline. Never very peaceable, the aboriginal inhabitants of the country—the Bheels, etc., and the petty Rajpoot princes—united for the purpose of highway robbery; and yet, in spite of all this, even in such disturbed times, thousands of wagon-loads of goods annually kept up communication between Ahmedabad and the coast. The credit of the native merchants stood high, not only all through Asia, but even in Constantinople. All the products of the greatest of continents, all its nationalities, found their representatives in the capital of Gujerat. As far back as 1666, the French traveller Thévenot found here an enormous store of Eastern wares,—Delhi and Lahore regularly supplying their best cloths and other manufactured goods.

The next hundred and fifty years was a period of stagnation; the city grew poorer and less important; the port of Surat, on the other hand, gained in importance, thanks to the clever policy

of the British and the Dutch, who drove a thriving trade there; robbery increased within the land; the raids of the Marathas, along with the increasing apathy of the natives, who once were judges of art, and set great store by their past, also did their work, reducing Ahmedabad, by the time of its final occupation by the British (some seventy years ago), to a miserable state.

The Cesarewitch sets out to examine the capital of Gujerat. The further one goes from the station towards the heart of the town, the thicker becomes the crowd of curious spectators, the more distinct is the native speech around our carriages, the more tangible the new and somewhat strange surroundings.

The houses nearly all face the street, with blank walls tastelessly painted or else whitewashed. It is only here and there that one may see original and delicate carving, of a purely local character (for which the land is famous), around the few windows and doors, or on the balconies. The outward appearance of the people reminds us distantly, it is true, of Bombay; but it is much more typical, more characteristic, and more homogeneous, in spite of its seeming disunion. Hindus predominate among a comparatively numerous Mussulman element. Whom do we not find among them? A socially reduced Brahmin, contented probably with the post of cook, rubs shoulders with a haughty, well-dressed Mohammedan merchant. A Jain money-lender mingles with a crowd of peasants, of whom some are pagans, while others were at some time or other forced to embrace Islam, and proudly style themselves *malik* (masters) on the strength of their being owners of more or less considerable parcels of land. Tall, light-skinned, with enormous turbans and closely fitting jackets, the eye cannot help but pause on them.

The costume of their wives is in no respect different from that of Hindu women of the lower classes—light red and rose-coloured *saris* and wooden bracelets. The dusky, almost black women (of the aboriginal Gujerat race) sport ivory bracelets, three on each arm, while their husbands are still, to a great extent, clothed as men of a very primitive condition.

The more stylish the costume of the townspeople, the more likely they are to be Mohammedans, though in general they are not as well off as the pagan population of Ahmedabad, which, however, is more regardless of luxury. The first place among them belongs to the followers of the Jain religion, who play an important part in Gujerat (owing to their temperance, economy, and riches), in spite of the open antagonism of the capitalists of the Vishnuite sect. Besides their religious differences, a fruitful source of dissension between them lies in the *panjrapala* (a hospital for sick, worn-out, and aged animals) which exists in the city, contributions towards the support of which, demanded by the Jains, are refused by the Brahminical section of the commercial and industrial class, though in principle they fully approve of such pious care bestowed on helpless animals. The chief asylum of the city contained in 1875 (how many it contains now I do not know) 265 cows and oxen, 130 buffaloes, 894 goats, 20 horses, 7 cats, 2 monkeys, 290 ducks, 2000 pigeons, 50 parrots, 25 sparrows, etc.

The supply of hay, grain, and milk daily required for the blind, crippled, and half-dead inmates of the *panjrapala* is certainly considerable. The Vishnuite silk-dealers support a similar benevolent institution of their own. The Shiite Mohammedans, who formerly contributed to the refuge for disabled animals, now send the money to the youthful Aga Khan, the incarnation of the 'old man of the mountains,' whom we saw at Bombay. The Sunnite Mohammedans, on the other hand, prefer to contribute to the support of the tomb of some pious sheikh.

Formerly both the one sect and the other used to pay in a fixed sum according to the directions of the chief of the Jain community (the so-called Nagar-Seth, a sort of Lord Mayor), who in those

days enjoyed special powers and occupied a brilliant position. In the last century such a person, by his personal interference, saved Ahmedabad from being sacked by the Marathas, and succeeded in obtaining for himself from the sovereign of Baroda the right to a palankin, canopy, and torch-bearers, which in India are the privileges of the great alone.

Now the importance of the Seth has decreased very much. His religious duties consist, on rare occasions, during great droughts, in his passing through the city, pouring milk upon the ground for the pacification of Indra, etc.

The illustrious travellers pass within the massive walls raised by the mediæval sultans. They seem tottering and neglected. Dust rises in clouds under the feet of the throng. Ahmedabad contains more than 150,000 inhabitants, almost all of whom, along with the peasantry from the surrounding country, have gathered to-day to gaze on the Cesarewitch.

We turn into the main line of the bazaar (Manekchok), named after a Hindu magician, who continued to destroy all Mussulman buildings by his spells, until he was captured by the ruler of the city, and was buried alive in a jar, in which it was impossible for him even to stir.

From very ancient days the townsfolk have lived in a religious atmosphere, common enough in the East, but almost incomprehensible to a European. The people believe that long ago, in a mythical age, a certain ascetic sacrificed himself here, that Indra might make of his bones a terrible weapon to be used against some fabulous giant.

According to the belief of the local Mohammedans (at least of certain sects) the incarnate Mahdi himself once came to Ahmedabad. Within the memory of historical witnesses, a Persian mystic, one Imam Shah, worked miracle after miracle in this place. *E.g.* the Sultan, desirous of testing the power of the saint, sends him poisoned milk, but the poison does not act . . . sends a dainty dish composed of cat's-flesh, but at the magic word of the holy man, the unclean mess is transformed into a live cat . . . at last sends him food in a covered dish, with orders to say that it contains roses, and Imam Shah, accepting the gift, distributes beautiful rose-leaves to the astounded spectators. While yet alive, he builds himself a mausoleum, engaging the aboriginal Kolis for this work: whenever it is time to pay them off, the sage places his favourite cushion on the ground, seats himself, and draws as much money as he requires from under it. Some of the simple witnesses of the miracle, expecting to find a hidden treasure, dig up the whole place at night, but find nothing. Next day, when the usual work is over, Imam Shah again gives his labourers their money, giving extra pay, however, to those who have worked in vain during the night.

The Sultan himself gives the saint his daughter to wife, yet now the Mohammedans no longer consider themselves his followers and admirers, such, nowadays, consisting chiefly of Brahmins, Hindu merchants, and agriculturists. Through them Gujerat still seems to honour the man, who, according to tradition, after a three-years' drought brought down a refreshing rain on the perishing land. The followers of Imam Shah have for their head a zealous worshipper, who has renounced all earthly vanity, wears a yellow garment and a white turban as a mark of humility.

A halt is made by a dirty native building. Their Highnesses leave their equipages and ascend a narrow lane to the mausoleum that contains the mortal remains of the founder of Ahmedabad. After the bustle and animation that surrounded us, the scene suddenly becomes quiet and sad, as if the chill of death breathed from the tombs of those who once reigned here,

and now lie buried in the slumber of the grave, which the imagination of the Mohammedans paints in strange colours and images,—a man is buried, according to custom, without a coffin, in nothing but his shroud; the grave is filled up; he lies cold and still, but still feels and is conscious. . . . Suddenly the tomb is filled with light. Two black angels (Munkar and Nakir) appear by the dead man, order him to sit up, and begin a mysterious and significant conversation with him: how great are his secret sins before God? does he deserve pardon and mercy? what are his hidden good thoughts and righteous deeds?

Should the balance turn in favour of the latter, a wondrous light issues from the brows of the divine judges. The tomb is filled with a fragrance wafted from Paradise. The dead man may sleep and dream in peace until the Day of Judgment. But woe to the sinner who cannot give satisfactory answers to the searching questions of the ministers of justice! They are transformed into his executioners; they beat and torment him, so that the shrieks of the miserable creature reach at times to the deepest recesses of hell. Disgusting reptiles wind themselves round the corpse, pasture on it, and there is no escape from this everlasting torture. . . .

According to the belief of the Mohammedans, the final fate of every man will be decided in the far-off mists of the ages, when the threefold blast of a trumpet will call men to repentance, regeneration, and condemnation. The heavens will melt away. The sun will be darkened. The stars will be extinguished. The sea will be dried up. Chaos will reign in the universe, but the disincarnate souls will be gradually joined to their former bodies. The Creator will shine forth among them as they flock from all sides to the foot of the Great White Throne. Many will be forgiven, and torments unspeakable await many more. . . .

It is in such beliefs that the followers of the Prophet are educated and confirmed. Such a spirit in an obstinately heathen land is curious, when one considers that the latter, properly speaking, has absorbed into itself the religion of the strangers, giving by its help a new direction to its architectural development; *e.g.* here, in Ahmedabad, we stand so to speak in the former home of Indian Mohammedanism,—yet what local colour there is in the wonderful tracery that adorns, for instance, the exterior of the neighbouring mausoleum! how its ornamentation recalls the architectural decoration of some heathen temple! How is it that the front of the building bears not the slightest trace of the hand of the architects, whose work we find (not to speak of Cairo), say, in the monuments of Roaza? What is the key to this problem, and where are we to look for it?

When the Mussulman element rose to power in Gujerat, and wished to immortalise itself by the erection of mosques and tombs, it was native art that came to its help,—hateful to Islam, yet unconquerable in its essence. From the ashes of the ruined temples, from the desecrated idols, from the whole semi-abolished world of ancient images, beliefs, and lofty aspirations of the human spirit, there arose a dumb protest, as it were, against the soulless vandalism of the new-comers with their foreign creed. Aryan Gujerat was conquered and degraded, but the creative spirit of its sons could not, and would not, give way before the rude force of their implacable foe. The smile of a native heathen girl is said to have swayed the Sultan Ahmed in his choice of a site for his capital; the silent, reserved submissiveness of the Hindus softened the heart of the King, and it was to them that he intrusted the realisation of his architectural plans; it was from their midst that he chose his skilful builders and workmen—in a word, he placed complete confidence in the taste and the zeal of the Gujeratis, even taking for the foundation of the new citadel

the solitary tower of the very temple in which sacrifices had been offered to the goddess Bhadra a personification of the wife of Siva. It is worth keeping all this in mind as we approach the mausoleum of the Sultan who called Ahmedabad into existence.

Eighteen graceful pillars support the entrance to this building. It is of somewhat imposing dimensions, with a dome and fretwork windows. Inside, with faces turned towards Mecca (beneath slabs of white marble covered with a silken pall, strewn with flowers) lie Ahmed Shah himself in the middle, next his son Mohammed Shah, for his generosity named by the people Tsar Baksh, the gold-giver, and his bold grandson, Kutbuddin Shah, as well as Ahmed II., and other members of the royal family.

The platform is paved with coloured stones; the tombs are covered with ornamental carving. Above the door on the southern side is an inscription of the year 1537: 'the lofty monument of Ahmed Shah, rivalling in height the vault of heaven, had many guardians who supported the building, but more splendidly than all others did the God-fearing Farkhatu'l Mulk, the benefactor of the human race in our generation, care for its restoration.'

This care sprang from the extreme piety of the age when sovereigns personally transcribed the Koran, for the purpose of sending copies to Mecca and Medina, to be read there aloud in public to the pilgrims — when lavish contributions for the poor were annually sent there, and *hadjis* received a free passage to Arabia and back on vessels fitted out on Government account.

The sovereigns of Gujerat were wont to say in those days that it was only on ascending the throne that they succeeded in gaining a clearer insight into the words of Mohammed, as rulers have to ponder over and experience more than ordinary mortals.

As one becomes acquainted with the surroundings, and in general with the whole atmosphere of the court life of the age, with its warrior-nobles who had migrated hither from Khorassan, Samarkand, and Turkey, one seems to feel oneself in a somewhat familiar world which gave birth to types, recalling sometimes the descendants of Rurik, such as Demetrius of the 'Terrible Eyes,' sometimes Ivan Kalita, one of the most intelligent princes of Moscow, sometimes the devout Tzar Feodor Ioannovitch,* with their stranger-boyards from Prussia and Lithuania, from the neighbouring Tartar Horde, and the distant steppes beyond the Volga. But in our historical personages the principles of the West seem to unite more closely with those of the East, and the birth of a new race, mixed in blood, but individual in spirit, stands out more prominently.

Sultan Ahmed, who held the banner of Islam so high, and who distinguished himself by many cruelties of a purely fanatical character (among other things, he even forbade the peaceable and helpless Hindus—those very men who had artistically adorned his capital—to settle within the confines of the Ahmedabad citadel: the heathen might live in the suburbs only of the city, which was sanctified by the presence of the sheikhs of the true faith), after his death became equally holy in the memory of the descendants of all his subjects, Mohammedan and Brahmin alike: the latter still come to lay flowers on his tomb, while the former look on him as the embodiment of wisdom, justice, and spiritual purity.

Yet if we may believe certain historical evidence which is far from being disproved, Ahmed stained himself before his ascent of the throne by the murder of his grandfather, as if in revenge for the fact that his grandfather, who reigned at that time, was himself suspected by many of having poisoned his own son, Tatar Khan, the father of Ahmed. The details of the former crime are characteristic. The old Sultan, as he drank the cup of poison offered him by his rebellious grand-

son, remained unmoved, and said to him, 'Why are you in such haste? the kingdom will be yours all the same!' Ahmed answered him in the words of the Koran: 'All in the life of man is determined by destiny, and if the hour of death be at hand, it cannot be either hastened or put off. . . .' The dying man then spoke again: 'Take to thy heart my last words: firstly, trust not those who have incited thee to slay me, for they are traitors; secondly, fear drunkenness, for it is dangerous to sovereigns.' Was it not an interesting age, in the midst of which men acted so directly, and could die with such majestic calm? It is said, however, that neither the grandfather nor the grandson could ever, during their lives, succeed in stifling the voice of conscience, on account of the crimes they had committed.

The reign of Sultan Ahmed was distinguished for the order that obtained in the land: in his dominions dissensions and violence temporarily died away; in the course of many years only two murders were committed in all the land. Such a state of matters is explained by historians as the result of the Sultan's inexorable justice. When, on one occasion, Ahmed's son-in-law slew a man, and the judges (*kazis*) only sentenced the great man to a heavy fine, the Sultan set aside such a partial judgment, and ordered the public execution of his near relative, after which his body hung for a day and a night in the public bazaar.

Ahmed greatly reverenced all pious sheikhs, all Mussulman mystics and theologians. According to the chronicles, when he once came accidentally by night to such a 'man of God,' the man did not recognise the Sultan in the dark, and, taking him for his servant, ordered him to bring water for his ablutions, which Ahmed, as a zealous 'believer,' at once hastened to do, while the sage, seeing at last who was waiting on him, blessed him from the bottom of his heart.

After his death the founder of Ahmedabad received in Gujerat the name of 'the great ruler, all whose sins are forgiven him.'

Standing here by his tombstone, covered with a silken pall, one is carried back in imagination into the far past, when India, both in spirit and in historical phenomena, had many points in common with mediæval Russia. Which of us is not familiar with similar virtues and similar dark impulses in the princes of the Kieff and the Moscow epochs of our history? Did they not all abhor foreign and heathen customs, remaining at the same time united in flesh and blood, in thoughts, dreams, and feelings, with that complex and ethnographically motley world, which gave birth and training to our ancestors, strengthening in them an unconscious friendliness towards everything Oriental, towards ideals of a universal character? The leaders of Mussulman, monotheistic India had not, any more than we—the bearers of Christian ideas on the borders of heathen Asia,—any presentiment of their vocation gradually to renovate the latter and to be renovated by it. It is only the historical march of events, that begins, little by little, to bear witness to the parallelism of the cases. Just as the later Turanian element in India, amalgamating with the radical native elements, almost imperceptibly to the eye, wove into a strong and lasting whole the rough and motley material of the ancient Aryan and Dravido-Scythian world, so did Russia, in the ages before Peter the Great, gradually combine its amazingly heterogeneous racial elements into a living unity. Our ancestors, in whom, as yet unconsciously, an original, lofty, and humane national idea was taking shape, which, centuries later, found its expression in the highest type of Russians, with statesmanlike views and knowledge,—our ancestors, in words and in small things, seemed to shun everything foreign, and the peculiarities of foreign creeds; but, in reality, breadth and temperance of thought always took the upper hand of prejudice and superstition. It is for this very reason, and because of the fortunate peculiarities of her national intellect and character, that Russia,

from being merely a geographical concept, has developed into a dynamical principle of light and victory for the East.

The mediæval Mussulman princes knew how to reign and how to die. Famous in war and in hand-to-hand battle, in time of peace many of them, like the famous khalif Haroun-al-Rashid, walked incognito in the evenings through the empty bazaars and the most lonely lanes of their capital, to listen to the conversation of the lower classes and to find out their wants, to examine into the details of existing abuses, and to make wise and just arrangements next morning. When they felt the near approach of death, the sultans used to prepare for it calmly, bidding a touching farewell to their nobles and servants, asking pardon of all, and even, sick as they were, going to look for the last time on their faithful elephants and steeds.

From the tomb of Ahmed their Highnesses pass on to the tombs of his wives, which lie but a few yards off. An unusual quiet, an unruffled calm, a touching peace reigns within the walls that have given shelter to these almost unknown prisoners of the harem. There is scarcely any interest in the question who and what were the sultanas buried here: Oriental beauties, solitary captives, without thought or impulse, slaves of destiny and chance, or proud Rajpoot princesses with starry eyes and the profile of a Damayanti or a Sakuntala, torn from the stiffening hands of a heathen father or brother, with shattered lives and chilled hearts! . . .

In life these wives of Islam saw neither joy nor consolation. After death, on the other hand, another world altogether bloomed above their nameless ashes: the azure vault smiles on the quiet little cemetery, as, undoubtedly, happiness never smiled on the poor queens. The green doves of Gujerat coo softly on the grim wall that separates them from the noisy town. Here and there a tomb glitters with delicate mother-of-pearl tracery. One of them bears a Persian inscription. In the rays of the noontide sun the white and black marble of the neglected tombs seems to harmonise in the distinctness of its tints.

Straight from the realms of the calm eternal sleep in which the dead sultans lie wrapped,—straight from the monument of those victims and mothers, one steps on to a broad platform, with a tank in the middle, lying on the eastern side before the grandest mosque in the land, whither, as everywhere in Mussulman countries, the fair sex is denied entrance, its members being regarded as beings of a lower order.

Its dimensions are not particularly remarkable; but whether it is the colour of the stone of which it is built, or whether it is the indefinite illumination, that makes it look imposing, its appearance is remarkably original and striking. A bright forest of hundreds of pillars recedes into the depths of the brilliant building. Around the great central dome cupolas of lessening size radiate over the roof. The side galleries, with texts from the Koran upon the walls (such as 'May the blessing of God be on Mohammed and the first four khalifs') add much to the power of the impression.

Seventy years ago the porch was yet adorned by two slender, artistically ornamented minarets. Soon after Ahmedabad fell into the hands of the British, an earthquake partly destroyed the unstable turrets, whence the call of the muezzin used to sound. At the threshold there is a dark strip in the sparkling white stone of the pavement, which, according to tradition, is the pedestal of the Jain idol Parsvanata, purposely buried here head downwards, so that the faithful, in entering the house of prayer, might tread on the abhorred object of idolatrous worship. The

TOMBS OF THE SULTANAS.

desecrated image represented an ancient ascetic, who enjoyed the patronage of enormous serpents, of which at least one is usually represented along with him.

Inside the moşque, carved on the marble wall opposite the entrance, are the following Arabic words, which explain the meaning of this act of violence: 'This spacious mosque was erected by Ahmed Shah, a faithful slave of Allah, seeking the mercy of God. He alone is good, He alone is to be worshipped!' The date of the building is January 1423.

The city has closed in on the stately mosque, and girdled it with unsightly houses. Formerly the unbeliever might only enter with slippers over his footgear: nowadays entrance is free, the people are indifferent to the visits of the tourist,—the niches, decorated with fine tracery, in the golden gloom of the 'house of prayer,' are nearer and dearer to the æsthetically developed stranger than to the descendants of the Mussulman conquerors of the land.

The illustrious travellers return to their carriages for a drive through the city. The latter, undoubtedly, seems to be hospitably disposed. At least the greeting on the arch at the railway station was 'Welcome,' and the faces of the natives, as we drove by, expressed not curiosity alone, but, seemingly, sympathy as well.

The eye cannot but be struck by the massive gates (Tin Darvasa), which once played a part in the history of Ahmedabad, as the main passage from the suburbs to the citadel, where stood the splendid palace of the Sultan, and whither, on certain days, a host of the brilliant warriors of mediæval Gujerat thronged on to the Maidan Shah ('the king's plain'), planted with palms, tamarind, lemon, and orange trees.

It was along this very road that the fourteen year old great-grandson of Ahmed, Mahmud Bighura, rode forth fearlessly, when the native nobility was in a state of rebellion, and he, with scarcely any escort, under the 'green' umbrella, with naked two-edged sword, charged proudly on them. In the days of the Marathas, the Hindu chiefs used to shoot at these gates as a method of divination: he who could shoot five arrows into the narrow upper cornice was assured of success.

The citadel, which was formerly considered as impregnable as Kabul and Kandahar in the north, was called Bhadr. The palace of the King or the Viceroy were then of a fabulous splendour, which outshone the Emperor's capital itself. There were some grounds for the popular saying that 'Delhi stands on wheat and barley, Ahmedabad on coral and pearls.' It is true that at that time Gujerat was mistress of eighty-four ports.

The expeditions of Ahmed Shah's warlike subjects penetrated in the north as far as Scinde, which was then defended by skilful native archers, and southward as far as the group of islands which form and border modern Bombay, where in those days the Hindu warriors of the Deccan also strove to gain a firm footing.

It was enough for some rajah, close by or far off, to offend the sovereign, who reigned in Bhadr, and tens of thousands of warriors were despatched thence, all resistance being hopeless, and every daring challenge severely punished. A small offence (*e.g.* the complaint of some mullah, robbed by the heathen, while on a pilgrimage to Turkestan) was sometimes cause enough for the Sultan to send forth an army against a neighbouring unbeliever, to deprive him of his golden umbrella and treasures, and to ravage his lands.

Yet, in spite of such flashes of enmity, some of the sovereigns of Ahmedabad were not unwilling to have a clever Brahmin for a minister, to enjoy the undefinable charms of ancient

Indian dancing and music, and even to show honour, after a fashion of their own, to the heathen Sarasvati, the goddess of knowledge, dramatic art, and eloquence.

Along with this, mosque was built after mosque, so that at one time they numbered a thousand, as if in fulfilment of the words of the Prophet: 'For him who builds one in sincerity a special mansion will be prepared in paradise.' Yet, in the seventeenth century, Selim Shah placed an image of the Virgin in his favourite balcony, in a palace ablaze with gilding and paintings. How are we to compare and explain such extremes? They were altogether the outcome of the ascetic religious spirit of a given age. For instance, Mahmud Bighura, Ṣultan of Gujerat, surrounded himself from his very youth with remarkable men. The most characteristic among them was one Malik-Mohammed-Ikhtiyar.

This character is worth pausing on, if only for a while, so as to form an idea, more or less clear, of that peculiar spirit which animated a perceptible portion of Indian Mohammedanism, touched by mysticism. When the Sultan Mahmud came to the throne, he bestowed the rank of 'khan' on his near friend Ikhtiyar, but the latter declined it, saying: 'My name is Mohammed: what rank can be higher than this name?' Having, however, against his will, received the Sultan's firman, confirming him in this exalted rank, Malik ever afterwards preserved it with care.

One day he was passing in a palankin through the suburbs of Ahmedabad, and accidentally stopped to rest under a tree, by which a mullah, the son of a famous and holy sheikh, was teaching a group of boys. The noble entered into conversation with him, and they were both so well pleased with each other, that the statesman decided to renounce both the outward honour that he needed not, and the luxury of which he had long been weary, that he might become another man. On returning home Malik gave all his slaves their freedom, found husbands for his female slaves, and returned to the Sultan the horses, elephants, and the riches which he enjoyed by his favour. The Court was amazed. The whole city was in confusion. The Sultan began to think that some one had insulted Malik, and that this might explain his strange conduct. But the latter replied: 'Hitherto I have served thee alone; in future I do not wish to serve any one.'

The other courtiers attempted to persuade Ikhtiyar to come to his senses. But he sent for a barber, ordered him to shave the whole of his head and his eyebrows, then sent for his wife and said to her: 'Thou mayest return to thy relations, if thou wishest to marry again.' She, however, desired to follow him. Then he said: 'Bring hither thy ornaments and cast them away, put on the clothes of a maid-servant, and come away with me.' The sheikh received them both, and began to teach Malik the wisdom he possessed himself.

Returning one day from the hunt, the Sultan himself saw how his former courtier humbly performed all sorts of toilsome and dirty work for his spiritual preceptor, *e.g.* brought water for him from the river Sabarmati, which flowed some way off past Ahmedabad. The people wondered, looking on such humility and conquest of self, and Ikhtiyar soon became a saint in their eyes. On being convinced of this, the sheikh transferred to him his prominent position in the land. Malik accepted it unwillingly, and, that he might influence, in one way or another, the pilgrims who flocked to him from all quarters for his blessing and his advice, used at times to confuse them by unexpected demands: should a rich man, mounted on a good horse, begin visiting him, the saint would not cease from persisting until his guest had given his horse to the poor, and, naturally, would at first be afraid to come again for his blessing. In this way Malik succeeded in repulsing many well-to-do people, who did not care to respond to his constant call to share their possessions generously with the poor. But this only increased the fame of the new saint.

PRINCIPAL MOSQUE IN AHMEDABAD.

A tradition even arose in Ahmedabad, about him or some one else, that no one could resist the fiery eloquence of such men: courtiers used to implore the sultans not to listen to the sermons of the mystics lest they should be carried away by them, lest they should abdicate and enter the ranks of the faithful, who had chosen the path of asceticism and enlightenment.

There is now scarcely anything worth note in the ancient Bhadr. The former palace was first turned into an arsenal by the Marathas, and then by the British into a jail, where the prisoners earn good wages by the manufacture of carpets.

It is with the greatest interest that the illustrious travellers examine the windows in the rampart of the Mussulman citadel,—windows which once belonged to the mosque of Sidi Seid (a slave, who had risen in Ahmedabad to riches and power). In those days numbers of slaves trod the path of honour and purely historical influence. The East in general (and particularly the world of Islam) has always followed democratic principles, and the purchased servant, in reality, has always been, and (in spite of the opinions of philanthropists and members of scientific congresses in the West) still is, regarded as a member of his master's family,—as a man and not a thing,—as an object of care for a good and reasonable owner. This is the reason why, both in Africa and Asia, statesmen, and even sultans, have so often sprung from a condition of slavery. In Gujerat freed men were often famous for their brilliant success in war, for their unheard-of, lavish, purely Russian hospitality, for the luxury with which they arrayed their household in velvet and cloth of gold, with weapons encrusted with solid gold.

Such must have been the builder of the mosque (now turned into a Government office, after having been desecrated by the Marathas), whose fretwork windows their Highnesses have just approached. Only four of the five windows remain. Coming up to them, up an uneven sandy slope, one sees high above the ground a most wonderfully artistic imitation of the vegetable kingdom, wrought out of the marble by the delicate and airy chisel of some unknown Gujerat master. An American company has opened a workshop at Ahmedabad, where specimens of such carving are manufactured to be sent across the ocean. The originals present areas of some 75 square feet. Little palm-trees gracefully woven into the marble fretwork of virgin whiteness seem to tempt Indian nature itself by the divine finish of their forms, and make one forget that all around, in the capital of the land, lies desolation and the ashes of antiquity: art alone remains bright and shining in its purity! . . .

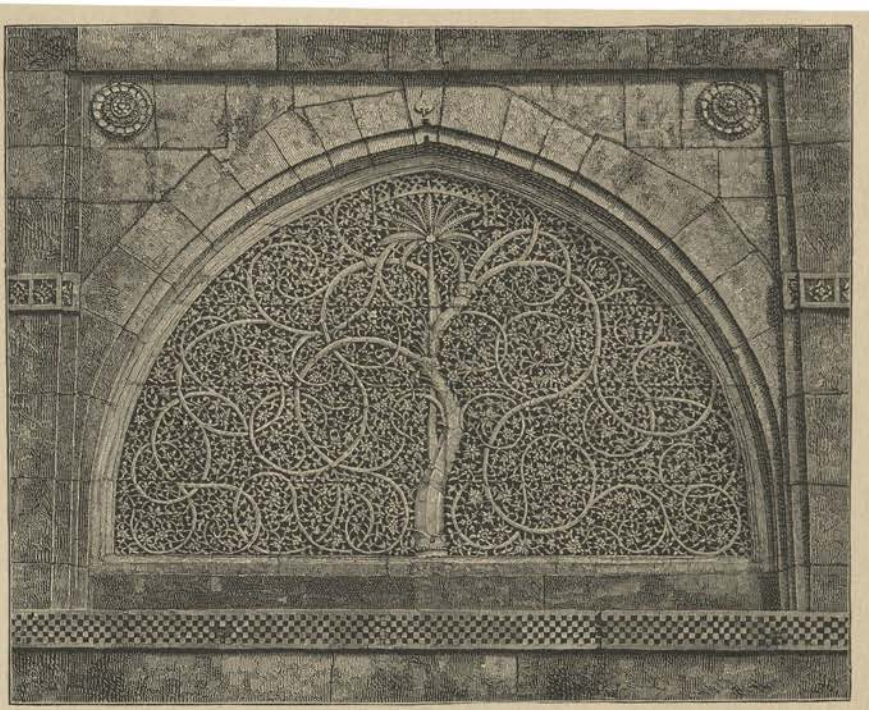
The road through the town curves away from the former citadel. The native quarters—presenting in places a continuous mass of houses, formed of what was but lately a number of segregated sections, bearing an enmity, which even led at times to bloodshed, against their neighbours belonging to other guilds of artisans—spreading out far and wide, gradually lose their picturesque appearance as they merge into less thickly populated parts of the city. Somewhere hard by used to stand the almost prehistoric Asaval, erected by the Bheels.

At a half-ruined stair, leading to a very fine mosque, and a neighbouring mausoleum, the illustrious travellers again leave their carriages. Both buildings bear the name of Rani Asni, the widow of the Sultan Mahmud Bighura (in the sixteenth century), the 'house of prayer' being regarded as the pearl of the architectural beauties of Ahmedabad.

A reddish freestone formed the material for the building. Fantastic tracery, Hindu in character and execution, covers the walls, winding in swelling folds round the somewhat low and

slender minarets,—entrance to which from the interior seems to be purposely denied to the muezzin, who calls the faithful to union with Allah,—and runs in a large pattern over the bosom of a solitary monument, worthy of a better fate.

The arches common to such buildings are absent, if one does not count a side-arch, but little noticeable. Twelve graceful columns support the roof. The sunshine does not reach the cold slabs of the mosque, but is only reflected into it as a strange radiant twilight, which speaks eloquently to our imagination of the age when two diametrically opposite principles (the realism of Islam and the esotericism of Brahmin-Jainist sculpture) formed an accidental alliance: the rich tracery of



WINDOW OF SIDI SEID'S MOSQUE.

heathen art appeared as the complement of the clear and simple commandment of Islam, 'to praise the God of goodness and power, without making unto oneself an idol.'

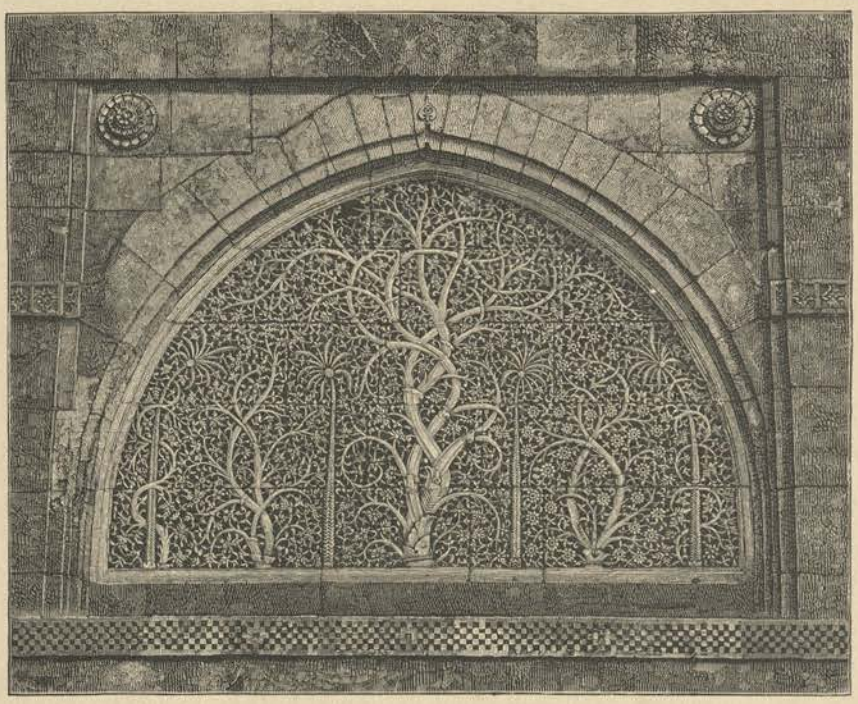
Next to it lies the massive and somewhat clumsy tomb of Rani Asni. On its roof, with lifted crests, perch the loathsome vultures, that fly hither from a Parsee 'tower of silence' that lies not far away. In the street, before the very railing, stands an unsightly lamp-post. Flowers wither in the tiny beds lying between the mosque and the graves. The prose of life takes the upper hand at every step.

The carriages roll along a soft and dusty macadamised road out of the city into the wooded suburbs of Ahmedabad. Evening is approaching. The heat is decreasing. Is it not time for their Highnesses to rest after the hunt, after the night-trip from Bombay, after their survey of the antiquities of Gujerat architecture? Apparently not. We are being driven to some other place; we

are to be shown something else. To me, who write down the details of the Grand Duke's journey, little by little each new temple or tomb begins to assume the aspect of a personal enemy.

Our fatigue to-day, however, springs from exceptional circumstances, and is conditioned by the desire to adhere strictly to the programme of the journey through India (a very difficult thing, owing to the want of time!).

Having finished their survey of the most prominent Mussulman antiquities, the illustrious



WINDOW OF SIDI SEID'S MOSQUE.

travellers suddenly come into contact with the world of heathen art and heathen religion,—and not that art and religion which we saw in comparatively lifeless forms in the shadow of the Ellora range, but a heathendom with a living individuality, strong, stable, and possessing a certain number of adherents.

The carriages of their Highnesses having driven through the Delhi gates, on the road to the camp, turn to the right, past a high stone wall, into a large, well-paved court, planted with trees, whence a path to the left leads to the entrance of a Jain temple, built in 1840-1850, on the generous contribution (nearly £100,000) given by a local capitalist, Hati Singh.

The work of construction was intrusted to the artist Premchand Selat, who, though he attempted to give the building, both in style and ornamentation, the characteristics that are in general peculiar to Jain architecture and sculpture, was, unfortunately, unable to approach the ideal of the former monuments of this style of architecture. Nevertheless, on examining this temple, one

gains the conviction that Gujerat masons and carvers still preserve, or rather strive to preserve, the traditions of ancient Indian art.

The temple may not be entered without removing one's shoes or putting on a kind of blue velvet boots over one's footgear. Such is the native law. The slippers prepared for the illustrious visitors lie at the threshold. The eye glances absently over the mythological figures, that are carved on the walls, and over the stately row of columns that adorn the porch.

A passage of solid stone leads into a temple of comparatively small dimensions, where, seated on the altar, and wrapped in silk, we see the image of a Jina, *i.e.* a sage, who has attained liberation from all earthly bonds, by the victory of the spirit over his passions and sinful desires. The temple is dedicated to Dharmanatha, one of the twenty-four chief Jain saints, called Tirthankaras. These legendary beings, according to tradition, existed among miracles; their advent was heralded by numerous prophecies; their lives were full of mystery and poetry.

According to the sacred books of the Hindu community believing in the Jinas the latter were, and still are, regarded as a sort of rulers of the universe (Chakravartin) who, though at present free from vain and worldly thoughts, and from participation in the confusion of earthly life, have nevertheless in bygone ages passed (as animals, demons, and gods) through an endless series of incarnations, wearisome and bright, painful and happy, before reaching their exalted degree of perfection and infallibility. Every Jina, before entering Nirvana (or, as the Jains express it, Moksha, the most blissful state of being in the other world), must be born into a noble family of the warrior caste, but in no case into any other, as rebirth even into a Brahmin family would be a kind of degradation for him.

The Jain religious community, as regards both its mediæval and its modern constitution, has sprung mainly from Rajpoot elements, which (under the pressure of Islam, finding themselves driven from the beaten track, and being unable to gain a living by their former occupations of an independent and warlike character) gradually embarked in commerce, and, being remarkable for business talent, soon attained to a prominent position as wealthy merchants, tax-gatherers, money-lenders, etc., over the whole of India, or at least in some of her most important provinces.

The Jains nevertheless regarded it as so impossible for a Jina to be born into any caste but the Kshatriya, that a miracle is said to have taken place at the conception of one such 'conqueror of the flesh,' viz. on his being engendered of a Brahmin mother Indra became exceedingly indignant, and could find no words to express how contrary such an anomaly was to the laws of nature and of spirit. To paralyse the consequences of this unfortunate accident the same Jina was immediately after conceived in the womb of a queen, who was delivered of him in the Dekkan. The boy turned out to be the last of the twenty-four Jinas, now incarnated under the name of Mahavira (in the sixth or seventh century B.C.), and his birth was accompanied by events of a prophetic character. Both the women, pregnant of the Jina, dreamed fourteen dreams, each of which surpassed its predecessor in mystery and significance, serving, as it were, as an irrefragable proof that in the near future mankind was to see a being extraordinary in every respect: one hundred and eight of the wisest of old men interpreted these dreams; the Brahmin god of riches, Kuvera, came attended by all his servants and by the different spirits dwelling in the bowels of the earth to the palace in which the birth of Mahavira was expected.

On this memorable day a perfect shower of gold, silver, diamonds, necklaces, and delicate aromatic flowers was poured on the palace in which the Jina was incarnated.

A long, long time before, Mahavira had lived on earth as a pious peasant, who attained to

COURTYARD OF A JAIN TEMPLE.

heaven by his virtuous life, but was born again as a sensual and worldly Brahmin, an incarnation which naturally interfered with his progress in the scale of being.

Reincarnating as an Indian prince, the future saint in his anger slays one of his courtiers and is condemned to Hell, after which he has to pass some time in the body of a lion. After having experienced many successive incarnations, the soul of Mahavira seeks reincarnation in the person of a king, and rules prosperously for 2,800,000 years; finally, when he is weary of the world, the former sovereign betakes himself to asceticism, repents, and battles with himself for 10,000,000 years and becomes equal to Indra. But, having risen to the mansions of the ancient thunderer, Mahavira, even there, in paradise, is incapable of pride,—with his own hands he laves the images of the preceding Jinas, offers up incense to them, and by unceasing watchfulness over his inner world makes it possible for him to be born but once again. In his final and perfect body Mahavira from his very childhood studies most diligently, and grows up kind, meek, obedient, and industrious. Though intended for the realisation of the highest ideas of being, he does not at all wish to grieve his parents by renouncing his heirship to the throne and burying himself in the abyss of Indian wisdom; on the contrary, he leads the ordinary life of a prince; at a certain age he marries, leads armies into battle, and grants unquestioning obedience to the wishes of his father and his mother. When they die, however, Mahavira suddenly realises that up to that time nothing on earth could really satisfy him, and betakes himself to an ascetic life, for the final struggle with his own self. Gods, men, and demons accompany him with music as he leaves the streets of his native city. His path is strewn with flowers, on all sides rise cries: 'Jaya, jaya! Victory, victory!' Leaving his royal palanquin, discarding his rich vestments and ornaments, he dons the modest garments brought him by Indra, dismisses all his accompanying courtiers, and begins mortifying his flesh, not touching a drop of water for several days running.

Little by little he begins to find even his wretched vesture superfluous,—his own body becomes to him first hateful and then indifferent: neither wind nor rain, neither cold nor heat, nor anything else can act on it. Indifferent absolutely to everything that gives pain or pleasure to ordinary mortals, buried for years in silence, pondering exclusively over the most complex questions and mysteries of life and death, Mahavira at last feels himself fit to come forward as a teacher. For twenty-nine years in succession he passes from city to city and from village to village throughout India. The number of his disciples and his adherents increases hourly: both Brahmin and Buddhist sages are against him, and enter into argument with him. Jainism takes root in the land, and assumes those fundamental forms which it preserves to the present day.

The temple which their Highnesses have entered is almost empty. Four gate-keepers follow us like shadows (curiously enough, it is Brahmins who are commonly hired for this work, which includes washing the Jain images and cleaning out the place), while two or three women of the lower classes, with flowers in their hands, gaze fervently at the altar, on which the Jina is enthroned: he needs not either offerings or supplications. The laity (*s'ravaka*—hearers) soothe their consciences, so to speak, by showing honour to a perfect being, freed from all desire.

Considerably more than a million adherents of the Jain religion are to be found in India. Its germ existed (as has been said) several centuries before our era, and perhaps even before the

birth of the 'historical' Buddhist community. When the latter, after having attained the summit of its bloom and power in its native home, was somewhat shaken by Brahminism and cruelly oppressed by Islam, the Jains (from about the sixth to the ninth century of our era) in their turn made many outward concessions to the religious customs of Hinduism.

The man who in some degree gave a definite character to this sect is considered to have been Parsvanat, who, like Buddha, was of princely birth, and had been born and bred in the sacred city of Benares. Leading an ascetic life, and dressing poorly, with all his saintliness he gained no exceptional influence over the people. The disciples of Jina remained in semi-obscurity until the appearance among them, after a lapse of some 250 years, of a prominent leader, Mahavira (literally 'the great hero'). Different Buddhist traditions, and particularly Tibetan books, still tell of the enmity between the followers of Sakya-Muni and the hardened Nirgranta heretics (*i.e.* the ancient Jains), on whom their last teacher laid the injunction (out of contempt for human prejudices) to walk about naked.

The British naturally forbade such licence as far as was possible, and now many pious Jains take off their garments only on sitting down to a meal, but the majority no longer consider this ancient custom as binding on them.

The Jain doctrine teaches that life has neither beginning nor end.

Souls innumerable, defiled by matter and by sin, now sink lower and lower, now grow more perfect, and attain to bliss in heaven. But the latter state is not yet the goal of the sage. Heaven and earth and hell must become indifferent to him; joy and suffering, good and evil, understood so conventionally by mankind, all the mysteries, delights, and charms of life, gradually lose their former meaning in the eyes of the Jina. Even before death comes to him he has become, as it were, a graven image, looking on the world with still and passionless face. Such is the being, the incarnation of detachment from all earthly things, to whom the corpulent, flat-faced Jain merchants, of whom we have seen such numbers on our way, offer up their prayers, whom they serve and strive to please in their thoughts and by their acts of charity!

More than anything else they fear to kill any living thing, though it be only by accident; they sweep even a seat with fans before sitting down on it, and so forth. Here at Ahmedabad, in the *panjrapala*, or hospital for animals, there is said to be a little nook for the feeding of parasitical insects, where, by his own wish, or for hire, some native submits himself to the torture of spending a night amongst a swarm of lice and other disgusting insects. True, he is previously stupefied with some narcotic, lest, losing patience, he should slay his bloodthirsty little tormentors.

On each side of the bejewelled central idol on the altar, before which we stand, sits another and similar Jina. Along the gallery, which surrounds the large temple-court behind the entrance, at every step are little chapels, in which, looming dimly in their grated solitude, are small figures of different Jain saints, distinguishable from each other only by their emblems (*chinha*), such as the tortoise, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the horse, the serpent, the deer, the ox, the monkey, the moon, the magic sceptre (*vajra*), the lotus, the shell, the falcon, and similar signs, engraved on the pedestals of all these images, all seated in the pose of Buddha, buried in contemplation or waiting for alms. Strange lance-shaped points, something like lightning-conductors, glitter above the domes of these miniature temples.

The illustrious travellers drive along the broad, shady road which leads to the Governor's suburban camp. Formerly, when Ahmedabad was hidden in a forest of verdure, many of the suburbs were quite as rich in trees as the fine avenue along which we drive, and which connects the mediæval citadel with the Shahi-bagh (a summer palace, the creation of the luxury and fancy of the Moguls).

According to tradition, the neighbourhood contains, first, a gloomy tomb, which on certain days is visited by Satan himself, and, secondly, the wall of a wondrous cemetery, which appeared in consequence of an extraordinary miracle, four hundred years ago: a Mussulman anchorite, Hazret Moosa Soohag, who had saved Gujerat from a drought by his prayers, suffered so much from being constantly surrounded by pilgrims and curious spectators, that he dressed as a woman and wrapped himself in a veil. His desire for solitude and his deep humility grew still greater, when the Sultan once came in person to beg for the saint's intercession with the Almighty. Moosa began to pray most fervently that the earth might swallow him up, when suddenly he really began to sink into it. The Sultan had the earth dug up on the spot where the dervish had vanished, but his head unexpectedly appeared on the surface in a different place and again vanished. Excavations were instituted there, but Moosa appeared in a new place again. This was repeated some four times. Then the Sultan exclaimed, 'Flowers must be offered up on this great grave!' Moosa appeared again and forbade this.

ALTAR OF A DJIN.

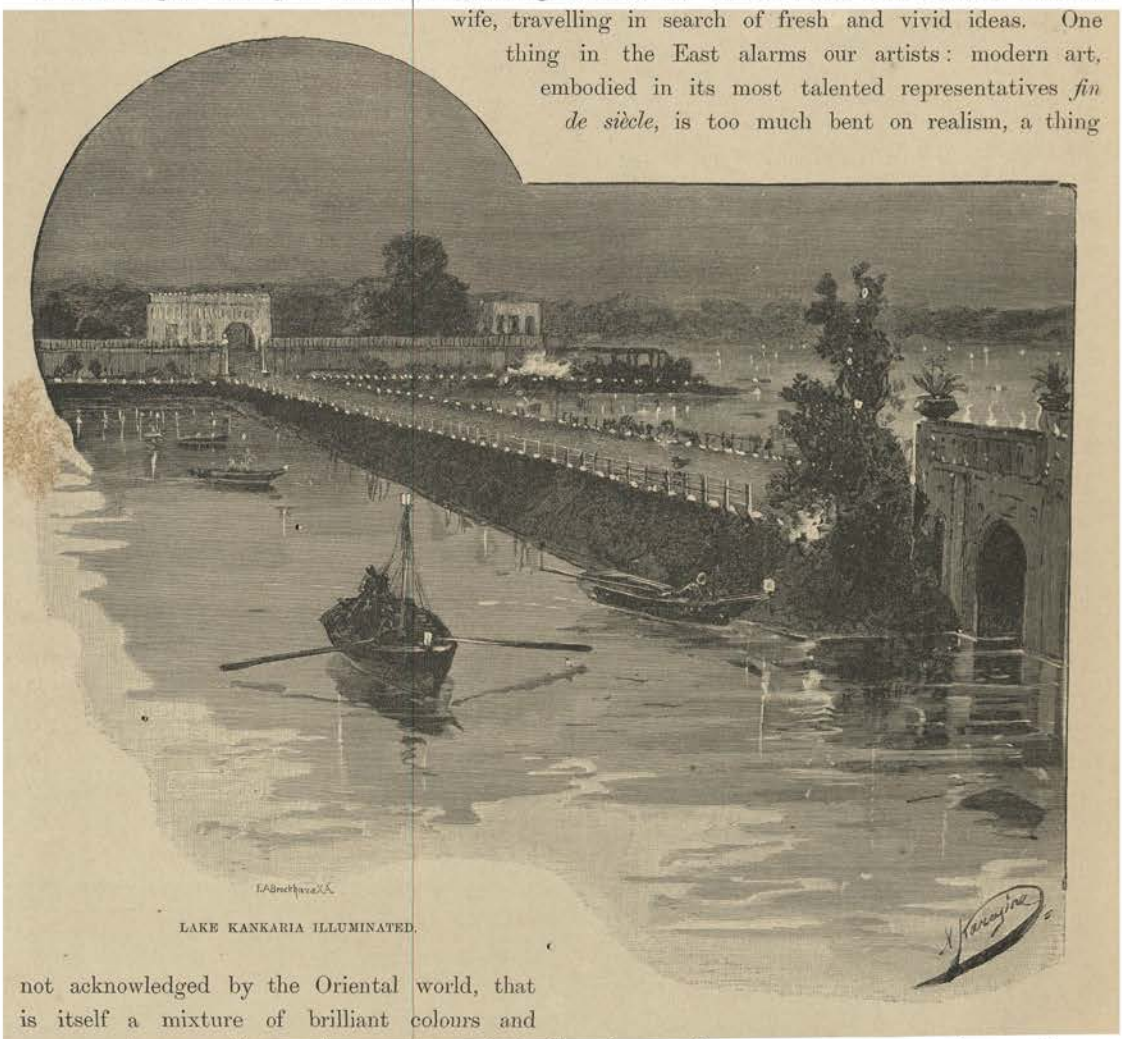
Five tombs mark the places where he appeared from under the earth. An old and spreading champa-tree, growing near them, still has glass bangles hung upon it. They are offered chiefly by women who wish for children. If the boughs seem to bend down of themselves, as if to receive the offering, it is regarded as a good omen.

The followers of Moosa wear women's clothes and rings in their nostrils.

The group of tents in the Governor's camp is small, and is disposed in a semicircle along the broad sweep of the road, being framed by a lawn, with long garlands of lanterns, and by the clumsy ruins of some ancient buildings. The tents of their Highnesses form the centre of a little

camp, such as those in which Europeans are accustomed to live in India (both in cold weather and during the hot season).

At dinner (to-day, we must remember, is New Year's Day in the West), the *shamianah*, a gigantic marquee serving as dining-room and drawing-room, is full of guests (chiefly members of the European society of Ahmedabad), among whom is the French artist, Aimé Morot, with his wife, travelling in search of fresh and vivid ideas. One thing in the East alarms our artists: modern art, embodied in its most talented representatives *fin de siècle*, is too much bent on realism, a thing not acknowledged by the Oriental world, that is itself a mixture of brilliant colours and sensuous images, of somewhat coarse and hard, and sometimes even monstrous, form. The foreigner who tries to grasp the reality of this complex native life, and of the Eastern scenery which is so akin to it (for the sake of reproducing them in his art), is generally unable to comprehend them fully; and as the strangers from Europe (and perhaps even Parisians into the bargain) are, of course, incapable of doing so, the irresistible influence of the natural beauty and the art of the country cannot, in their case, penetrate below the surface, and does not really speak to the heart and the fancy. When will the West arrive at a true knowledge and appreciation of



LAKE KANKARIA ILLUMINATED.

the tardy East? Without this knowledge all artistic penetration into its charm and its mystery is impossible. . . .

It is late in the evening—nearly ten o'clock. The illustrious travellers have agreed to drive some distance to Lake Kankaria, which lies near the town, and derives its name from *kankar*, limestone, in which, under Kutbuddin-Shah, about 1450, an immense reservoir was excavated, with a circumference of more than a mile, and having a splendid kiosk and garden in the middle, which may be reached from the high bank by a stair and a bridge of stone, now brilliantly illuminated, like the whole of the park around, which is decorated in honour of the Imperial guest.

The road from the camp is very dusty. True, whole crowds of natives rush after the Grand Duke's carriage with joyous shouts. Under the Moguls, Ahmedabad was ironically called Gardabad (the city of dust). To-night this name involuntarily recurs to the memory.

An arch at the descent to the lake bears in letters of quivering fire the initials 'N. A.,' and 'Welcome!' Groups of natives in their best clothes stand picturesquely along the broad platform, joining the shore with the island, that blazes seemingly some way off. In reality, it is near enough. Their Highnesses, accompanied by the Governor and suite, quickly pass over to it, mount to the spacious roof of the former summer-house, and gaze admiringly on the rare picture presented by the dark sleeping waters, set off by the still darker fringe of the forest which closes in around, and in which run and quiver, in delicate lines of white—here an endless series of lanterns on the trees, there the cheerful blaze of fireworks, there again the waves of light reflected in the deep, transparent waters, vanishing into the shadow yet never reaching it.

Brightly illuminated boats glide gently here and there over the lake. Little pyramids of lamps sparkle on specially prepared rafts. Curious and portly Parsees surround us on the upper platform of the summer-house, and do not even look on the restless element that is so sacred and so dear to them—on the festival of fire, got up in honour of the Cesarewitch's visit to Ahmedabad.

CHAPTER XVI

FRIDAY, *December* 21 (*January* 2).

IN the afternoon, bales are opened in the state marquee, porters run to and fro, native merchants lay out goods of different kinds, and an improvised bazaar, full of rare wares of the East, springs up within a few yards of H.I. Highness's tent.

The capital of Gujerat, where we are still staying (we leave at 4.20 P.M.), has long been famed for its manufactures and for the artistic taste of the natives, who earn a living by them. It was the home, at one time, of some of the best gold- and silver-smiths, of the finest weavers, carvers (in wood, stone, and ivory), etc. The demand for all its manufactures was enormous: firstly, for export, both into the interior of the continent and beyond the seas—an export which is now no more, a flood of cheap goods from the West stifling native industry; and, secondly, owing to the splendour with which the native princes loved to surround themselves, a thing at present beyond the means of most natives of rank. Formerly money used, at times, to be exacted beyond all measure from the population, but it remained in India; now the taxation is seemingly lighter and more humane, yet the wealth of the country is slowly failing, or being transferred to foreign lands, which draw the life-blood from the passive East, flooding it with the worst products of their industry, and slowly undermining the general prosperity of the natives, who to the superficial eye seem to be happy and contented, and preserved from their former internecine disturbances.

Let me illustrate this by an example. The Gaekwar of Baroda, when occupying a more independent position, used annually to purchase from Ahmedabad some £80,000 worth of silk and cloth alone. From the time that the splendour of this Maratha prince began to fade, the merchants of Gujerat found themselves losing ground.

Some of the cleverest artisans remain quite without work, or earn only a bare pittance. A serious modern historian, Sir Edward Clive Bayley, curiously enough a native of St. Petersburg, has realised how abnormal this state of matters is, and has called on his British countrymen to turn their attention to the natural but fatal decline of various trades in this once flourishing country. At the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and later at the Glasgow International Exhibition and the Berlin 'Ausstellung Indischer Kunst-Gegenstände' in 1881, more than one authoritative voice was raised in favour of supporting the artistic industry of India.

The merchants of Ahmedabad brought a quantity of the most various objects (including no small amount of trash) to the Governor's camp for sale.

Next to a light and delicately tinted shawl (*shala* in Sanscrit means 'a floor' or 'a room,' commonly hung with woven material) the purchaser sees some wonderfully executed carving along the sides of an ebony chest or on the lid of a box of odorous sandalwood. Little figures of the gods, intricate foliage, rude figures of large animals—all this finds place in the carving under the impulse of native art, with its narrow horizon. A durable carpet, manufactured by the prisoners in the local gaol, lies side by side with a sword, whose matchless blade glitters with rare Damascene work. A monstrous screen, with the whole heathen pantheon painted on it, does not succeed in overawing by its dimensions the elegant little bone paper-knives, sold by the impassive Hindu who sits squatted hard by. The other merchants are not distinguished for the like calmness, and are terribly annoying as they offer their goods for sale. It is but fair, however, to say that they still have something to be proud of. To go no further, how wondrous are their silks, embroidered with gold and silver (*kincob*)! The threads of precious metal vie in beauty with the green and crimson sheen of the ground, ornamented with flowers and animals.

Connoisseurs recognise the identity of the character of these splendid tissues with the distinctive marks of that Sicilian embroidery which was so famous in the West during the Middle Ages, and the art of manufacturing which was brought by the Arabs from the wrecked empire of the Sassanides. The leaders of Islam transported whole colonies of Iranians as far even as Spain. What wonder, then, if some artisans from India should have been of their number?

The ornamentation of the silks of Ahmedabad is curious in the highest degree. As if overflowing with vitality, the leaves and branches of the 'tree of life,' so beloved of Indian artists, and analogous to that which is carved in marble among the ruins of Nineveh, break forth everywhere in spraying fountains. It springs from vases set off by the soft tints of the light silk on which they are embroidered, surrounded by joyous crimson parrots and wavy lily-stems. Tearing oneself away from the contemplation of this delicate work, one finds at one's feet something even more minute and incredibly conscientious—mosaic work, let into little tables and seats, glove-boxes, walking-sticks, etc.

Having left Ahmedabad (a salute being fired at their departure), their Highnesses stop at 8.15 P.M. for dinner at Palanpur, where they are entertained by the local rajah, who bears the title of 'Diwan-sahib.' He is a Mussulman, the descendant of an Afghan adventurer of the days of the Moguls. His family gained a name under the Emperor Akbar (in the sixteenth century). The 'diwan' rules over a district containing some 200,000 inhabitants.

At dinner this chief sits next the Cesarewitch, and is visibly both pleased and confused when H.I. Highness requests him to take part in the meal. The diwan never eats with Europeans, but makes an exception to-day, to the no small surprise of all present.

At 9.10 P.M. the Grand Duke's train proceeds on its way. It is close and dark in the carriage: the pungent odour of the flowers, with which the prince of Palanpur crowned his guests, permeates the air and gives rise to a slight giddiness. To-morrow we shall be in Rajputana! The name is so strange to the ear and to the average knowledge of the European, that before crossing the boundaries of a country so remarkable in all respects, a short digression is required.

How many in the West know who the Rajpoots are?

Historians and ethnologists still dispute the question of their origin. The most probable

hypothesis is that they are descendants of those Scythian tribes, almost undefinable in their racial composition, who once spread, like the waves of a great sea, over the expanse lying between the southern steppes of what was not yet Russia and the plains of Northern India. The mounted hordes that poured in from the north towards the banks of the Ganges, mingling with the Aryan warriors who had come there earlier, soon adopted the Brahmin creed, and, in view of their warlike predilections, demanded admittance into the Kohatriya caste, *i.e.* the caste of 'noble' warriors, who prided themselves on being called to bear arms, in distinction from the other, more peaceable, classes of the population.

The chief centre of the power of the new race lay for a long time in royal Delhi and the powerful city of Kanaooj. Had they but been unanimous, Islam could never have triumphed so rapidly in heathen India; but the dissensions so common among the Rajpoots ruined both the princes and the people. Delhi became the hearth and home of the foreign creed of Islam, while the descendants of the famous Maharajah of Kanaooj went into exile on to the borders of the grim desert of Marwar, to which, during this night, we are drawing nearer and nearer. Its name signifies 'the region of death,' and has long been applied to the vast wastes that occupy a portion of the interior and of the north of India.

By the contracted word Maru, the Rajpoot bards mean only the lands united under the rule of Jodhpur, whither the above-mentioned exiles migrated, and where a new world sprang up, with a most original history, most varied traditions, a fervent spirit, and the glory of an ancient past. The newcomers called themselves 'rator,' from 'rat,' the back of Siva, who is regarded, so to speak, as their forefather. The rulers of this warlike tribe also trace back their pedigree to the radiant hero Rama, for which reason the Rajpoot cavaliers speak of themselves as 'rawnd-vansa' or 'surya-vansa' (children of the sun). It is thither, to their strange capital, that we are journeying through the night.

Many offshoots off the Rajpoot race are scattered over India, and there are many principalities in the land, both large and small. The most important, in pureness of blood and deeply patriotic spirit, is considered to be Meiwar, with its almost impregnable fortress of Oudeypur, which we shall not visit. A prominent part, economically, is played by Jaipur, which is included in the programme of the Cesarewitch's journey. As the former principality has from ancient times been famed for the steadfast courage of its sons, so has the latter been distinguished rather for a certain effeminacy and yieldingness of its inhabitants, along with a special leaning towards material perfection.

The Rajpoot cavaliers of historical times, with their constant enthusiasm and mystic views of life, stand quite alone in the life of their native peninsula. Around each of them legends blend their rays into a mysterious halo. Each detail supplies material enough for a whole poem. What wonder if the local bards (*bardai*, as the natives call them) freely use such valuable material for their inspired poems, which form a rich literature, and create, for the admiration of posterity, a series of heroic types, in which one is finer and more original than another! Of course the views of these characters are wild and gloomy from our European point of view; but when we picture them to ourselves amid the surroundings of Indian life, and of the struggle with a merciless foreign foe, then every unpleasant feature in them becomes human and justifiable. *E.g.* a rajah, driven to bay by the Mohammedans, rides into the enemy's camp, accompanied only by his shield-bearer; the prince is admitted, without being recognised. The Rajpoot requests an audience of the commander, and, while being received by the Mussulman general in the upper story of his

abode, happens to remark how a cat, that has crept up to a bird on a neighbouring tree, falls with it to the ground. The intrepid rajah immediately forms the daring resolution of doing the same thing. Seizing the general by the throat, he drags him out of the window, both coming to the ground, but the active Rajpoot, falling uppermost, crushes his foe, then mounts his horse and disappears unnoticed. On the following morning the heathen, few in number, attack the far more powerful army of the invaders, which, left without a leader, is completely routed.

Let us take another example, which bears witness to the lofty spirit of the Rajpoot families. A prince, while visiting another, is astonished not to see, in his city, the monuments customarily erected in honour of widows that have elected to be burnt with the bodies of their husbands. 'Has there, then, been no widow among you of a noble family in which the observance of this rite is obligatory? If so, I am ready to give my sister to wife to some one of your nobles, that at the death of her husband she may mount his funeral pyre and show how a daughter of Rajputana despises death!'

Prizing his steed and his sword above all else, almost worshipping the idea of war and indomitable valour, the Rajpoot and death are friends.

Those who return from the field of battle are often met by the wives of the warriors, ready to be burnt should their lords have perished; but they ask, first, how he bore himself in the fight, how many foemen he slew, whether he made himself a deathbed of the bodies of the foe. . . . If so (and how can it be otherwise?), the widow joyfully casts herself into the fire, to join her departed lord, who laid low so many of the enemy in the fray, that none were left around him at his death, to wonder at his valour or to tremble before the dying hero.

SATURDAY, *December* 22 (*January* 3).

Early in the morning, to the thunder of salutes, the illustrious travellers are received at the Jodhpur station by H.H. the Maharajah himself, with his court, and by the British Resident (counsellor, so to speak, of the native prince), and proceed to the spacious camp prepared by them near the city. The local troops greet H.I. Highness to the strains of the Russian anthem, heard for the first time in Rajputana. The impression produced by the entrance into the suburbs is so deep that it is difficult to write down consecutively the thoughts and feelings that arise.

Jodhpur! That real, almost, one may say, prehistoric India, of which every one of us has had his unconscious day-dreams, as he read extracts from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata,—that Indian life in which the figure of the thoughtless Nal, with his purely Slavonic character, stood forth side by side with the purely exalted princess Damayanti, who amazed the world by her ideal self-renunciation. . . . The deeply religious and patriarchal society of those ancient days took shape at a time when the land knew not yet the sway of those two mighty gods, blindly adored by the masses—the gloomy Siva and the merciful Vishnu.

Before us lies the characteristically vivid land of Rajputana, having nothing in common with motley, commercial Bombay, or with the half-Mussulman, half-savage Dekkan, which glanced past us on our way to the deserted fanes of Ellora—the mediæval, chivalrous Rajputana, against which Islam struggled so long and so vainly, by which it was so often baffled, gaining a footing, however, in Gujerat. Has it indeed become palpable and accessible? Are we really to see a people and a civilisation, which have survived many and many a revolution, retaining the purity of its blood and of its spirit?

The Maharajah, whose carefully compiled pedigree traces back his descent to the sun, to the mythical central hero of the most ancient native legends, has but a little while ago left the tent of H.I. Highness. It was enough to look on the somewhat wild and majestic face of this handsome dusky prince, in his plain white garments, without any of the precious ornaments that adorned the members of his suite,—it was enough to see how, on entering the abode of his Imperial guest, he left his shoes at the threshold and walked *barefoot* to the place of honour set apart for him, and one at once felt oneself in a new and wondrous world.

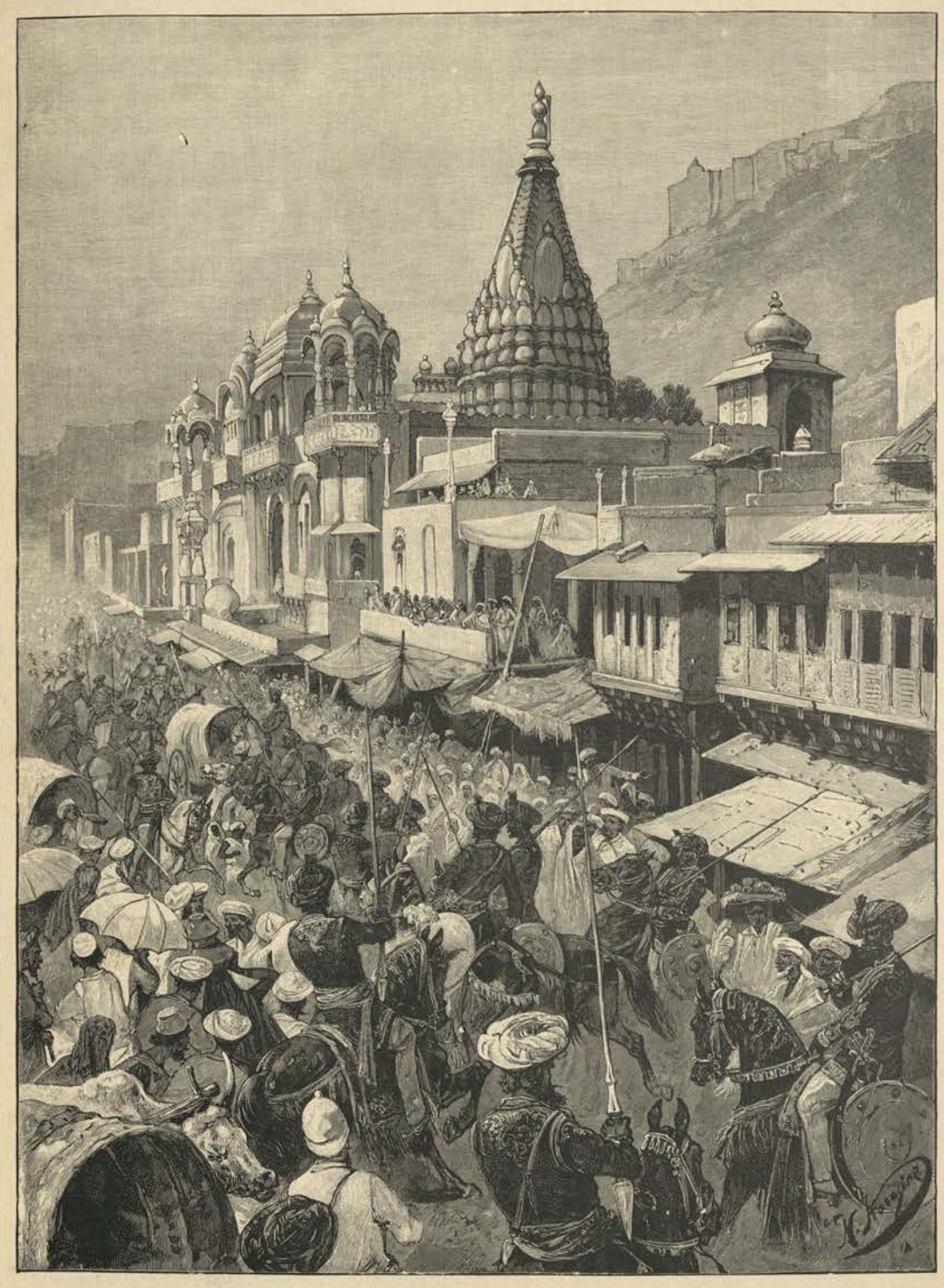
Our camp lies near the grim salt desert that skirts Jodhpur. Its sternness seemed to be reflected in the warlike faces of the Maharajah's escort; the spears and the shields of the riders blazed and glittered in the burning rays of the sun, and a sort of radiance seemed to spread over the camp as they rode along. They have departed, and now we must collect our thoughts for the moment when a deeper insight into the strange and attractive conditions of the life around us will be possible.

Jodhpur is some 230 miles long and over 130 in breadth. Of all the principalities of Rajputana that we are to visit, it is the largest in size, but at the same time is somewhat sparsely populated, containing not more than 2,000,000 inhabitants, and in this respect occupies the second place. The sovereign is the eldest descendant of the chief of the Rator warriors, who, towards the end of the twelfth century, came to the borders of the desert from the failing kingdom of Kanaooj in the north. Sivaji, the grandson of the last sovereign of that kingdom, first came here with his warriors only to visit certain sacred spots that have an attraction for Hindu pilgrims. As at that time a number of robbers had appeared in the neighbourhood of one of the cities, the Brahmins persuaded the noble stranger to take their part and remain as prince of their district. Sivaji consented, and gradually extended his sway over what is now the principality of Jodhpur. For a long time the capital was at Mandor (some four miles away from here). In spite of their unusual courage, the Rators did not soon succeed in clearly defining the boundaries of their land.

It was only in the fourteenth century that Prince Chanda exhibited especial power, while in 1459 his grandson Jodha transferred the capital to the spot where we now are, and gave it his name. (*Pur* or *por* signifies 'city.')

In the following century the Rators begin a ruthless struggle with the Moguls, who conquered Northern India, but this proves useless, the forces being so unequal.

The farseeing Emperor Akbar strives to win over the Jodhpur Rajpoots to his side by kindness, in which he of course succeeds. In spite of the Mussulman spirit of intolerance, members of the house of Tamerlane take Rator princesses to wife, putting no restraint on their observance of the rites of their religion, gaining the sympathies of their kinsfolk, of a martial disposition and capable of boundless devotion, making use finally of their services in war as the best means for carrying out their policy of conquest on the gigantic peninsula of India. The men of Jodhpur, on their side, most faithfully serve the emperors, whose salt they have tasted, sacrifice themselves freely, and do battle against the foes of the royal cities of Delhi and Agra. The more ancient and intensely proud princes of Rajputana not infrequently quarrel on this account with the rulers of Jodhpur, who are supposed to be degrading their lineage; they refuse to intermarry with them, and despise the men of their faith who have dared to give the hand of friendship to the hated common foe, *i.e.* the foreigner of lower descent and ruder religion.



A STREET IN JODHPUR.

It was only afterwards, when the fanatical, cruel, and treacherous Aurangzeb (buried at Roaza) rose to power among the descendants of Akbar,—it was only after the devastating attack made by this Mogul on the land of Jodhpur, that the Rator tribe (unfortunate, deceived, and insulted) regained the favour of India's noblest princes, and that marriages again became possible between the ancient aristocratic families hitherto estranged from each other.

The dread power of Islam soon waned; but the Rajpoots, comparatively few in number, had to recognise another humiliating rule—that of the Marathas, who, though professing the same heathen faith, were held in a certain natural contempt by the proud warriors, who had always been accustomed to the first place in the Brahmin world.

Scindiah, prince of Gwalior, conquered Jodhpur, exacted an annual tribute of £60,000 from it, and deprived it of the wealthy fortified city of Ajmere, which we are to visit next.

In 1803 the British first entered into communication with the government of Jodhpur. In a few years they extended their protectorate over it, and in 1839 occupied the city with their troops. About the same time its ancient dynasty died out, and a sovereign had to be chosen from the younger branch (the Idar line, which had settled in Gujerat), who was soon found and acknowledged by the feudal nobles (the so-called *takurs*). The illustrious travellers are now the guests of his son, who began to reign after his father's death, in 1873.

The reigning prince, while yet a young man, during his father's lifetime, maintained order in the land and put down robbery. Now justice is beginning to triumph everywhere, the feuds between the nobles are put down, regular postal communication is established, loans are paid up, a reserve fund has been formed, more than £150,000 has been assigned for the construction of an immense reservoir, etc. Altogether, the Maharajah is considered a great friend of civil engineering, is constantly occupied with the construction of reservoirs — of which the people really stand in want—and with the help of an English engineer, Mr. Home, has laid down a railway (narrow gauge) to his capital. Until then, communication with the capital was very difficult, and it was rarely that travellers from the West made their way here on elephants or camels, owing to the absence of roads and the necessity for a journey of many miles across the desert. This is probably the reason why scarcely anything has been written about Jodhpur, and why so very little is known of it in European literature.

At 8 A.M. the Maharajah, Jaswant Singh, drove with H.I. Highness from the railway-station to the camp in his old-fashioned, high, and roomy carriage (with a yellow lining), harnessed with four horses. After 11 A.M. the sovereign of Marwar (bearing the proud title of *Raj raj iswara*, King of kings), accompanied by the British Resident, Colonel Powlett, and two British officers from the suite of the Cesarewitch, came to call on their Highnesses.

The near relations of the host, sparkling with gold and jewels (of all the local Rajpoot nobles, only the brother and minister of the sovereign, Sir Pertrap Singh, wears European clothes), were seated according to seniority on a row of seats placed opposite ours, while the illustrious travellers and the Maharajah sat side by side in the place of honour, facing the entrance to the tent.

According to solemn traditional custom, after the interchange of farewells at parting, guests must be crowned with wreaths of flowers (even artificial flowers, intertwined with tinsel, are admissible). Jaswant Singh, on this day, probably so memorable for him, is crowned by the Cesarewitch himself. Prince Bariatinsky hangs the garlands round the necks of the other guests.

Pan-supar (closely rolled aromatic leaves with little pieces of betel) is offered on a special dish, according to ancient custom.

After a little while their Highnesses in their turn drive to a palace of the Maharajah's (outside the town) to pay him a call. The Cesarewitch and the officers of his suite are in Russian uniforms.

Outwardly, the palace is not striking. The grim building, without a particle of Oriental beauty, stands on a naked sandhill, surrounded by a grey wall. Shaggy buffaloes repose in the court. A steep slope leads up to the porch, where the chief of the Rators stands waiting at the threshold.

The reception takes place in a comfortless room, lighted by windows next the very ceiling, and furnished in motley and tasteless style. The semi-European surroundings throw into strong relief the dark reserved face of the Maharajah, still in his prime, in spite of his fifty years, with his coal-black beard, fine features, never brightened by a smile, and his stern and noble bearing —a figure which seems to rise out of the darkness of the hoar antiquity of India as a personification of a true Indian king and seer. The local princes are completely under the influence of the Brahmins and their religious views, and are supposed to be visited more frequently than the common people by the gods, the shades of their ancestors and of wise priests, and by mysterious prognostics. The sons of the royal Rators grow up to manhood (or at least did so in ancient times) apart from women, under the immediate guidance of their religious instructors. Such an education naturally gives rise to a singleness of character, marked by all the elemental qualities of the race.

Looking on the present Maharajah, one seems to see his great ancestor and namesake Jaswant Singh (1678), who by his knowledge, power, and wiliness caused no small amount of trouble and injury to the fanatical Mogul Aurangzeb. The latter strove in all ways to gain over the hated infidel, who was so friendly with his brother and rival. The Emperor appointed the prince of Jodhpur Viceroy of Gujerat and Commander-in-chief of the Indian army, sent him at times on successful expeditions both into the rebellious Dekkan and into Afghanistan; but the wild Rator distrusted the double-faced Mogul, and ever strove to injure him, until at last he himself died, in unconsolable grief, far away from Marwar, in Kabul, after a glorious reign of forty-two years. A little while before, the grown-up sons of the Maharajah had died of the privations of the campaign amidst the snow-topped mountains of a foreign land, while at the court his favourite and promising son, Prithi Singh, had died a death of torment, having donned a poisoned robe, sent to the high-born Rajpoot by Aurangzeb.

For the further characterisation of the reigning Maharajah, it is enough to say that he has a *guru*, or spiritual master, who lives in great state. At the same time a special palace is set apart for the spirit of his former Brahmin teacher. No one lives in this strange building; only in the principal hall the airy golden tissue of the canopy seems to tremble above the couch of the long-departed sage.

After lunch their Highnesses drive along the lonely road that winds towards the fortress, away from the city and the camp. Here and there we catch a glimpse of idols imbedded in the rocks. The majestic rock with the buildings on it which rises above Jodhpur draws nearer and nearer. We leave our carriages and mount the hill on foot. Here a digression will be necessary.

THE FORTRESS OF JODHPUR.

Who has not discoursed at length on the burning of widows, once so customary among the Hindus? The majority of authoritative voices in the West were, of course, against this terrible and barbarous rite. Yielding to public opinion, the British authorities gradually restrained and put an end to that which, in the eyes of the people, had long been regarded as exalted, sacred, and necessary, but which had never been obligatory, and was mainly an act of free-will on the part of the widow.

As one mounts the steep slope leading to the stately citadel of Jodhpur, and sees on the gates, studded with spikes of iron (to repel the charge of the war-elephants), silver hands fastened in the stone,—when one sees them, and knows that they represent the hands of native women who have performed the rite of *sati*, *i.e.* who have committed themselves to the flames, that they might join their beloved lords—then all that has been known, almost from childhood, of this terrible custom of the Brahmin world rises with extraordinary clearness before the imagination, and presents the rite in a far more humane and comprehensible light than it seemed when read of in books, which give a very imperfect explanation of the reasons why this or that woman of ancient India found it necessary and inevitable to follow the ashes of her husband into the flames.

The epoch of the origin of this custom is difficult to determine, but in any case it must be referred to prehistoric times.

The name of *sati* (faithful) seems to have first been applied to the goddess Parvati, the wife of Siva. She gave herself as a voluntary victim to the flames, on account of the mortifications experienced by her husband. The Brahmins long strove to prove that the rite was known to the Vedic period, but Orientalists cannot find a single text to support this affirmation. Max Müller states that all the written evidence presented by the Hindu priesthood in favour of the extreme antiquity of the custom is no more than a flagrant and a clumsy forgery.

However it may be, this view of the ideal widow was so engrained in the native heathen population, it was so attractive to the masses, and roused in them such feelings of reverence, that, apart from the influence of the Brahmins, every truly believing woman (and others Asia knows not!) generally devoted herself to the flames with a thrill of delight and not of fear. Having bathed, she decked herself out in her best garments, turned her eyes to the north and the east, and, having called as witnesses of her act of piety the eight mythical guardians of the different parts of the universe, as well as the sun, moon, air, fire, ether, earth and water, her own soul, the god Yama (the ruler of the world of shades), night and day, twilight and the moral principle (conscience), she then calmly mounted the funeral pyre. Her nearest relations—*e.g.* her son—then approached it with a lighted torch, ready to set fire to the fuel as soon as the willing victim should have pronounced the final incantations prescribed by their faith.

She who thus sacrificed herself did so, not for her own salvation alone, but chiefly to gain countless blessings for her departed lord in the other world, along with complete redemption and forgiveness for his sins. Hindu texts express themselves most eloquently on this point: 'As a snake-charmer obliges the reptiles to crawl forth from the earth at his call, so does *sati*, by means of self-destruction, draw forth the spirit of the departed husband from the hell in which he is tormented.' 'In dying by the side of the corpse which is so near to her, a widow sheds the radiance of holiness on her ancestors, both on her father's and her mother's side, and even on the ancestors of him who in this earthly shell was her husband and lord.' The *sati* widow rises with her husband to the regions of bliss, into the kingdom of Indra. Should the dead man

have committed even the most terrible of crimes conceivable for a Hindu, *i.e.* slain a Brahmin, omitted to pay the debt of gratitude, attempted the life of his friend, etc., he is still saved by his wife's sacrifice.

The first historically authentic case of widow-burning took place in 1176. Her name was Sanjogata. She was a daughter of the king of the sacred Rajpoot district of Kanaooj, which was devastated by the Mohammedans; she was married to the last native king of Delhi, Prithvi, whom she chose as her husband at one of the knightly tournaments, which were customary while ancient traditions still retained their ground among the rajahs. The suitor of Sanjogata was an enemy of her father's, but nevertheless she fell in love with the brave chief before she had seen him, and eloped with him. About this time the overpowering might of Islam again flooded India. The Indian sovereigns who resisted perished one after another. Sanjogata, on hearing of the death of her husband, could not support the parting, and ordered the widow's pyre to be lighted.

Along with repeated cases of voluntary self-sacrifice—to which the victims may, to some extent, have been incited, not so much by love for the departed, as by a shrinking from the weary and shameful life of a widow, who in Hindu society is frequently the object of universal contempt—there is no doubt also that women were sometimes forced, by their relations and the Brahmins, to die a public death for the edification of the people. The unfortunate victim was then simply stupefied with narcotic drugs, dragged into the funeral pyre, and even bound to a stake, that she might not leap out of the flames.

The rite clearly had a great effect on the pious and impressionable populace. Monuments were not uncommonly erected on the spot that was the scene of such a 'pious' death.

In the first half of the present century the British began to interfere in the private affairs of Hindu society, and gradually began to offer opposition to the performance of this rite: *e.g.* to bring fuel for the funeral pyre was strictly forbidden. Should, however, any widow insist on dying such a death, she was permitted to raise the pyre with her own hands.

A remarkable connoisseur of India, Colonel Sleeman, relates in his memoirs, how he once forbade some peasants to take part in the rite of *sati*, when an aged widow was determined at all costs to perform it, and, not finding the support she desired in any one, refused all food and drink in her grief. According to custom, her nearest relations fasted in the same manner, as prescribed by their religion: they are obliged, in fact, to refrain altogether from food, until the widow either dies amid the flames, or, having definitely given up her intentions, returns to the bosom of her family.

Of the children and grandchildren of the widow some gathered round Sleeman, imploring him to accede to the wishes of the unfortunate woman, while others surrounded her, persuading her to forsake her resolution; but she still persisted, and sat down on the rocky bank of the Nerbudda.

The sun scorched the old woman pitilessly; the dews of night chilled her to the bone. Half-naked, worn out with agitation and want of food, she continued sitting for endless hours, waiting in dumb despair. At last, seeing that the English officer still withheld his consent, the frantic widow performed the right of renunciation of the funeral pyre and the laws of her religion—*i.e.* she donned a crimson turban and broke her bangles to pieces, thus depriving herself for ever of the right of returning home. All natives are obliged to regard the woman who ventures on this dreadful act as lost and outcast.

Sleeman gives a touching description of the state of mind of the old woman during several

days, when she continued in the firm conviction that sooner or later she would join her aged husband as a young and beautiful woman in Paradise. Before giving his consent, the colonel again attempted to dissuade her, saying that he himself would have to pay for her superstitious stubbornness, as the British Government would not suffer such horrors as the *sati*. He assured her that, should she change her mind, all honour would be shown her to the end of her days, that she would live in comfort and luxury, etc. But the old woman only smiled faintly on hearing these arguments, and repeated: 'My pulse has ceased to beat; on earth I have but a few handfuls of ashes, which I would fain mingle, as soon as possible, with the ashes of my husband.' Then, at last, the colonel permitted the performance of the rite. Her relations led her, happy and joyful, to the pyre. Her last words before entering the flames were: 'Why was I not allowed to join thee for five days, O my husband!' Then, having thrown a handful of flowers into the fire, she calmly entered it, lay down as if to rest, and fell asleep amidst the wreathing smoke, without the slightest sign of suffering.

The religious enthusiasm of the Hindus is so great, that the most inexplicable things sometimes take place among them. An old woman entered a house in which a dead man lay, and announced that she must be burned with him on the funeral pyre, because she had been his wife in a previous state of existence, had lived with him in the holy city of Benares, and had thrice performed the rite of *sati* in her former incarnations. As the earthly husband of this woman was still alive, and even the superstitious natives had full grounds for doubting whether she knew what she was saying and doing, she was of course asked why, in spite of her great spiritual deeds, she yet was parted from her adored husband. The old woman, not a whit abashed, explained the reason: it seems she had accidentally given salt to a mendicant Brahmin who had asked for powdered sugar, and for this he had punished her, causing her to be born again into a lower caste. As the dead man, on the other hand, had a wife who would not give up her place in the fire to a stranger, a dispute arose as to whom it belonged.

When the corpse had been reduced to ashes, the real widow calmly remained alive, but the imaginary, or, so to speak, ideal widow, mournfully took a handful of ashes from the pyre, and, returning home, persuaded her husband and his brother to assist her to burn herself alive, which they did. The faithful afterwards raised a temple above her ashes, while the father of the dead man, whose spiritual wife she was supposed to have been, undertook all the expenses of the funeral feast customary on such occasions.

According to statistical data, on the promulgation by the Government, in 1812, of a law regulating the performance of the rite of *sati*, the people of Bengal were perplexed, and began to murmur, seeing the number of wives who voluntarily determined to sacrifice themselves along with their departed husbands. The number began to increase so perceptibly, that it was almost trebled in the course of four years, young women as well as old devoting themselves to this death. About 1830 the energetic prohibition of the authorities finally put an end at least to the overt performance of the rite; but in secret, of course, it continued to be practised, and is probably practised at the present day in the more secluded parts of the country. Such a case was made public, for instance, as late as 1880.

Numbers of hands, imbedded in the wall by the gates of the gloomy citadel of Jodhpur, mark the princesses, faithful to the grave, who passed down from their apartments along this road to the fiery tomb of aromatic wood, cotton, and camphor, whither, lying in a boat,

with open face and bare feet, the king was borne by the men of Rator. It is terrible but grand.

An original litter, with silver peacocks at the sides, is ready to carry the Cesarewitch up the steep slope. These birds, sacred to Kumara, the seven-headed god of war, have been regarded from days of yore as the favourite heraldic emblems of the Rajpoots, who possessed coats of arms long before the chivalry of the West. After the Crusades, the peacock began to bear a symbolic meaning for the feudal aristocracy of Europe, and was borne on the shields of knights of fame. In our Middle Ages its feathers waved above some helmets, just as to-day we see them on the pointed, fantastically twisted, reddish-yellow turbans of the Maharajah's relations, who accompany the illustrious travellers through the fortress.

At one of the turns of the winding path, ranged along the rampart, stands a row of ancient cannon, captured from the Moslem foe, and by them are pyramids of shot; all this once terrible defensive apparatus of the Rator stronghold now serves as a mere archæological ornament for the crumbling rampart.

Higher and higher winds the mountain path between the many-storied buildings, neglected palaces and chapels, that close in around it,—between dull grey walls with walled-up doors and balconies, with green shutters and with picturesque carving on the many-coloured roofs and the plastered house-fronts. All is still and deserted in the eyry of the descendants of the sun. Only the sound of our footsteps dies away between the stately, golden-brown edifices, and a lazy current of warm air flutters the floating ends of the muslin on our sun-helmets.

Through these narrow passages the kings of the desert, the rulers of independent Marwar, even now as large as Ireland, used to pass under their purple canopy to the roll of gigantic drums (*nakara*), preceded and surrounded by their guards (with weapons of gold and silver).

Each of them moved here amongst his proud nobles (the most important clans were the Champavut and the Khoompavut) as *princeps inter pares*, for all Rajpoots consider each other brothers of blood. In moments of imminent and deadly danger, when Jodhpur was besieged by Akbar and by Aurangzeb, chosen warriors, burning with hatred against the foe, and thirsting for a glorious death, used to charge down hence on the hordes of the Moguls, while the bards called on the heroes 'to sail like crimson lotuses across the ocean of battle to the mansion of the sun, to the music of clashing spears and shields, to the lightning-flash of sword-strokes, rejoicing at the sight of Siva making himself a rosary of human skulls.'

Here, too, in the citadel, the united chivalry of the land, acting solely in the name of honour and religion, without the slightest fear of calling down vengeance and danger on their heads, used to receive royal fugitives from neighbouring lands—to refuse refuge and hospitality to them being equivalent to sacrilege. It was through the same seven gates we have just passed through, that young nobles, whose unruliness and lawlessness had passed all bounds, used to ride forth into lifelong exile, according to the inexorable sentence of the Rajpoot community. A black steed was led out for them, they were clad in a simple coat, a plain shield was hung at their back, a sword was girded on them, and then they were exhorted to depart, bearing no malice against their native land.

But at times dark tragedies of a totally different character used to take place in the fortress of Jodhpur. Brother would rise against brother on a question of heirship. A boundlessly devoted feudal noble, roused by some slight, would suddenly become a rebel, and he would

have to be trapped and slain almost by surprise within the courtyards opening out before us, much as Mehmed-Ali massacred the Mamelukes in Cairo.

Taken by surprise, the Rators even in such moments asked only that they might die by the sword and not be shot down from a distance. Those of the most noble birth were presented with a bowl of poison, and they would carry it to their lips fearlessly, if only the cup of death were of gold and not of clay.

When the feudal nobles were attached to their leader, there were no privations, no dangers, that they would not face for him.

A touching example of this is found in the boundless devotion of one Jago in the last century. He occupied the post of tutor to the children of the reigning prince. The latter was deprived of his throne by his enemies, and was obliged to fly to Jaipur. Meanwhile his faithful countryman went to the Dekkan to raise an army and restore his sovereign to the throne. The new Maharajah writes to the active Jago: 'The rose-bush, whose aroma thou didst inhale, O bee! is withered: thorns alone remain, without a single petal—'tis better not to seek them!' The voluntary exile replies: 'It is for that very reason that the bee seeks the naked rosebud, that spring may return and the roses bloom again.'

The chronicles of Rajastan speak also of the following deed of insane daring:—The Emperor of Delhi asks Jaswant Singh whether any of his warriors will venture to enter the cage of an enormous tiger unarmed. A noble warrior (of the Khoompavut clan) agrees to do so (that he might astonish and shame the Moslem), and calmly enters the den of the beast and says to him: 'O tiger of the Mogul! dare to attack the tiger from the domains of Joudhpur!'—and with such a terrible glance, that the savage king of the jungle turns away his head and crawls aside, while the Rator departs, as Rajpoots never fight with the flying.

The little son of the present Maharajah, a bright boy of eleven, who made friends at once with Prince George of Greece, shows the illustrious travellers the objects of interest in the citadel.

Their Highnesses survey the armoury, where lies a store of the most various mediæval suits of armour, rare swords, and firearms, and, side by side with the classic ten-foot spears of the Kshatriya warriors, hang gilded carven shields from the Punjab,—and where lovers of antiquity might spend hours in the study of what was the most characteristic branch of native industry, until it was put an end to after the Mutiny by the Arms Act, which to a considerable extent restrained the natives of British India from bearing or keeping arms. Naturally the demand for them is falling rapidly.

Next we examine the treasury of the Maharajah, which is justly considered as perhaps the first in all India. It contains treasures to the value of millions of pounds sterling. Connoisseurs of jewellery would find a wide field here for observing what the local courts value in the beauty of their jewellery, what gems the Rajpoot East possesses, and what *pendant* to the Dresden 'Grünes Gewölbe' exists in the little-known city of Marwar.

In the same court with the armoury and the treasury of the fortress stands the *gadi*, a rectangular block of white stone, presenting a sort of throne, on which the legitimate descendants of Jodha take their seat at their coronation.

In the vast palace of the citadel, gradually built and enlarged by a succession of famous rajahs, before the Cesarewitch lies a series of long-deserted halls and sleeping-chambers, with soli-

tary thrones, silky swelling couches, numerous pillars, supporting the low ceiling, with paintings of a mythological character on the walls, with mirrors and tasteless gilding. The more ancient a chamber, the finer and the more original it is.

In one close and gloomy room a bow window with dusty panes unexpectedly shows us an original picture of the city and of the dull brown desert that comes close up to it. Idols, reservoirs, the white houses of the greater land-owning nobles, the narrow streets, the dwelling-houses rising in terraces, the dark precipitous slopes of the stronghold, an almost complete absence of verdure and cultivation, the grim range of heights, that stretch away into the gloom of the desolate distance . . . yes, the outlook of the chiefs of the Rators always must have been cheerless and unsatisfactory! May not this be the reason why the country gave birth to turbulent and adventurous warriors, who were stirred by dauntless fancies of always living a life of war, of constant dreams of battle, and of the bliss of wakening in that vivid heathen heaven, whither the true Indian hero was always borne, in the hour of death, by beautiful Valkyrs?

Great is the work of James Todd, who made a thorough study of Rajputana, and who was the first to supply the educated world with any definite and connected information about it.

It is only on the spot that one can realise what treasures of poetry lie hidden among the population and in their ancient history, which still preserves its proud silence, in spite of the fact that both Jain communities and princely families carefully hand down from generation to generation the sacred manuscript records of days gone by.

The latter are undoubtedly full of touching charm, and of examples of incomparable valour and of great horrors such as only the mystic East could give birth to. For instance, we are now standing by the couch of the former maharajahs, from which they often used to leap at night, roused by a horrible dream. A maharajah of Jodhpur had dishonoured the daughter of a Brahmin (the Brahmins of Marwar profess the creed of the terrible Siva, eat meat, drink wine, and are in no way remarkable for softness of heart as are their Vishnuite brethren); her father, frantic with rage, slew her with his own hand, dug a hole in the earth, and calling down curses on the betrayer, offered up to the gods a burnt-offering of the body of the girl, which he had cut into pieces. To increase the significance of his inhuman revenge, he also hewed off pieces of his own flesh, which he cast into the hungry flames, finally leaping into them himself with the cry: 'Farewell, O rajah! We shall meet in three years and three days. . . .'

Tormented by the pangs of conscience, the rajah really died at the appointed time, while for a long time afterwards his successors awaited the visits of the vengeful shade, which came in their most happy moments, when life and love smiled on them.

After dinner, at which all the Europeans in Jodhpur were present with their wives, the illustrious travellers, according to custom, witness the grand nautch, which began to grow wearisome while we were yet at Roaza. To-day, however, the surroundings are more fantastic, and the colours more vivid. No less than two or three hundred dancing-girls, separated into groups, occupy the gigantic tent, along one side of which runs a row of seats on a low daïs, while the other is lined by a number of torch-bearers, whose torches shed a wavering and gloomy light on a whole sea of silk and satin, which slowly sways before us to the strains of melancholy music, whose every passage breathes sadness and heavy discontent. The grave and passionless faces of the

The Cesarewitch's Party in India.

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rhythmically circling nautch-girls, the automatic grace, so to speak, of their movements, the heat of the evening on the borders of the sun-baked desert, lulling the various impressions of the last few hours—all draw us nearer to India, where as yet (so it seems to me) the deadly prose of life has not begun to reign,—where man and nature, good and evil, asceticism and worldliness, have not yet congealed into the conventional mould of a prematurely aged, and too self-conscious, development.

SUNDAY, *December* 23 (*January* 4).

In the morning their Highnesses go out boar-hunting, the Cesarewitch killing several beasts.

On returning to camp, the illustrious travellers enjoy a short rest. The stillness and languor that reign around dispose one to a refreshing repose.

Between the two long converging lines of tents lies a stretch of green turf, with spraying fountains, a bust shining white in the sunlight, and the ample proportions of the *shamianah*, the scene of last night's nautch, of the dinner marquee, and of the temporary dwelling of the illustrious travellers.

The latter consists of several sleeping apartments in a little wooden *châlet*, a small court with an arbour and seats in the middle, and finally a reception-room (with furniture covered with yellow satin, gilded chairs, fanciful screens, a clock, and little tables with albums, containing views of the country).

Some bicycles lean against the wall near the entrance to the reception-room, evidently placed there in case any of the Europeans should feel inclined for such a mode of locomotion.

Last night, before twilight, some strange dusky men, who turned out to be professional wrestlers in the service of the Maharajah, came to the Grand Duke's quarters. They generally come from the Punjab, and may exhibit their skill only with the consent of their employer.

On coming into the presence of their Highnesses they threw off their upper garments and stripped to the waist, bowed to the spectators, and then clapping their hands and beating their breasts, with wild, harsh cries, began the contest, striving to throw their antagonists. The dark figures of the athletes (there were some ten of them) looking as if they were cast in bronze, advanced and retreated with extraordinary activity and impetuosity, dashing against each other and standing firm, crushing their antagonist in their grip, or rivalling the palms of the tropical forests in pliancy and strength. The longer the struggle lasted, the more apparent became the superiority among these gymnasts of two or three sturdy fellows over the taller, and, as it seemed, much stronger wrestlers, who ought to have won the victory with ease.

For us Russians, it was interesting to see with what attention the contest of the native athletes was watched by the Cesarewitch's stalwart Cossack, Toportchenko, who unfortunately travels in civilian attire here. Powerfully built, he easily could be more than a match for several strong men at once, and probably watched the trial of strength and skill with more appreciation than any one else present.

To-day, after the hunt and lunch, their Highnesses, walking away some distance from the camp, spend a long time in watching a game of polo, in which the brothers of the Maharajahs—excellent horsemen, like all Rajpoots—took part on their splendid horses.

They also (along with Jaswant Singh's young heir and Sir Mackenzie Wallace, who is a well-

known lover of all athletic sports) exhibit their skill at tent-pegging and at dividing the body of a goat, hung from a pole, with one blow of the sword, while riding past at full speed.

In the intervals between the different competitions, and immediately after their conclusion, the Maharajah's guests were entertained by jugglers. One brought a snake out of a basket and handled it fearlessly as it twisted and hissed angrily,—another exhaled flame at every breath,—a third one exhibited a comical little monkey, dressed in uniform and mounted on a trained goat,—a fourth showed a parrot which loaded and fired a tiny cannon.

TROPHIES OF THE HUNT.

We shall doubtless see many such scenes during our journey through the interior of the country, so that it is scarcely worth while lingering over them. . . .

Late in the evening, H.H. the Maharajah Jaswant Singh comes to the camp to accompany the Cesarewitch to the railway-station. The silver harness and the silver bells on the horses that draw the prince's carriage gleam before us for the last time in the gloom.

MONDAY, *December* 24 (*January* 5).

Ajmere, where H.I. Highness arrived at 7.30 A.M., is one of the most picturesque spots on the surface of the globe.

Built at the foot of a high hill, which forms a natural stronghold, on the shores of a lake

some four miles in circumference, the city has been, from very ancient times, an important centre of power and of commerce between the principalities of Rajputana. Popular religious legends and traditions of a connected and historical character gather equally around the name, that is derived from that of the Rajpoot chief Aja (of the famous Chauhan tribe). He first attempted, in the second century of our era, to build a fortress on the neighbouring 'snake-hill' (*Nag-pakhar*), but every night evil spirits destroyed what had been built during the day. Then the chief determined to build his inaccessible eyry on the precipitous slope of the hill that rises before us (*Taragher*, 'the stronghold of the stars'), and to lay out the suburbs below, towards the broad valley that curves round it.

When, in the seventh century, the Arab leader Mohammed Kassim ventured to invade India, the rajah of Ajmere was among the patriots who rapidly gathered to repel the hated infidel. But the unanimous repulse of the first Mussulman invaders did not save the country. In 1027 the ferocious Sultan Mahmud Gaznevid, marching from the north on the wealthy heathen temple of Somnath in Gujerat, destroyed the houses and temples of the peaceful citizens of Ajmere on his way; only those who had taken shelter on the rock succeeded in beating him off almost by a miracle, and afterwards revenged themselves terribly on the enemy, as he returned laden with priceless spoil. The Rajpoots enticed him into the neighbouring desert, where thousands of the Moslems perished from thirst.

Before the final triumph of Islam over the foremost centres of the ancient creed of India, the mighty dominions of Delhi were united with the principality of Ajmere under the rule of one and the same sovereign, in consequence of which their lot was temporarily a sad one, the majority of the conquered being reduced to slavery.

In spite of repeated attempts at rebellion, in spite of the sudden seizures of the city by the Chauhans, the warriors of Odeypur and of Jodhpur in the thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, it became principally a Mussulman centre, and having been restored and enlarged under the Moguls, and being sanctified by traditions concerning the lives of saints of the 'true faith'—the wise Emperor Akbar even undertaking a pilgrimage on foot from Agra to the grave of one of them—it soon rose to a prominent position among the cities of Rajputana.

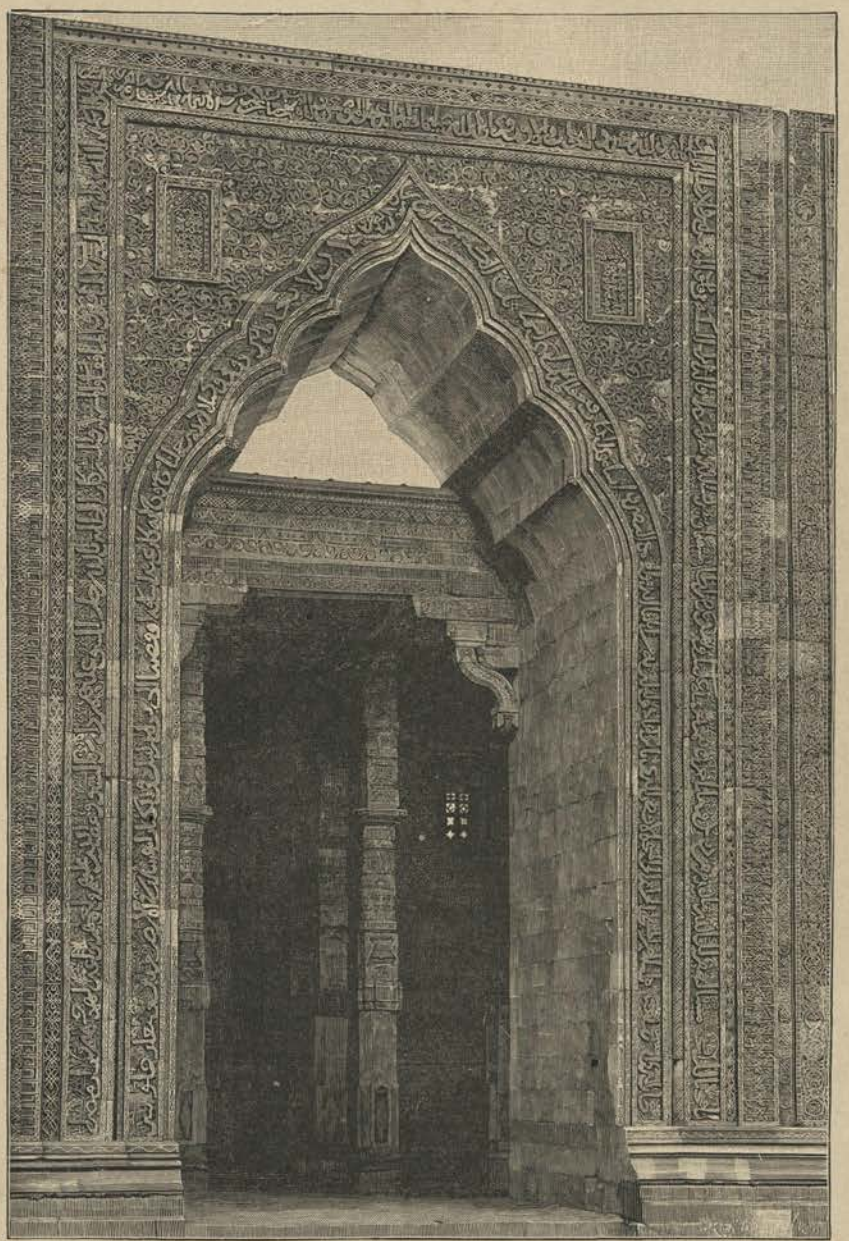
In 1818 the British received it at the hands of the Marathas (from Scindiah of Gwalior), and so gained the favour of its inhabitants by good government, that in the terrible year of the Mutiny the danger here was nothing like that experienced in other districts. A battalion formed at Ajmere of the half-savage natives of the aboriginal Mhair tribe remained faithful to the Europeans and saved the fortress, although rebellion was raging around them, while hard by were the mutinous soldiers of the Bengal army.

In 1842 this district, which is the most elevated part of India, was united with the neighbouring district of Marwar under the rule of the chief political agent, who manages the affairs of the surrounding Rajpoot principalities.

The Cesarewitch is staying at present in the house of Colonel Trevor, who fills this extremely delicate post.

After lunch comes a visit to the city, with its broad streets and motley crowds of people in holiday attire. Passing by the holy places of the Moslem pilgrims, interesting enough, but not æsthetically remarkable, their Highnesses visit the finest monument of mediæval architecture, which adorns the Faraghar slope, before it rises beyond the boundaries of the native

dwellings, and which bears the name of 'Arhai-dîn-ka-jhompra,' the building having been 'erected in two days and a half.' It was a Jain temple at one time, but was desecrated in 1236 by the conquerors, who transformed it into a mosque and built an arch before it, bearing the stamp of the militant creed of Islam, with gigantic Kufic inscriptions bordering its bold sweep. Connoisseurs of Moorish architecture, and of the architectural monuments of Cairo, Syria, and Persia, affirm that in beauty the Ajmere 'house of prayer' will bear comparison with many like it (so far as the fundamental idea is concerned, but not as to execution).



GATE OF THE MOSQUE AT AJMERE.

The origin of its name is disputed. Some say that a wealthy Hindu contributed to the building of the temple the colossal profits of his business for sixty hours; others, again, strive to show that all visible signs of idolatry were destroyed in this short period of time when the conquerors from Delhi transformed the heathen temple into a gathering-point for the faithful. On the whole, it is difficult to say how Indian chronology is to be understood. For the natives there is no such thing as time: years may be counted as days, days interpreted as years. . . . What a happy land, what a blissful view of life!

On the lofty terrace, reached by broad staircases and planted with trees, which lies before the entrance to the 'Arhai-dîn-ka-jhompra,' the eye lingers with admiration on the colonnades which

still remain from the age of paganism: the carving of each column differs from that of the others, though there are several hundred of them. The upper part of the building has crumbled away. The minarets added to it have fallen. The deserted niches in the depths of the building still speak of the triumph of Islam. Yet, had it not transformed this temple into a mosque, not even the fragments of this monument would have remained. But now, by degrees, sometimes a bas-relief, sometimes an idol, or, again, a slab with blurred inscriptions, is found hard by.

INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE IN AJMERE.

The 'house of prayer' we are examining was acknowledged as such in the reign of Altamsh, Sultan of Delhi. To increase the dimensions and the magnificence of the building, he must have ordered many columns to be brought hither from some local temples that had been completely ruined.

The British authorities are now very careful of this ancient temple; but it is not so long ago that it was almost completely neglected. On one occasion the officer in charge of the district, in his anxiety to give the Viceroy a fitting reception, raised a triumphal arch to him at the entrance to the city, and could think of nothing better than to support it on beautiful columns brought

from the 'Arhai-dîn-ka-jhompra.' The press must evidently have condemned him for such Vandalism.

More remarkable than anything else in this temple is the wondrous tracery on the ceilings wherever it has remained uninjured. If an album of the architectural ornamentation of India were to be published, Ajmere would, without doubt, supply the finest specimens.

THE LAKE OF AJMERE.

We then drive through a fine park to a large building, the Earl of Mayo's school, which was founded some fifteen years ago for the education of the youthful Rajpoot nobility. The native princes contributed more than £60,000 for this purpose. The Government also granted an annual subsidy to this Rajpoot Eton, within whose walls the descendants of the wild warriors and rajahs of the land receive an education to some extent like that of English boys. The Viceroy is the nominal president of the council, which includes men of note who have contributed to the support of the school; the chief political agent for the surrounding principalities is the vice-president.

At present the school is managed by Colonel Loch, who is well acquainted with the life of the country and with the degree of development of the boys who are sent here. To teach them, and, yet more, to re-educate them, is extremely difficult, as many of them are, physically, full-grown

men, have wives at home, are completely under the strong influence of family views and popular prejudices, and, moreover, expect nothing in the future from an education instilled into them by purely external methods, since it will not give even the best of the natives the rights of citizenship, which they enjoy, for instance, in Russia.

The Anglo-Indian empire cannot conceive of Mussulman subjects as real generals, of Buddhists as Cossack officers, of men of foreign blood and foreign creed occupying posts of responsibility in the service of the State,—in a word, of such hospitable and brotherly relations as we hold with all those people of various nationalities and religions who have been taken under the protection of the Tsar.

The Cesarewitch passes through the class-rooms of Mayo College. The pupils (ranging from thirteen to twenty years of age) are attired in white, with coloured turbans, and wear precious ornaments. The rooms for study are enormous. Near the main building stand little houses, furnished with Spartan simplicity, in which the young rajahs and noble Rajpoots dwell. Each building is distinguished by its peculiar architecture, and harmonises in its whiteness with the surrounding foliage.

CHAPTER XVII

TUESDAY, *December* 25 (*January* 6).

HARD by the city of Ajmere lies the mirror-like surface of the historical lake 'Ana Sahar,' which owes both origin and name to a local rajah of the ninth century, who bore the name of Ana. Many events took place on the banks of this peaceful expanse of water. Here, when at the height of their power, the Moguls loved to take their rest. The marble palaces of these stern sovereigns are still reflected in the clear waters of the lake. Here they cherished hopes of a great future. Here the Emperor Jahanghir (sitting barefoot on his throne, with tame does by his side) received Sir Thomas Rowe, the first English ambassador, who came to him, bearing presents, in December 1615.

Beyond the hill, not far from here, lies Lake Pushkar, most holy for all Hindus, by which stands the only temple of Brahma himself in the land. The neighbourhood is full of the mystery of the religious legends that belong to it. There is an especially deep significance in the popular belief in the power of the ascetic life, by means of which a certain mythical king rose above all priests and gods.

Christmas Day the Cesarewitch passes in quiet by the waters of Ajmere. It is a holiday at home—in the very height of the brilliant winter season . . . while before us lies an endless journey through tropical lands, accompanied with a certain mental fatigue, which must of necessity keep increasing, idea following on idea, each more vivid than its predecessors. India is absorbing us!

WEDNESDAY, *December* 26 (*January* 7).

The Grand Duke's train is drawing near to the Rajpoot 'city of victory' (Jaipur). It was founded by the rivals of the Rators, whose kinsfolk they were—by the numerous and powerful tribe of the 'Kutchwaha,' whose chiefs consider themselves the direct descendants of the mythical hero Rama. Occupying a flourishing district, which in many respects has long been ahead of Marwar, they presented, under the Moguls, and still present, an example of a court that is no stranger to the progressive spirit of the age, while carefully preserving the main characteristics of its ancient life.

ENTRY INTO JAIPUR.

Again comes a grand reception, headed by the Maharajah. The lofty wall that encircles the city is pierced by deep double gates, through which we enter. A 'Welcome' in gigantic white letters appears on one side on the rocky slope of the hill, that bears the name of Nahargar ('the tiger's stronghold'). Barefooted soldiers in old-fashioned red uniforms line the path of the Cesarewitch. The cannon, mounted on yellow wheels, are drawn by bullocks. Arab steeds, with finely arched necks, stand hard by; coloured necklaces and chains of metal hang round their necks; the saddle-cloths are embroidered with gold; bright bandages and silver hoops are on the legs of the horses that take part in the show. More than twenty elephants await the illustrious guests and the suite of H.I. Highness. The muffled and incoherent strains of military music, attempting to reproduce the Russian national anthem, and 'God save the Queen,' are heard around. A long file of horsemen, in coats of mail and helmets of a mediæval pattern, stretches out along the road, and to some extent recalls the escort of the Maharajah of Jodhpur.

Each of these Rajpoots belongs from his birth to the ancient Kshatriya caste (which has now, of course, lost its former importance), whose members acknowledged no equals, and bowed down only before the Brahmins, who stood forth in all the power of mysterious knowledge. Every such warrior to the present day considers himself as near, both by blood and in rank, to the reigning Maharajah.

These proud, courageous horsemen, armed with lance and shield, seem to present a fragment of the busy reality of those long-vanished ages, when India was developing into a land of plenty, and to prove an everlasting attraction for the stranger. These typical, motley, and strangely attired, gloomy horsemen, who line the Grand Duke's way into and through the 'city of victory,' do not, however, quite harmonise with the rosy streets, flooded with the caressing rays of the sun, and smiling in the bright daylight. Little towers still lie scattered over the neighbouring heights, like memories of the feudal age; but close to us, in spite of all the fancifulness of Indian architecture, these cavaliers of peaceful Rajputana, relics of a bygone age, mounted on their splendid horses, in their crimson turbans, with large forked beards bristling out on each side, scarcely suit the general air of quiet animation and unruffled content, of curiosity, and unaffected simplicity, which now evidently reigns in the comparatively youthful, commercially important, and prosperous city of Jaipur, which has broken its closer ties with the ancient world.

The city produces a powerful impression by the delicate play of light and shade on its rosy surface. The lofty walls that surround it, the gates, which give access from the suburbs to the regular streets, the houses, temples, and pavilions all seem to be tinged with pink. Not a single spot of black mars this charming background; nothing European is to be seen in the townsfolk, and in their life of contentment, though the city has existed for one hundred and fifty years only, and has developed to a great extent under the influence of modern civilisation. This is one more proof of the firm hold that the spirit of bygone ages has on native life, whose strong foundations still remain unshaken.

Alternately with heavy wagons, donkeys and camels plod on through the crowds that throng the streets. Along with this festive animation, the usual trade of the city goes on everywhere. Waves of people keep breaking against the shops of the local merchants, spreading far and wide beneath their white awnings. What is there not to be found there! Slippers embroidered with silver thread; next them whole piles of bananas and oranges, painted idols, red and blue cotton goods, etc. In contrast to the Mussulman cities, where the streets are so narrow, where the sun is so much avoided, where there is such a love of gloom and shadow, which mingle with the

sunlight only by stealth,—here, in this the first great Indian city that we have visited, all strikes the eye clearly and definitely, standing out in bold relief and distinct in every detail.

The Cesarewitch, sitting with the Maharajah in a rich howdah, under a canopy, on the back of an elephant with rich trappings, surveys the 'city of victory.' The enormous beast, with painted head and truncated gold-bound tusks, followed with measured pace by a train of giants nearly as big as it is, is half-hidden under its heavy trappings; velvet cushions are also piled upon it. The world around us bears an aspect altogether new when it is regarded from the back of this tame colossus, which has ever served the kings and rulers of India as an incarnate emblem of superiority and power.

Borne onwards by the smooth and, at first, somewhat unpleasant swing with which, calmly and lingeringly, he marches through the petty throng around him, raising his riders to the level of the second story of the houses—rosy at a distance, but of a dirty grey when close at hand—one gradually begins to realise the duality of all earthly phenomena, which on the one hand oppress one with their dimensions and astonish one by their matchless exterior, while on the other they decrease to a disappointing degree on a close examination.

The long, straight street runs along past temples and palaces. The seven-storied mansion of the prince, with a small idol built into the wall above the chief entrance into the courtyard, follows a nine-storied building known as the 'mansion of the wind' (*hava mahal*), into which currents of fresh air enter freely through cleverly disposed apertures in the dead walls.

Flocks of pigeons innumerable hover over the brilliant city of Jaipur. Sacred cows, offered to the gods, and inviolable for Hindus, make their way through the whirlpool of the streets. Yet more slowly and more lazily the stately bedizened elephants swing onwards on their way. Having passed through the city, we again pass its reddish ramparts with towers and bastions, with pictures of beasts and absurd European soldiers painted on them. The illustrious travellers seat themselves in carriages, and, having bidden farewell to the Maharajah, proceed to the Residency (the home of the political agent, Mr. Peacock), H.H. the native prince shortly afterwards coming to make a call.

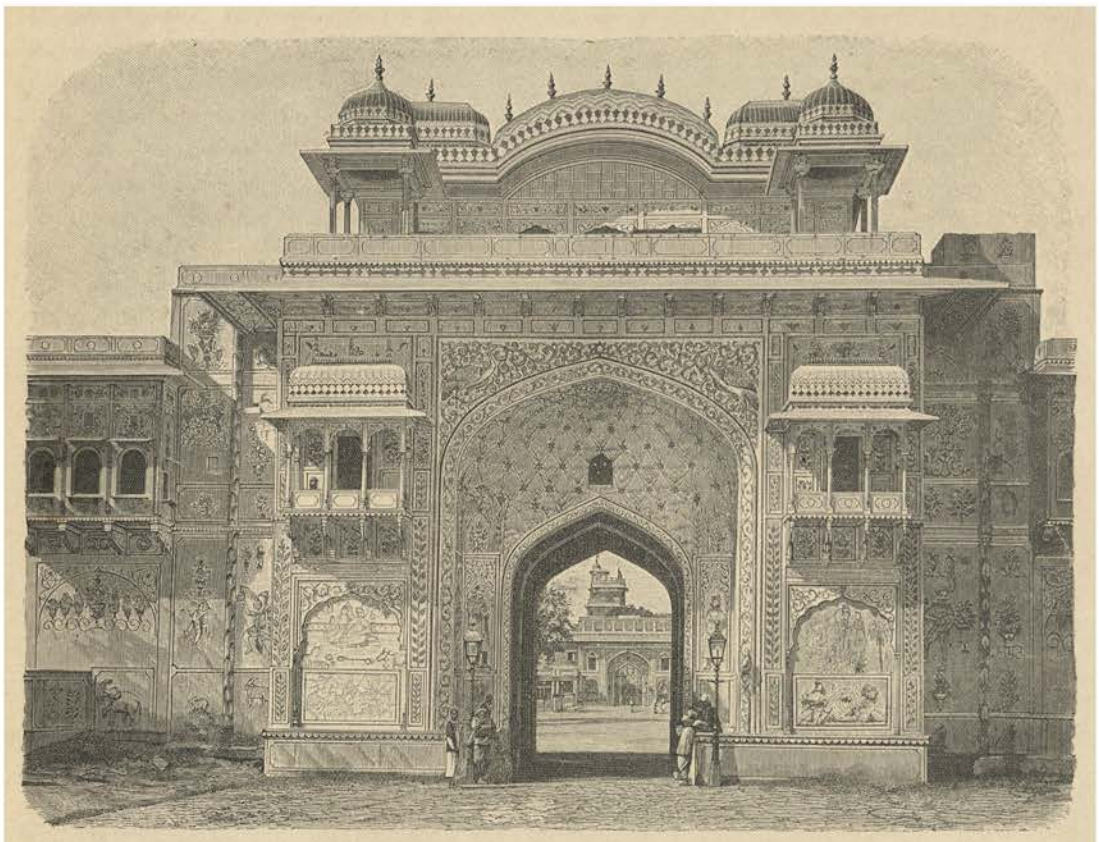
The neighbourhood resembles an oasis, forming a marked contrast to the bare slopes around it. The luxuriance of the vegetation is due to the care of the British Residents, who understood how necessary an abundance of foliage is to this Indian Darmstadt, with its regularly planned-out sections and buildings, with its want of nooks and shade, which are so characteristic of the East, with its fine buildings, but modern appearance.

The 'city of victory' was founded in 1728 by Jai Singh, one of the greatest princes, generals, and men of science of the Empire of the Moguls, who for forty-four years ruled over the local Rajpoot tribe of Kutchwaha, and who, as a mark of special honour, received from the Emperor the title of 'Sevaï' (one and a quarter), which, according to the ideas of the age, was meant to express his merits as compared with those of the other courtiers, taking their rank as a unit.

The devoted servant of the Maharajah, the talented and enlightened Jain, Vediadur (a native of Bengal), persuaded him to build his capital in the plain, the ancient capital (Amber) being in the neighbouring hills. The new city became a centre of knowledge and culture, in the Indian sense of the word—*i.e.* a mixture of Irano-Arabic civilisation with that of the ancient inhabitants, and with an infusion of a European element. Enormous wealth was amassed in the hands of the

court of Jaipur, as the Kutchwaha, who could put some 30,000 warriors into the field under their 'five-hued' banner, alternately subdued the Dekkan, fought for Delhi on the Afghan frontier, and shed their blood in distant Assam in the service of the Moguls, while the 'city of victory' kept growing larger and finer, and its busy commerce linked it with many districts of the land.

Though British rule, good as it is in many respects, has enabled it to enjoy internal peace for an unheard-of period of time, yet, according to the evidence of the English themselves, it would be an error to suppose that commerce in those days stood lower, and was exposed to greater



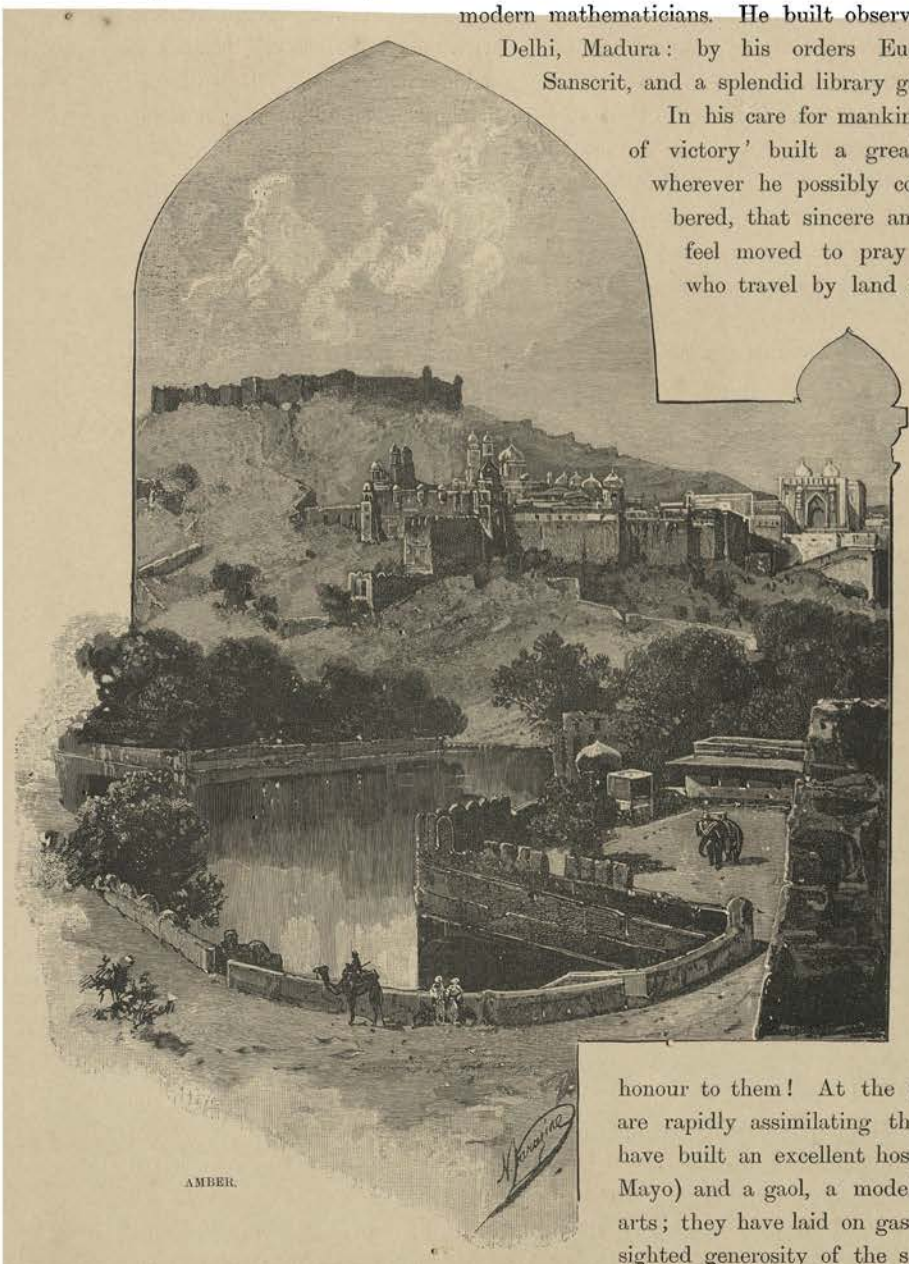
PALACE GATE.

dangers, than in the nineteenth century. Colonel Todd, who was so well acquainted with the history of Rajputana, says, that in the very heat of marauding wars and the most terrible dissensions, caravans, under the guidance of a special class of men—so-called *tcharuns*—passed unmolested through the disturbed districts of Central India. The people regarded these guides as sacred beings, whom few ventured to attack,—in which case they defended themselves desperately, sometimes even, when in extremities, putting themselves, their wives, and children to death, that they might afterwards take vengeance from beyond the tomb on the robbers.

The famous diplomat and epicurean, Jai Singh, valued astronomy higher than anything else in the world (more even than the success of his ambitious schemes and the satisfaction of his tendencies towards riotous living). Not content with the quality of instruments, such as were

used by the royal astronomer Ulugh-beg in Samarkand, the Kutchwaha Maharajah invented improved instruments, with which he made such accurate observations as to astonish even modern mathematicians. He built observatories in Jaipur, Benares, Delhi, Madura: by his orders Euclid was translated into Sanscrit, and a splendid library gathered together.

In his care for mankind, the founder of the 'city of victory' built a great number of caravanserais wherever he possibly could. It must be remembered, that sincere and merciful Hindus always feel moved to pray frequently for 'all those who travel by land or by water'!



AMBER.

After the death of the great Maharajah his capital gradually fell into decline, owing to the incapacity and senseless extravagance of his successors, to Maratha invasions, and a long-continued refusal to enter into friendly relations with the British, whose power was daily increasing. The cautious Kutchwahas, the first to give their princesses in marriage to the Moguls—in contravention of the ancient Rajpoot customs — were the last in Rajastan to acknowledge the protectorate of the Europeans. All honour to them! At the present day the Jaipuris are rapidly assimilating the benefits of civilisation, have built an excellent hospital (in memory of Lord Mayo) and a gaol, a model school and a school of arts; they have laid on gas and water, etc. The far-sighted generosity of the sovereign, and the colossal wealth of the merchants who have made their home here, promise a brilliant future for the city. It is said, however, that the sand is gradually drifting over it.

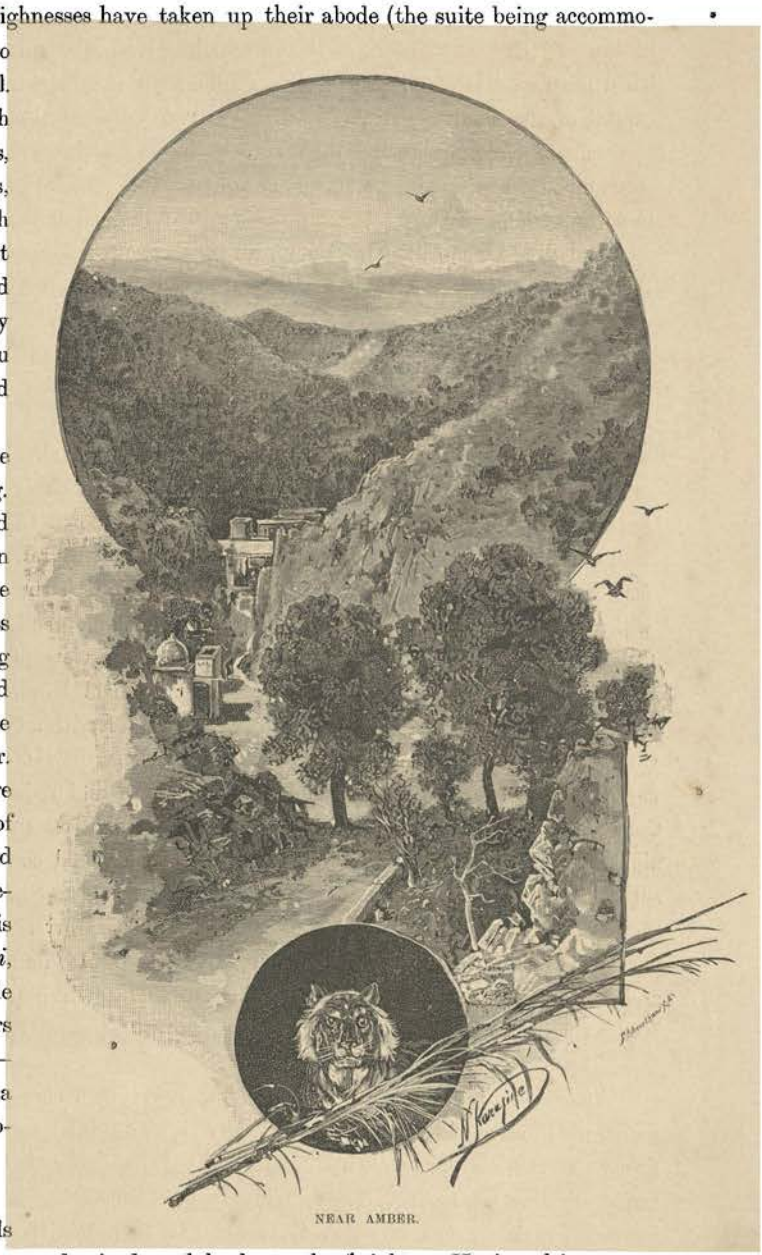
The Cesarewitch is about to return the Maharajah's call. On the broad terrace of the Residency, the dealers in precious necklaces of local manufacture, clumsy bronze idols and ancient

weapons, now specially manufactured for sale to tourists, have just ceased their persistent offers to show the rarities and the trash they have brought.

The Residency, in which their Highnesses have taken up their abode (the suite being accommodated hard by, in tents), lies about two and a half miles beyond the city wall.

On our way to it we meet with strange carts with coloured awnings, drawn by white bullocks with humps, covered with long red cloths and with bands of green on their horns. At the door of one hut sits a sharp-eyed tame leopard, nestling up in a friendly way to its keeper. A grim Hindu fakir begs for alms, shouting and waving his arms after our carriages.

Outside of the Maharajah's palace stands a dense and silent throng. We drive through two courts, and then enter the reception-room, open on three sides, where the interchange of civilities, the seating of the guests according to seniority, the crowning with wreaths, the offer of *pan*, and the sprinkling with rose-water are identically the same as at Jodhpur. Only the surroundings here are more stately. There are greater numbers of the nobility standing respectfully behind the chair of state of the young sovereign of Jaipur, behind whom his servants hold the *chamra* or *chaori*, made of a yak's tail, with a handle of gold, as well as peacocks' feathers and a mace. In a word, a *durbar*—which means a state reception and a meeting of the great—awaits us to-day in all its splendour.



NEAR AMBER.

In the afternoon we start towards the north-west for a tiger-hunt. A macadamised road leads to the heights. Having driven some three miles from the town, carriages are exchanged for horses, and we hasten over the ridge into a gloomy and somewhat confined valley, full of wild majesty and strange beauty, just like the caravan path beyond the Chinese town of Kalgan, between Southern Chahan, Mongolia, and Pekin. But there the scale is a grander one, and the Great Wall runs more unbrokenly along the summits,

while here there is only the stamp of a greater sternness on the place that was long the centre of the life of the Kutchwahas.

The eye is arrested by a strange combination of colours. Yellowish-brown spots are imbedded in the greenish-grey surface of the surrounding Kali-Kho range of hills. The battlements of fantastic half-ruined castles stand rosy in the sunlight on the heights, where, several centuries ago, lay the capital of the country, Amber, which derived its ancient name either from the name of Ambika, the wife of Siva, or from Amba (the mother of the universe), who, from time immemorial, was worshipped by the aboriginal inhabitants of the land—the Minas or Menas—who still form an important element among the lower classes of the population.

Ruled independently by their own princes, up to the tenth century of our era they occupied the country between Ajmere and the Jumna; but then came the Rajpoots, and with them evil days for the natives.

A yellow strip of the sand which is so plentiful in the environs of Jaipur—whose agriculturists have to work hard for a living, and are much occupied with the question of irrigation—runs sporadically along the road, which leads past the deserted old city. Breaches in the mossy walls sometimes show glimpses of sad grey colonnades of a Hellenic character. Eagles and vultures soar over the desolation of the fantastic enchanted city on the summit of the distant hill, whence, as if buried in gloomy meditation on the past, it looks down the mighty precipice into the still, dark, transparent lake at its foot, where alligators sometimes raise their repulsive heads above the surface, or crawl fearlessly (being regarded as sacred) on to the banks of a small island lying in these waters, where the maharajahs, according to tradition, practised magic in a retired pavilion.

The general impression produced by a distant view of Amber is difficult to describe. Here one begins to comprehend what the warlike mediæval Hindus must have found in their religion, in which gods and goddesses of a terrible and bloodthirsty disposition inspired the bards and the warriors, who commonly died in battle with smiling faces. It was enough, for instance, for the foe to surround the garrison of some fortress and reduce it to extremities, and the superstitious besieged would then see in this a distinct sign of the wrath of their patron divinity. At night, a pale ghost bending over the prince's couch would complain: 'I am hungry! I can only be satisfied by the warm blood of thy race, of thy sons, and of those only who go into battle wearing a royal diadem.' . . . The commands of the grim spirit would be unhesitatingly obeyed. One after the other the brave young princes would don the garments of the real sovereign and perish in battle. Such were the means by which the supernatural patrons of different Rajpoot tribes were propitiated.

An active monkey slips past us among the bushes. A peacock (of which there is an immense number in Rajputana) proudly spreads its sapphire tail on a hillock hard by. A dusky woman, carrying a child, and dressed in red and blue, with glass bangles on her lean arms, shrinks up against the wayside rocks to let the cavalcade pass. How much expression there is in that collected energetic face! It is not without reason that the native songs and traditions speak of the self-sacrifice of woman in ancient days—a self-sacrifice which excites admiration and terror. What, for instance, are we to say to this? The nurse of a new-born Kutchwaha prince devotes more care and tenderness to him than to her own child. Suddenly an attack is made on the palace. The enemy seek for the young heir to the throne, that they may slay him. But the nurse decks out her own boy in the garments and pearls of the little rajah,

and deliberately surrenders him to the murderers; but when the plan has succeeded, and her royal nursling is saved, the unfortunate mother plunges a knife into her heart, exclaiming: 'I must make haste into the next world to feed my little one. . . .'

The woman we have met is interesting also in that she reminds one how some nine hundred years ago a princess of the now dominant Kutchwaha tribe came to this very place in the guise of a timid peasant exile. During the repose of this Indian Hagar, a cobra watched over her infant and guarded it with its coils.

The Menas received her hospitably. Their chief even adopted her boy, who, having afterwards sojourned in the city of Delhi, returned with a body of Rajpoots and forcibly assumed the crown, having stained his hands with the blood of his friends and benefactors.

We ride past these silent monuments of bygone days. A sorry-looking village stands by the wayside. Around Amber numbers of Brahmins live in poverty, constantly passing to and fro among the old buildings and ruins: at certain hours of the day a black goat, invariably brought to the priests, is sacrificed there to the greedy blue-skinned Kali (the wife of Siva).

Beyond the former capital the gloomy valley grows very much narrower, leads past wooded precipices, and finally slopes down into a plain, fringed by hillocks, which runs on into a dense jungle infested by tigers. This morning four of them killed a cow tethered here as a bait for them.

Dried-up little rivers are met with along the way. In the tall grass it would be impossible to see the quarry at any distance. Numbers of people, whom curiosity has led to watch the dangerous sport (*tamasha*) of the illustrious sahibs, are scattered in motley groups over the low heights, exactly opposite the wooden platforms, ascended by narrow shaky ladders, whence one may gain a timely glimpse of any beast of prey which may be hiding in the impassable jungle, that lies within a few yards of us.

Dismounting, the illustrious travellers and their suite proceed by marshy paths along the hollow, which is lined with beaters and patient elephants trained for the same work.

Nerves are tense with the expectation of a spectacle never yet seen by us. There is an oppressive closeness in the noonday air. The stately Sikhs accompanying H.I. Highness hold rifles in readiness at the foot of the ladder leading to the central platform destined for him. The Cesarewitch mounts to it along with Colonel Gerard, one of the best shots in India. The other members of the party mount in pairs to the platforms on the right hand and the left. Dr. Rambach, Hardinge, our artist and I, as non-combatants, do not seek a platform, and, finding ourselves on a hillock in the immediate vicinity of the jungle, naturally look out with much interest for tigers.

In this way two or three minutes pass by. Suddenly a deafening burst of discordant sound rises from behind the brushwood and the tall grass in the distance. The shouts and roar of the crowd, the yells of the beaters, the loud trumpeting of the cautious elephants as they are urged on by their mahouts,—all this is accompanied by the roll of drums, and is intended to strike panic into the hearts of the tigers, so that they may the sooner burst out into open ground, within shot of the Grand Duke.

This is the second hunting expedition with a spice of excitement in it. It is true that standing in line at Roaza, waiting for a panther, was in some respects more dangerous, this animal being exceedingly revengeful, and never sparing the hunter who wounds him or even misses him; but at the same time it was far less interesting, as the confined outlook imparted too great an

element of chance to the meeting with the beast. Here, on the contrary, the hunter had full scope for observation. With an attentive eye he examines the pliant colourless grass of the jungle, where something seems to be moving . . . is it only the breeze, or is a tiger creeping up? . . . the watchful waiting seems to be endless!

In spite of the systematic advance of the beaters towards the centre of the jungle, so as to drive out the beast exactly opposite the platform occupied by the Cesarewitch, the tigers escape to a side and hide in the marsh, not far from us unmounted tourists.

The beaters make less noise, and the elephants trample down the grass where the tigers have been hiding more lazily. Is nothing to take place, then? Can it be that the tigers have escaped? Suddenly an enormous tiger slowly steps forth within some seventy or eighty yards of the platform where Prince Bariatinsky and Prince Obolensky are standing (they both have extraordinary luck in hunting!) A shot . . . another . . . a wild leap in our direction . . . and again there is nothing to be seen: only the natives begin their furious yelling and drumming anew.

The reeds crackle under the fresh charge of the beaters. Another, but much smaller, tiger leaps out towards the same platform, and immediately falls to a well-aimed bullet. The first tiger must be sought out. But the low undergrowth of the jungle, matted with long grass, is more silent than the grave: may not the mighty 'striped cattle-eater,' the terror of the neighbourhood, really be lying dead there?

The natives search the hollow with extraordinary caution, and again it resounds to an unearthly roar, as if a third tiger had attacked them, as if men were being torn to pieces, as if some incredible accident had happened to the beaters. But this time it is a roar of triumph that we hear. The noisy crowd in light transparent garments rushes to the spot where the first tiger, mortally wounded by the shot, now lies dead. A motley throng surrounds it. A plain Jain, in a cap like that of a Venetian doge, stoops over the carcass. The terrible eyes no longer look threateningly. Lying on his side, with open jaws, warm, soft, with fur but little touched by blood, remarkably calm and beautiful, the tiger still inspires a mingled feeling of enmity and respect.

A hall with pillars, draped with dark crimson cloth. Behind them rise the strains of Strauss's 'Bei uns z' Haus.' In honour of the Cesarewitch, the Maharajah gives a state dinner in his palace, at which none but Europeans are present. Towards the end of the dinner, before the toasts (Queen Victoria and the Emperor of Russia, the King of Greece and the Cesarewitch), the host makes his appearance (the 'raj raj Indra' himself, as the sovereigns who founded Amber are called). To appear earlier would have been a breach of etiquette. To join openly in a meal with men of another faith or even of another caste would have been to commit one of the greatest of religious and social crimes, the penalty of which is expulsion from his caste, into which the offender may regain admittance only on paying an exorbitant fine and performing most degrading purificatory ceremonies. The Hindus are incredibly attached to that, which so to speak has been appointed for all time: *e.g.*, should a beggar be cooking his dinner in the street, and should the shadow of a passing stranger fall on it, he throws away the food as unclean.

The Maharajah of Jaipur, Sevai Madhao Singh, the hundred and fortieth descendant in a direct line from the mythical hero Rama, does not speak English. His *diwan* (chief counsellor), Rao Bahadur Kanti Chandra Mukharji, a little old man with a very intelligent face,

FIREWORKS IN MAHARAJAH'S PARK, JAIPUR.

makes a speech for him, congratulating his valued guests, and expressing his pleasure that the Russians should have had a successful tiger-hunt in the Kutchwaha domains. It must be added that the natives like to recall, not without pride, that the Prince of Wales also killed his first tiger here in the winter of 1876.

In the evening we are regaled with two more memorable spectacles. First comes the inevitable nautch, in a very large hall. This is followed by an exhibition of fireworks in the palace gardens.

The numerous nautch-girls, in spite of the splendour of their costumes and the presence among them of several very graceful dancers, are more wearisome than pleasing. He who is accustomed to see these dancers constantly gradually becomes attuned to the state into which Asiatics sink, sitting for whole hours in the listless contemplation of the familiar monotonous dance. Granted that it is void of passionate impulses; granted that its music does not contain a single spark of the sacred fire of genius: yet both dance and music are the embodied sadness and yearning of a cosmic lyricism,—yet they are the reflection of Maya, the world of illusion, in the ocean of eternal rest. At times one seems to dream and to comprehend the real mysterious East.

Now a dancer folds her light emerald-green veil into the likeness of the instrument used by snake-charmers. Her lips seem to be muttering something. The simple orchestra plays the call of the charmer. The sounds seem to shudder, to wreathe and crawl. The girl expands her cheeks, pretends to blow into the folds of her soft rolled-up *sari*, moves impatiently or retreats unwillingly, as if before the advance of the snakes gathering to the call of the magician. . . .

The surrounding nautch-girls, with measured steps, form ranks about the charmer, whirl her away and advance in their turn. Again we see those cold glittering eyes, those impassive masks in the place of the youthful pensive face,—a soulless precious ornament, intended for the sight. . . .

. . . A roomy gallery above the entrance into the dark park. A perceptible chilliness in the night air. Illuminated avenues, clumps of trees and flower-beds.

The vault of heaven is gradually veiled in gloom as it is ceaselessly furrowed by rockets, which fall from it in showers of tiny stars. Quicker and quicker flash the transparencies, suns and wheels, as they ignite one after the other. The heavy smell of gunpowder spreads through the garden. But the eye is fixed on the darkness, where inexhaustible golden fountains rise upwards in joyous sprays and break in diamond dust on the snow-white marble of their basins.

THURSDAY, *December* 27 (*January* 8).

Though Bombay lies far away from here, yet Captain Dubasoff, the commander of the *Vladimir Monomakh*, and two or three more officers from our squadron, have come to Jaipur. Midshipman Bakhmeteff of the *Pamiat Azova* even takes part this morning with Sir Mackenzie Wallace in the favourite Anglo-Indian sport of pig-sticking. This form of sport is not without its dangers, and often, if the rider cannot manage his frightened horse, the savage beast rips it up with his tusks and wounds the rider. On rough ground, too, fatal falls are not uncommon, when pursuing the boar at full speed, or evading its charge.

Before lunch new spectacles await us in the Maharajah's palace in the city. In a large court, with a covered gallery, full of seats, different animals enter into harmless battle with each other. Rams with fantastically curled horns charge each other, leap up, and again,

shaking their heads stupidly, crash against each other at full speed. Birds fight furiously with one another. Wild goats and buffaloes enter into battle. But there is not a trace of those horrors which but recently used to take place on Indian arenas, where rhinoceroses, gladiators, and beasts of prey blended in a dreadful struggling mass. Here the animals are not savage, and moreover the keepers part the combatants as soon as they become too excited.

More ridiculous than anything else were the skirmishes between tiny bristly piglings. They were brought into the arena and gradually excited to fight. The pigs would then grunt angrily, squeal, lay their feet on their antagonists, as if embracing them, and when taken up again by the keeper would grow calm, and nestle up against his breast.

Their Highnesses pass through the beautiful gardens of the Maharajah's palace to a wing of the royal building. There are no steps leading up from the gardens; the ground slopes imperceptibly up to the second story, connected by special projections with the pavilion, whence the sovereigns of Jaipur watch elephant-fights. This is a privilege belonging only to kings and mighty lords.

Before us lies a large field surrounded by clouds of spectators. Some have climbed up into trees, others on to house-roofs, the rest cluster in the distance, trusting to swiftness of foot in case of any danger. One gigantic elephant is free, and appears remarkably quiet. Another, in an enclosure hard by, roars and dashes about, held fast by a short chain attached to one of his legs. At last he is set free; the giants are teased and incited to fight.

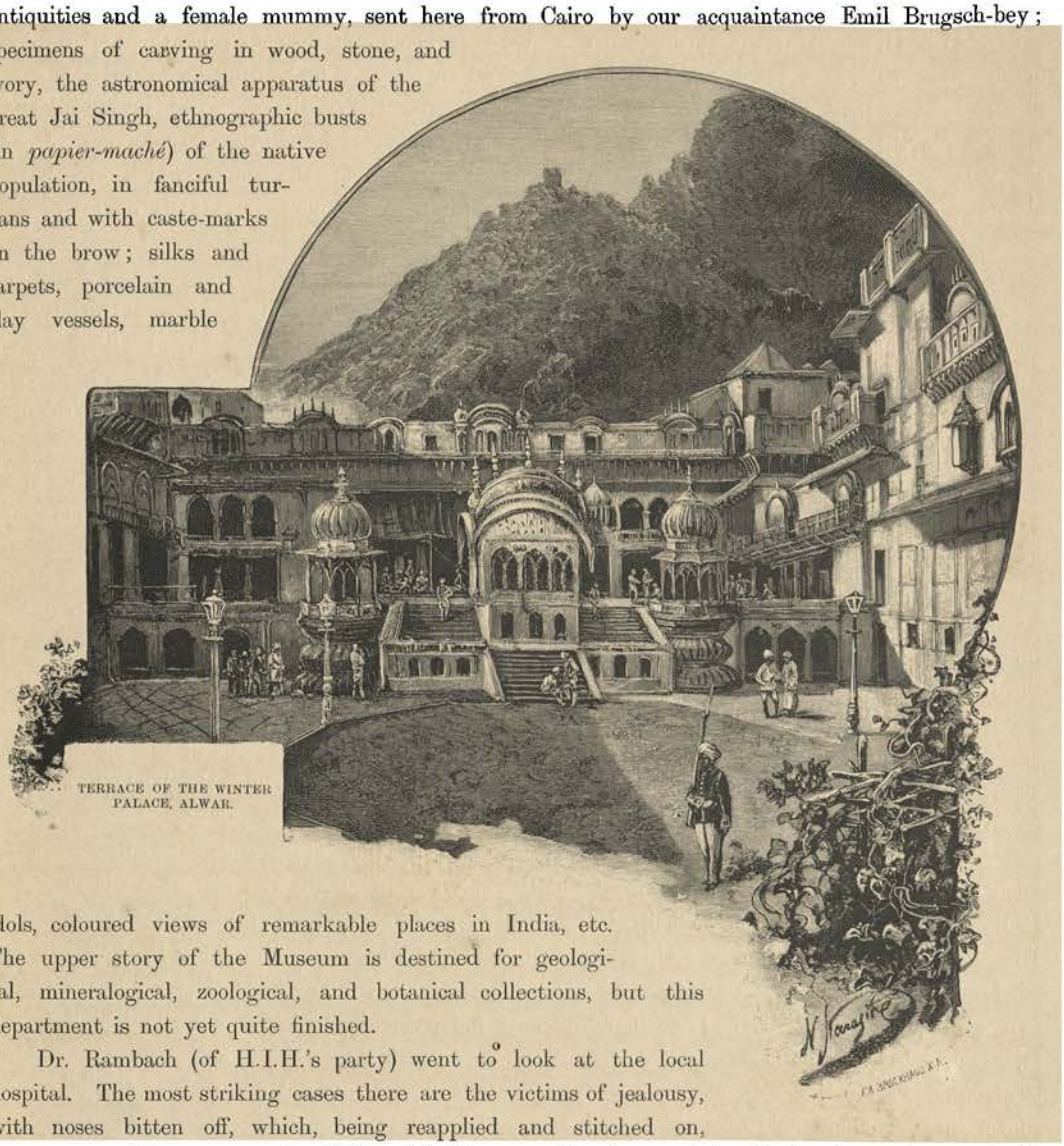
They charge each other with body and tusk. But the keepers immediately rush up with spears and petards to separate the excited elephants. The animals are sensible, turn their backs on the spectators, and unanimously make off at a brisk trot out of the arena, evidently unwilling to continue the contest, and bearing no animosity against each other.

Before dinner a visit is paid to the noted Jaipur Museum, founded at the instance of a connoisseur of Rajputana and her manufactures, Surgeon Hendley, who plays no small part here, even in politics. For instance, when the late Maharajah died without issue (such is the fate of most of them!), before his death, by the advice and the choice of Hendley, he unexpectedly adopted a distant young relative (the present Maharajah), who had grown up in poverty, and had never even dreamed that in course of time he would be called to rule over the Kutchwahas.

Not content with the existence of an industrial school of art, of some importance and with a promising future, the native court granted a generous annual allowance for the support of the so-called 'Economic, Educational, and Industrial Art Museum.' At first, in 1882, Jaipur inaugurated a commercial and industrial exhibition, to attract attention to itself, and to show how much talent and industry is possessed by the Hindu population of the native States, while some three years ago the Museum itself was opened. From this memorable day some two and a half million visitors have been within its walls. Their interest and curiosity are to be explained by the fact that there is really something there to admire.

Copies of the valuable illustrations to the *Razmnamah* (the ancient epics of India in a Neo-Iranian paraphrase) painted for the Emperor Akbar, their execution costing at that time nearly £50,000, hang in the central corridor; pictures of China, Japan, Assyria, Chaldæa, and Egypt alternate with imitations of the ancient frescoes in the Ajanta caves of the Dekkan; collections of arms of different epochs, richly chased, show the gradual development of complex ornamentation, while it was almost exclusively applied to objects of military equipment; next come carefully

arranged copies of Indian coins (for the last two thousand years), with maps and chronological charts clearly showing the past of the country. Hard by are a few photographs of Egyptian antiquities and a female mummy, sent here from Cairo by our acquaintance Emil Brugsch-bey; specimens of carving in wood, stone, and ivory, the astronomical apparatus of the great Jai Singh, ethnographic busts (in *papier-maché*) of the native population, in fanciful turbans and with caste-marks on the brow; silks and carpets, porcelain and clay vessels, marble idols, coloured views of remarkable places in India, etc. The upper story of the Museum is destined for geological, mineralogical, zoological, and botanical collections, but this department is not yet quite finished.



TERRACE OF THE WINTER PALACE, ALWAR.

Dr. Rambach (of H.I.H.'s party) went to look at the local hospital. The most striking cases there are the victims of jealousy, with noses bitten off, which, being reapplied and stitched on, soon grow again, or are replaced by artificial ones. The law punishes husbands most severely for such barbarity. But it is customary, and as the women wear nose-rings, the mutilated nostrils do not attract much notice. The sufferers generally do not even complain of their oppressors. *À propos*, Hardinge tells us that once terrible shrieks were heard in a house; the people who ran up on hearing them saw a young woman, with blood on her face, her husband, her mother-in-law, and several neighbours, crawling about on the floor, and searching for something or other in the corners of the room. The unfortunate noseless woman wept bitterly, but not because her nose had been bitten off, but because it had been dropped and lost!

FRIDAY, *December* 28 (*January* 9).

8 A.M. Alwar.—The Maharajah Mangal Singh and the British Resident, Colonel Abbot, receive H.I. Highness at the station. The guard of honour is furnished by the native troops of the principality. A carriage with four horses and an escort is in waiting at the station. The illustrious travellers drive to the summer palace prepared for them. The hospitable host accompanies them to it and then rides away. For a while we hear in the shady park around the palace the strains of the band and the regular tramp of the guard which greeted the Cesarewitch on his arrival at the palace, where, according to the programme, the next two days are to be passed, and which now marches away.

Strictly speaking, this is a somewhat retired part of India, a city rarely visited by any one, a continuation and a complement to Jaipur, but in a totally different style. Alwar is the advanced guard of Rajputana, at no great distance from Delhi, which was at one time united with it by the bonds of kinship and a common culture, and afterwards, from the time of the Mussulman yoke, constantly suffered from the daring attacks of the Meos, the aboriginal inhabitants of the land (with an admixture of Aryan blood, of the warrior caste).

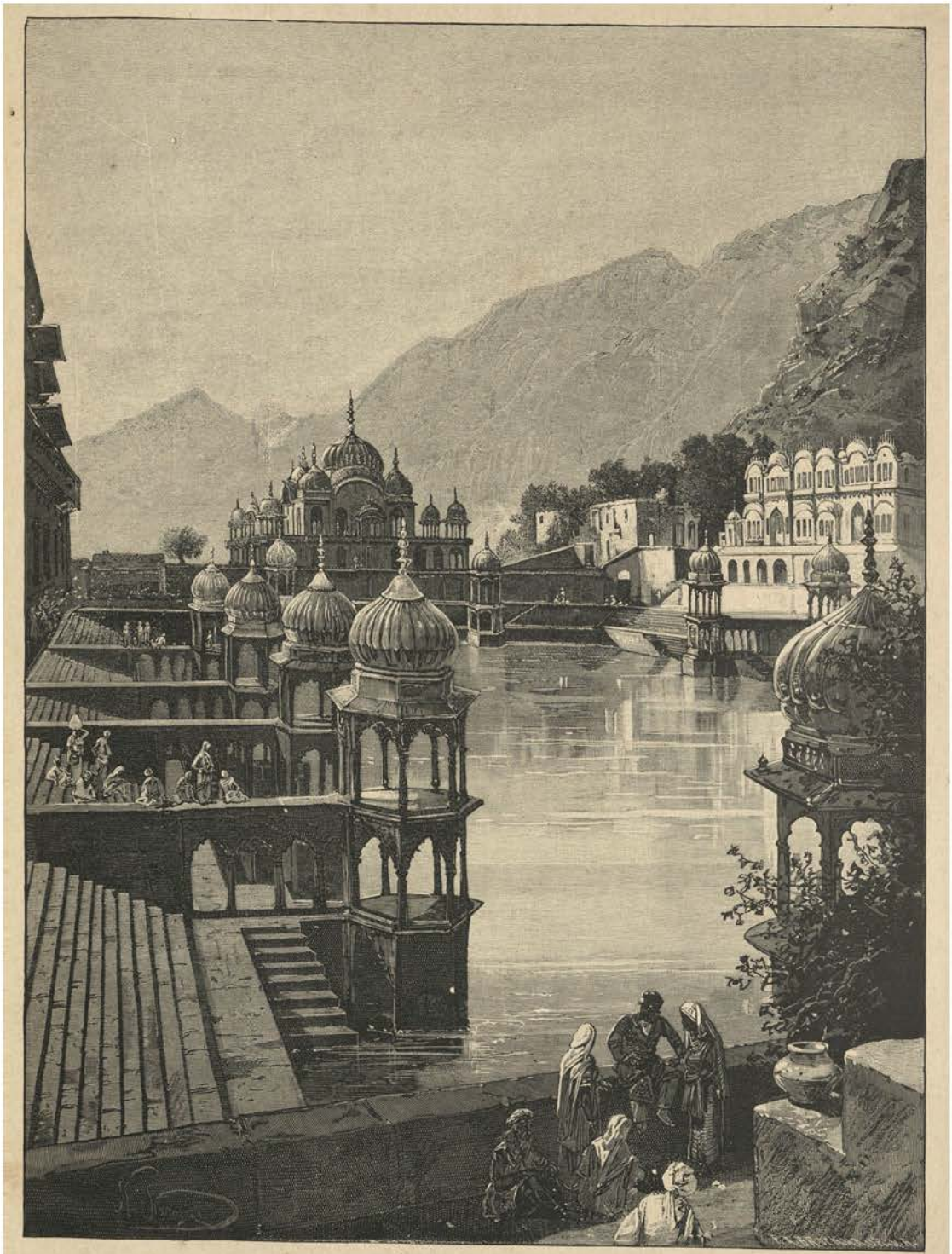
The district of Mewat—of which Alwar became the capital only at a comparatively late epoch —is mentioned by the heathen bards. Some of the Rajpoots of the country became Mohammedans, but continued to be a terror to the sovereigns of Delhi, extending their nocturnal raids through the jungles as far as the walls of the stronghold of the faithful,—so that the sultans had the forest cut down, and thinned the dense jungle toward the hills, amongst which a railway now runs from Central India to the Punjab. The unruly nobility, who led the expeditions against the Imperial residence, had next to be won over; and, in fact, the princes of Mewat soon appear as influential courtiers at Delhi, take advantage of the dissensions between the heirs to the throne, make friends with fugitive slaves, and strike terror into the wealthy citizens of the place by their marauding. When Baber, the bold successor of Timur, penetrates deep into the land, he finds the powerful resistance of the men of Alwar a very considerable obstacle.

After a whole series of vicissitudes, in the last century they come under the rule of a gifted scion of a branch of the Kutchwaha royal family—one Partap Singh, who increased his dominions at the expense of Jaipur, by the help of the devoted Naruka clan and of his allies, the Marathas. The citadel of Alwar (properly 'Alpur'—the stronghold), on a high hill, lying just opposite our windows, was held at that time by freebooters (Jats) of ancient Scythian origin. Partap Singh took it by siege, kept it, and gradually became independent of Jaipur. Dying childless, the rajah appointed as his successor his distant relation Bakhtawar Singh, as of all the children brought for Partap Singh to choose from he was the only one who did not rush at the playthings shown them, but laid hold of a shield and a spear lying near them.

It is only since 1870 that a permanent British Resident has been appointed here.

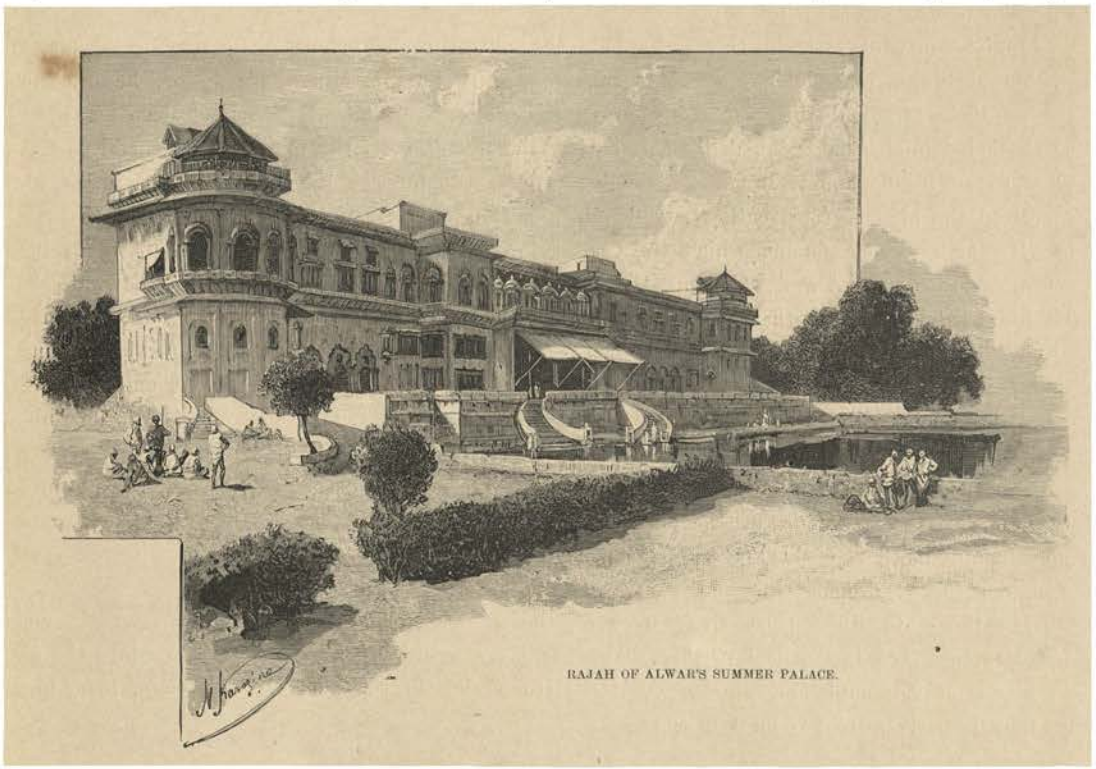
Their Highnesses return the Maharajah's call. The road to the city and the palace runs up hill. The narrow well-paved streets are full of people. The roofs, the little balcony, the shops, exhibit a motley throng. Among them we even find two or three half-naked, tattooed savages, with faces not unlike those of the Bheels we saw in the Dekkan. The women (in brown, yellow, and blue) wear *saris* covered with spangles of glass, which glitter in the sun.

The thunder of the salute at the castle gates cause the fiery horses of the Grand Duke's



THE CASTLE LAKE, ALWAR.

equipage to rear in terror. Before us yawn the gloomy arches that lead into the palace. The host comes forward to meet his guests. A few paces take us into a small court, where one cannot, at first, recover oneself from enthusiastic amazement. The white walls, the scarlet uniforms of the guard, the marble staircase with kiosks above the terrace of the reception-hall, and on the precipitous slope of the hill before us, rising into the golden heights of the azure sky, the ruins of the stronghold of the sovereigns who once ruled here in splendour, . . . the eye is blinded with the beauty and the brilliancy of the scene; the shady *durbar* gallery tempts



RAJAH OF ALWAR'S SUMMER PALACE.

one to escape from the glare of the sun: our journey really gives rise more and more to æsthetic emotions which cannot be forgotten!

The tiny State named Alwar, and containing only some 800,000 inhabitants, received from the court of Delhi the right to use the emblems of the highest power,—the precious images of the 'fishes' (Mahi Maratib), which are borne in state processions along with the images of the ancestors of the Kutchwahas (Rama and his wife Sita). For greater effect four elephants are said to be harnessed into the two-storied satin-lined state-carriage of the prince.

From the reception-hall the illustrious travellers proceed to the inner apartments of the palace. The Maharajah speaks English well, and himself points out the objects of interest in his winter residence.

H.H. Savai Mangal Singh Bahadur, who is borne on the lists of the Anglo-Indian army, received the title of Maharajah only last year, though he has reigned over the principality since

1877. He was born in 1859, studied for some time at Ajmere in Lord Mayo's College, and is a passionate lover of horses and sport.

The small size of the palace is atoned for by the luxury of its finish. The paintings on the walls are framed with silver and little mirrors, blending into a soft play of light. The sight from the window is enchanting! The heights rise in vast gloomy piles, hiding the distant horizon. The reservoir next the palace is surrounded by elegant little temples, snow-white buildings, by a halo of mystery, which perhaps may not really exist, but which hovers over it to-day, in union with the silence and the sunlight.

Individuality of style in the arches and the pillars draws attention to the mausoleum of Bakhtawar Singh, noted chiefly for his excessive cruelty towards Mussulman fakirs: he used to cut off their ears and their noses, fill vessels with pieces of human flesh, and despatch them to the hated infidels in Delhi, defiling, moreover, the mosques and the tombs of the sheikhs, so as to rouse an insane enmity in all the Punjab against the infuriated heathen. This same rajah conceived the idea of constructing a reservoir near the place where his mausoleum now stands, in view of a terrible famine which then raged in Rajputana. Labourers from all parts of the country flocked to Alwar. Among them came certain men of Marwar, and the watchful Bakhtawar Singh noticed that every day they laid aside a portion of the bread they had earned for a village bard and his family, who had come with them. On investigation it was found that he, when rich, had distributed all his worldly goods to his poorer neighbours, and was now wandering about with them in search of bread, while they, out of gratitude, would not allow him to work, but supported him as well as they could.

The citadel on the hill was built by Rajpoots of the Nikumpa family, who lost it through the vengeance of a widow of the lower classes, whose son they had sacrificed to Kali. The unfortunate mother enabled the Mohammedans to penetrate secretly into the fortress and slaughter the garrison.

In the sixteenth century there lived on these same heights a great Indian ascetic and magician, one Lal Das, whom neither snake nor tiger would harm, who would rise into the air in a pose of contemplation, who preached a virtuous life to the people, and taught them how to free themselves from re-incarnation.

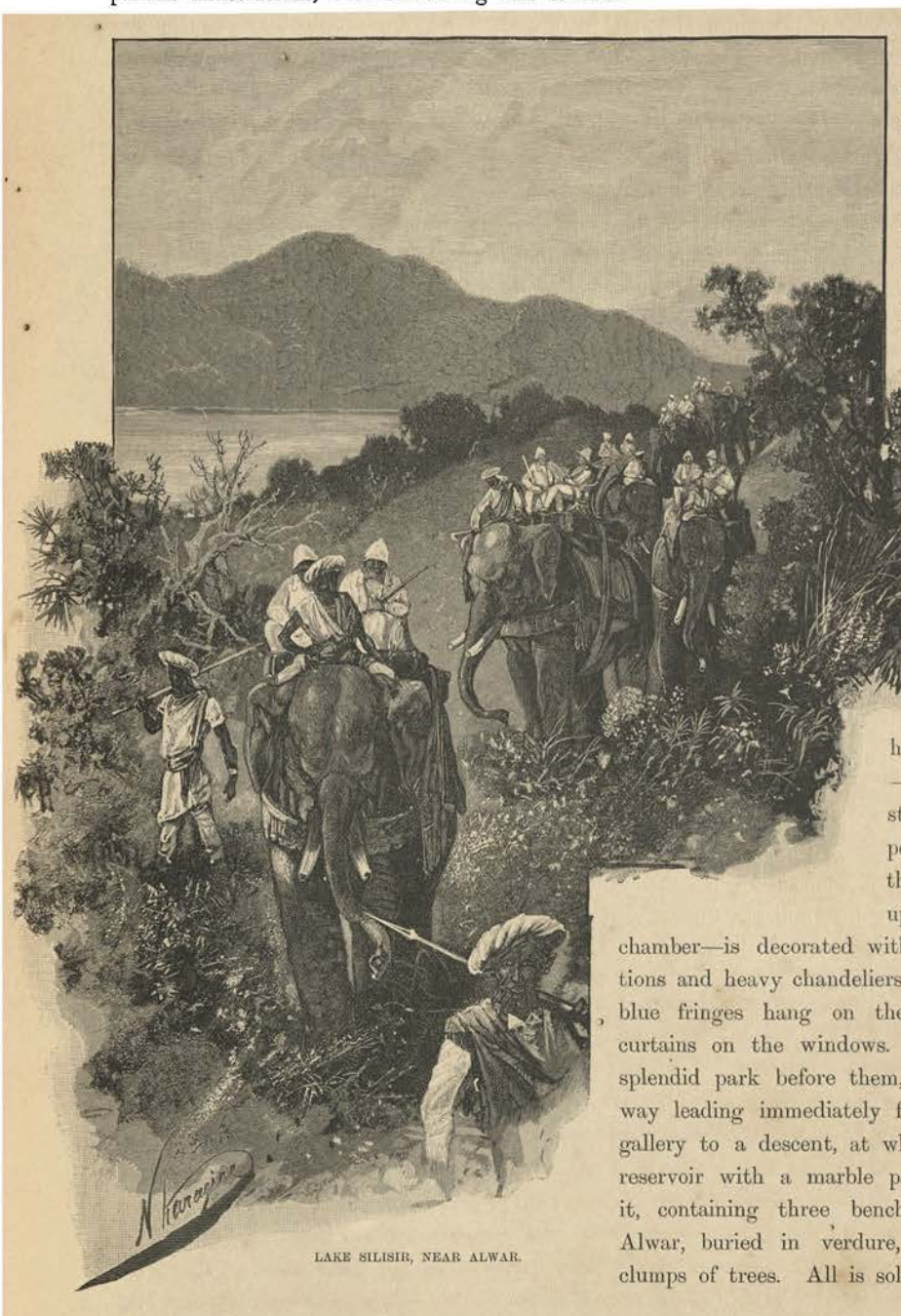
The palace-born servants (*chelas*) open the doors of a little native museum.

The collection of the Maharajah of Alwar is valued at £2,000,000. A noted connoisseur of Indian art, Mr. Holbein Hendley, has published a valuable book on his collection, printed at the expense of the prince, who, among other things, ordered his court painter, Buda, to make copies of the more interesting pictures.

To-day the rare collection is laid out next the reception-gallery. The most important objects were gathered by Bani Singh, who reigned some thirty-five years ago. Both the armoury (*Sillah khana*) and the treasury (*Toshah khana*) of Alwar present collections of which the people of Alwar are proud. A ruby cup, and one of emerald, pearls and diamonds, delicate Jaipur enamel and knick-knacks of ivory, lie side by side with numbers of beautiful blades both of native and of Persian make, with hilts of gold. One sword bears the inscription: 'The work of Amal Muhammed Sadik of Kabul.' Next them lie the heavy helmet and coat of mail, the spear, and the sword of a former rajah.

Among the objects of interest are Sanscrit works, Arabic and Persian manuscripts, and a

richly and artistically embellished copy of the works of Saadi. The *Gulistan*, with its incomparable illustrations, cost something like £5000.



LAKE SILISIR, NEAR ALWAR.

The custodians of the Alwar Museum set almost greater store by a table (which was even exhibited at Jaipur) under whose polished surface runs a silvery stream, with little life-like fishes swimming in it.

Evening is at hand. The summer palace assigned to the illustrious travellers is wonderfully original in its stately silence. The hall in the second story—reached not by a staircase but by an imperceptible slope, that the master might ride up to his sleeping-chamber—is decorated with coloured ornamentations and heavy chandeliers; yellow drapery with blue fringes hang on the arches, and crimson curtains on the windows. Looking out on the splendid park before them, one may see a broad way leading immediately from the open *durbar* gallery to a descent, at whose base lies a small reservoir with a marble path in the centre of it, containing three benches. The suburbs of Alwar, buried in verdure, lie behind the dark clumps of trees. All is solitary around us. . . .

SATURDAY, *December* 29 (*January* 10).

To-day we go shooting to the south-west of the capital, down to the long peacefully plash-

ing lake of Silisir, created for the irrigation of the neighbourhood by Rajah Bani Singh in 1844.

We drive for more than eight miles in roomy equipages along an excellent road, changing horses twice. Then we find elephants awaiting us, and must proceed slowly in Indian file to the jungle.

The Cesarewitch, rifle in hand, takes his seat in a plain basket-work howdah, along with Colonel Gerard. Last of all comes the elephant that bears Dr. Rambach and his constant companion, a travelling medicine-chest. The country into which we penetrate becomes more and more wooded and impassable on either side. The royal beasts move onwards with firm and regular tread, urged by the guttural cries of the mahouts seated on their heads and armed with sharp hooks, for striking lazy and disobedient elephants on the head; it is sometimes pitiful to see the blood oozing out of the cuts in the thick skin of the patient brutes, while the footmen accompanying the colossus prick him from behind with their slender spears. It is scarcely to be wondered at if the wise beasts with their long memories sometimes revenge themselves on those who have injured them, and slay them for their undeserved cruelty.

An unbroken stillness reigns all around. The dense undergrowth gradually separates the hunters from each other. The cautious giants now mount on to hillocks, now slide down into hollows filled with brushwood. Branches interlaced with brambles bar the way and force one to bend low down to the dull grey back of the elephant.

The soundless jungle has swallowed up our procession through the wastes of Alwar. One feels quite lost among the motionless foliage. The flight of a butterfly or the fall of a dead leaf is enough to attract the attention and set one listening intently to the least rustle, the faintest echo or dull noise in the distance.

The day is not a lucky one. After wandering long among the picturesque valleys and low hills, the whole party comes to a halt within a few yards of an old deserted temple. The provisions are unpacked. A short rest incites us to a fresh search and fresh hopes of coming across some animal or other (generally there is no scarcity of tigers and panthers here), but an excursion deeper into the forest leads to no result. The din created by the beaters rouses (only for a moment) a tiny herd of antelopes, which lightly run up the slopes of the neighbouring heights, but hearing a premature shot, and its endless and terrible echo among the hills, the shy animals dash away at whirlwind speed into the depths of the jungle.

It is late. Sunset is drawing near. The Maharajah makes his appearance with an escort of Rajpoots on light-footed native camels. It is time to return back.

CHAPTER XVIII

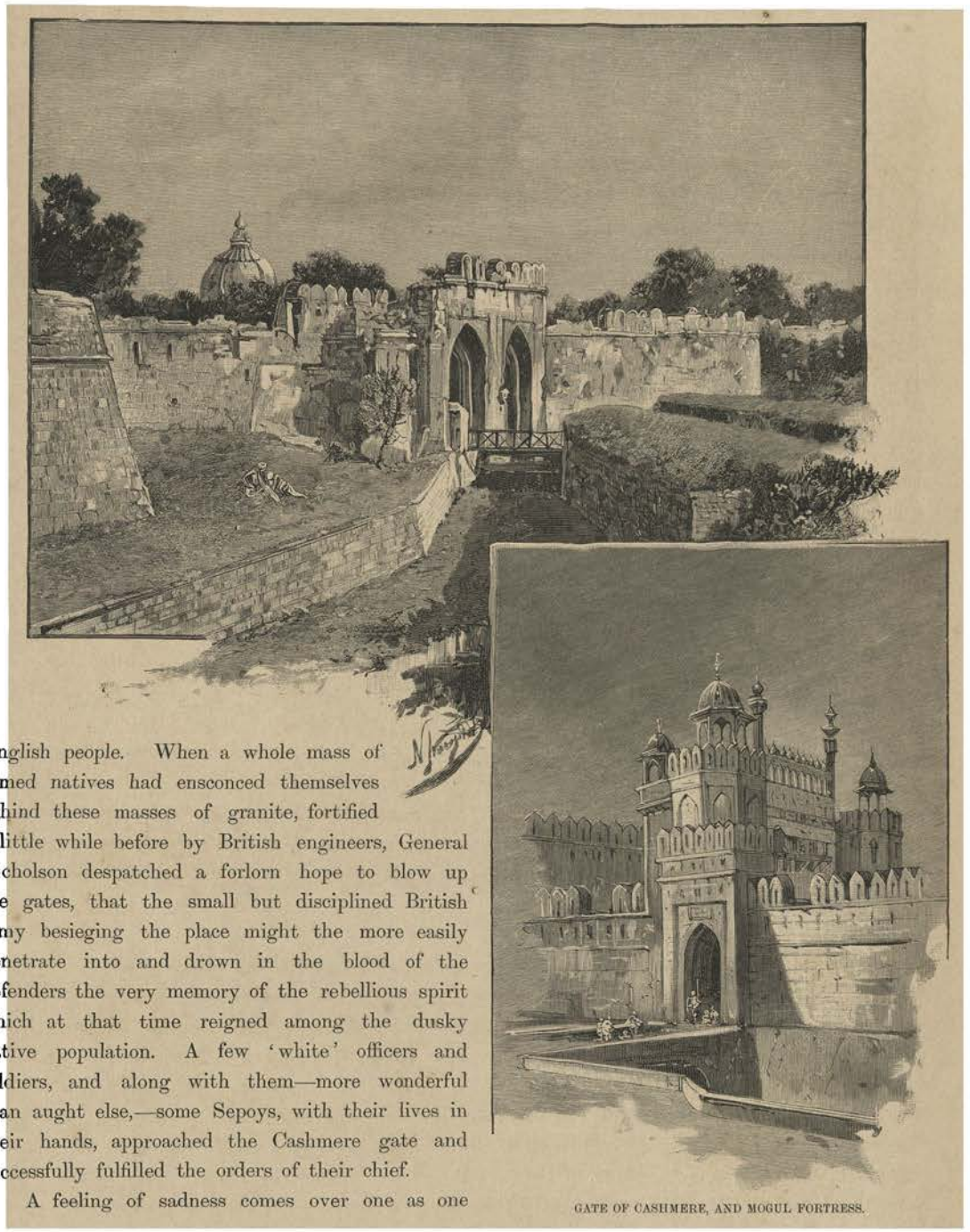
DELHI!—that name, woven into the fragrant chaplet of poetry called India,—that name, surpassing in charm and glory most of the historical cities of Asia, disputing the palm of antiquity with the fountain-heads of the culture and vitality of the world,—that long-enduring centre of the greatest treasures of the universe and of woes unspeakable, of an almost elemental character, though called forth by the ambition of one or another conqueror, . . . thou art before us, thou royal capital of the Punjab, weary and worn by foreign invasions! Are thy days indeed numbered, as regards the decline and ruin of the monuments around thee? What fate, indeed, can await the city which has stood on the summit of human power, and has repeatedly been cast down into the dust by the hand of the stranger? The British, of course, support, for the sake of appearances, the prestige of the ancient capital of the Moguls, which gave them so much trouble in 1857, and, in 1877, announced here, amidst a whole series of festivals, the transformation of Her Majesty the Queen into Kaiser-i-Hind—the Queen-Empress of India; they write conventionally on Delhi, they love to recall with pride how they gained the 'mother of Indo-Aryan cities,' and how much it cost them to retain her, but that is all. . . . The new masters of the land naturally have no special sympathy for the natives, who have repeatedly shown their inimical feelings, and who foresee the approaching decline of their country: the artisans are growing poorer; the demand for local manufactures is gradually disappearing owing to the want of their best customers, the nobility; the palaces, the mediæval mausoleums, and the gigantic buildings of the city are doomed to be the objects of the idle curiosity of tourists. . . . Fate sometimes jests cruelly, not only with individuals, but with whole generations! . . .

SUNDAY, *December* 30 (*January* 11).

At 8 P.M. exactly the Cesarewitch is received at the station by the local European authorities, with General Sir John Hudson, the chief administrator of the district, at their head. The guard of honour is furnished by the Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Ludlow Castle (formerly, if I am well informed, a Catholic monastery), lying outside the city walls, is prepared for the reception of their Highnesses. Among the old portraits in the dining-room, that of Lord Lake, the conqueror of this city in 1803, attracts especial attention.

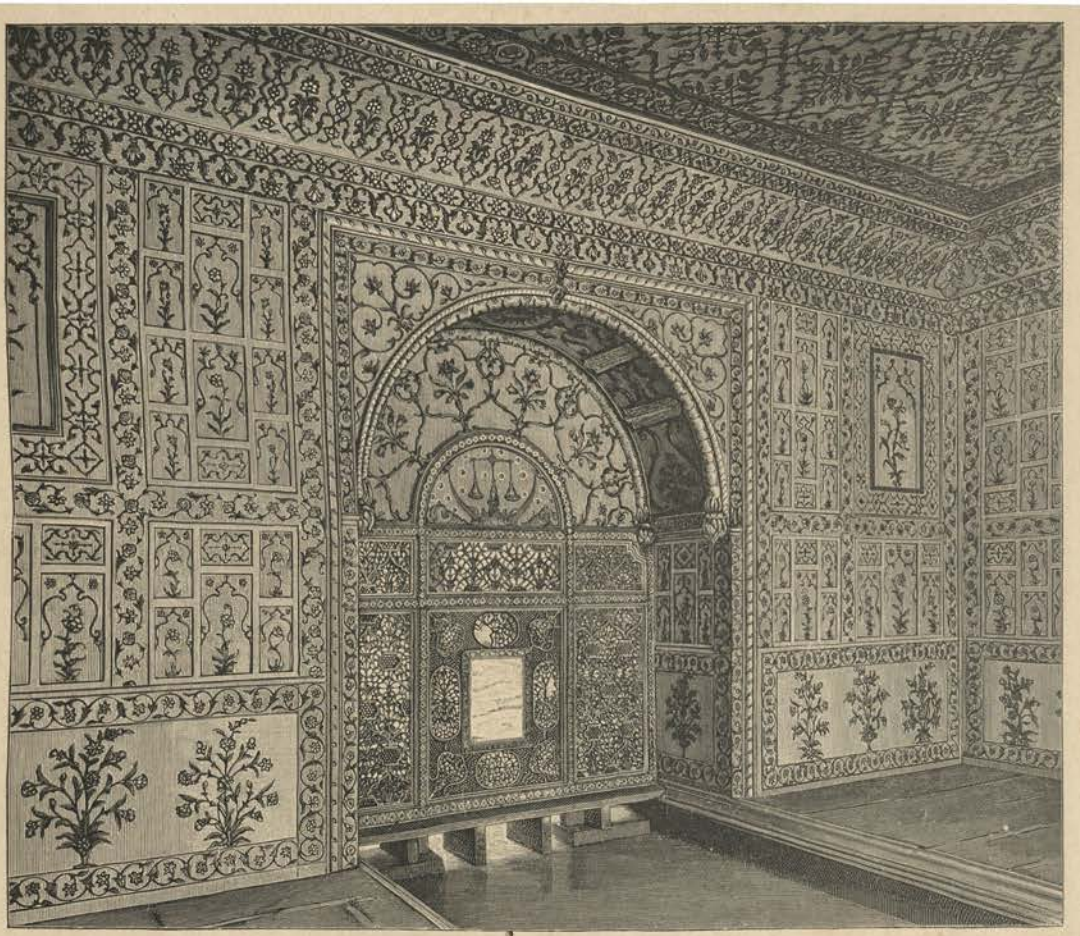
After luncheon the illustrious travellers proceed to survey the objects of interest in Delhi, belonging to the epoch of the Moguls. First of all we are driven straight to the Cashmere gate, famed in the history of the Mutiny, its very existence now being the pride and glory of the English people. When a whole mass of armed natives had ensconced themselves behind these masses of granite, fortified a little while before by British engineers, General Nicholson despatched a forlorn hope to blow up the gates, that the small but disciplined British army besieging the place might the more easily penetrate into and drown in the blood of the defenders the very memory of the rebellious spirit which at that time reigned among the dusky native population. A few 'white' officers and soldiers, and along with them—more wonderful than aught else,—some Sepoys, with their lives in their hands, approached the Cashmere gate and successfully fulfilled the orders of their chief.



GATE OF CASHMERE, AND MOGUL FORTRESS.

A feeling of sadness comes over one as one

drives past such monuments of a near yet somewhat mysterious past, as the carriages roll on towards the deserted palaces and forgotten dwellings of the former emperors, whose descendant, accidentally clothed in the semblance of authority in 1857, atoned by his exile for the savage protest of the Hindus and Mohammedans against the humane but unsympathetic rule of the Europeans.



HALL IN EMPEROR'S PALACE, DELHI.

To find himself within the confines of the palaces—the world-wide fame of whose splendour has lasted for two centuries, and still remains—is a joyful and memorable moment in the life of an immediate student of the East. An appreciative comprehension of events in foreign lands depends in a great measure on a certain degree of acquaintance with the external historical surroundings and the local colour imparted by them to our impressions. One cannot judge broadly and liberally of Louis XIV. without having visited Versailles. One cannot speak with any show of authority of the conservativeness of Chinese life without having looked on the wonderful city of Pekin. One may not judge and enter into the past of Mussulman Delhi, in the days of the descendants of Tamerlane, without having entered their hall of private audience

(*Diwan-i-Khas*), without having stood on the cold marble of the platform on which the golden throne used to stand, adorned with peacocks' tails of precious stones, and costing millions of pounds sterling, until Nadir-Shah, the ruler of Iran, took it away from the plundered halls of the palace. . . . . The corners of the gallery, open on three sides, which we have entered, bear the proud, and even insanely daring inscription:—

'If there be a paradise on earth,—it is here, it is here, it is here!' The angel of death breathed on it and it was no more! . . .

Nevertheless the stones, the tracery, and the colours seemed to have preserved the thrill of life and the reflection of bygone days: while within the sphere of their imperceptible mysterious influence one cannot at times but realise what it is that has passed into eternity, what it really was, and why it may never be recalled. Rise up before us, thou eloquent chronicle in stone of the power of the Moguls!

In the seventeenth century, Delhi, the capital of an endless series of sultans, was half-ruined. Akbar's grandson, the Emperor Shah-Jahan, determined to resuscitate the former capital, but selected for his vast buildings, not the site occupied by the former adjacent and, so to speak, homonymous cities, but the very place where the citadel, the palace, and the mosques now stand. Enormous sums were assigned for the rebuilding and perfecting of the new capital. A state of vegetation, equivalent almost to non-existence, gave way to one of intense animation. The natives called their new political centre 'Jahanabad,' and the name is preserved among the lower classes to the present day.

Emirs (*omra*) and rajahs, viceroys, Mohammedan nobles, and independent heathen princes, flocked daily in noisy procession to this citadel, so lowering in appearance, so brilliant in its luxury. 'The sovereign of the universe is awake!' 'The king of kings has honoured his courtiers by his presence and by a gracious nod of his head!' 'Justice personified is angry!' Such were the thoughts and considerations in the minds of the procession hastening to the palace.

A low roll of drums and a clashing of cymbals constantly reached the ears of the Mogul. It was the guard greeting his noble subjects as they came to do homage to their sovereign. He would appear at last among them, languid, worn-out by the intrigues of the harem: attired in a turban of muslin, interwoven with threads of gold, and adorned by a priceless topaz—clad in a silk-embroidered garment of white satin, and with slippers on his bare feet—the ruler of India would seat himself on the 'peacock' throne, studded with precious stones. His son or a favourite eunuch fanned him: concentrated, stern and passionless as a marble statue, he often wearied those who were present by the silent restraint of his glance and his whole appearance.

Sometimes a bewildered foreign ambassador or conquered native chief would be led into this magic hall, all ablaze with sparkle of diamonds. A glory of artificially brilliant light, the respectfully bowing Mussulman nobles, and the Rajpoots with their proud bearing, the motionless figure of the monarch,—all this dazzled the stranger and inspired him with awe. From Abyssinia and Uzbek Samarkand, from the shereefs of Mecca and from the Persian court, embassies came bearing gifts to Delhi and Agra.

Thus year followed year, until the northern foe burst into India through Afghanistan and massacred most of the inhabitants of Delhi, carrying off to their home in the north the countless treasures which the feeble descendant of the mighty Turanians was unable to defend against the fierce invaders.

Their Highnesses attentively examine the remains of the splendid palace of the Moguls. The

EMPEROR'S PALACE IN OLD DELHI.

incrustations on the walls, representing flowers and birds, the marble basins with fountains that play no more, deserted chambers, in which, in days of yore, the fate of whole tribes, nations, and generations was secretly determined. Why is everything on earth fated to decline and to outlive its splendour?

Next to the apartments of the harem is the spacious hall of public audience (Diwan-i-Am), with a large number of columns supporting the gallery. Here the illustrious travellers mount by a side staircase in the wall to the narrow railed-in platform, where the Mogul daily, at certain hours, showed himself not only to his courtiers, but even to the people. Imbedded in the marble behind the place where the throne used to stand, one still may see a fine piece of mosaic-work, traditionally believed to have been the work of a European jeweller, a fugitive from justice, one Austin de Bordeaux.

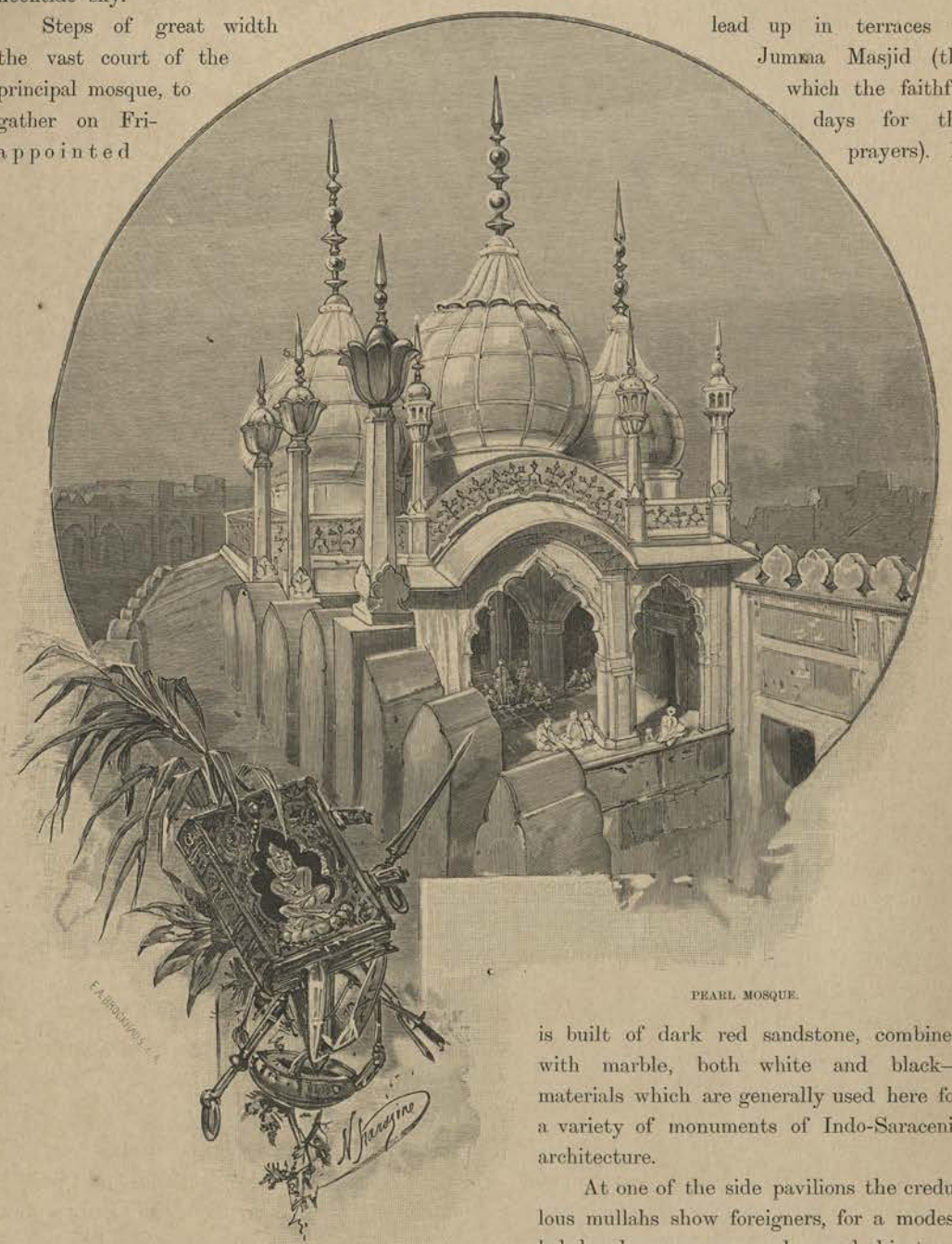
THRONE-PLATFORM IN DIWAN-I-AM.

A little way off from the centre of the once splendid palace buildings their Highnesses are shown the 'Pearl' mosque, intended for the Emperor and his nearest attendants. It is built altogether of white marble, and is extremely small and elegant; the floor of the porch is like frozen snow of blinding brightness; further on, in the shadow, the milk-white hue of the marble is intermingled with opalescent tints. In such a home of solitude and beauty, reverent thoughts could rise with more freedom and purity to the Almighty than among the multitudinous gathering of the faithful in the principal house of prayer in Delhi, the Jumma Masjid.

It is thither that we proceed on leaving the palace buildings. The delicate outlines of the turrets and the battlements of the stronghold of the Moguls, which has now lost all strategical

importance, rise fancifully, but with remarkable distinctness, behind us against the azure of the noontide sky.

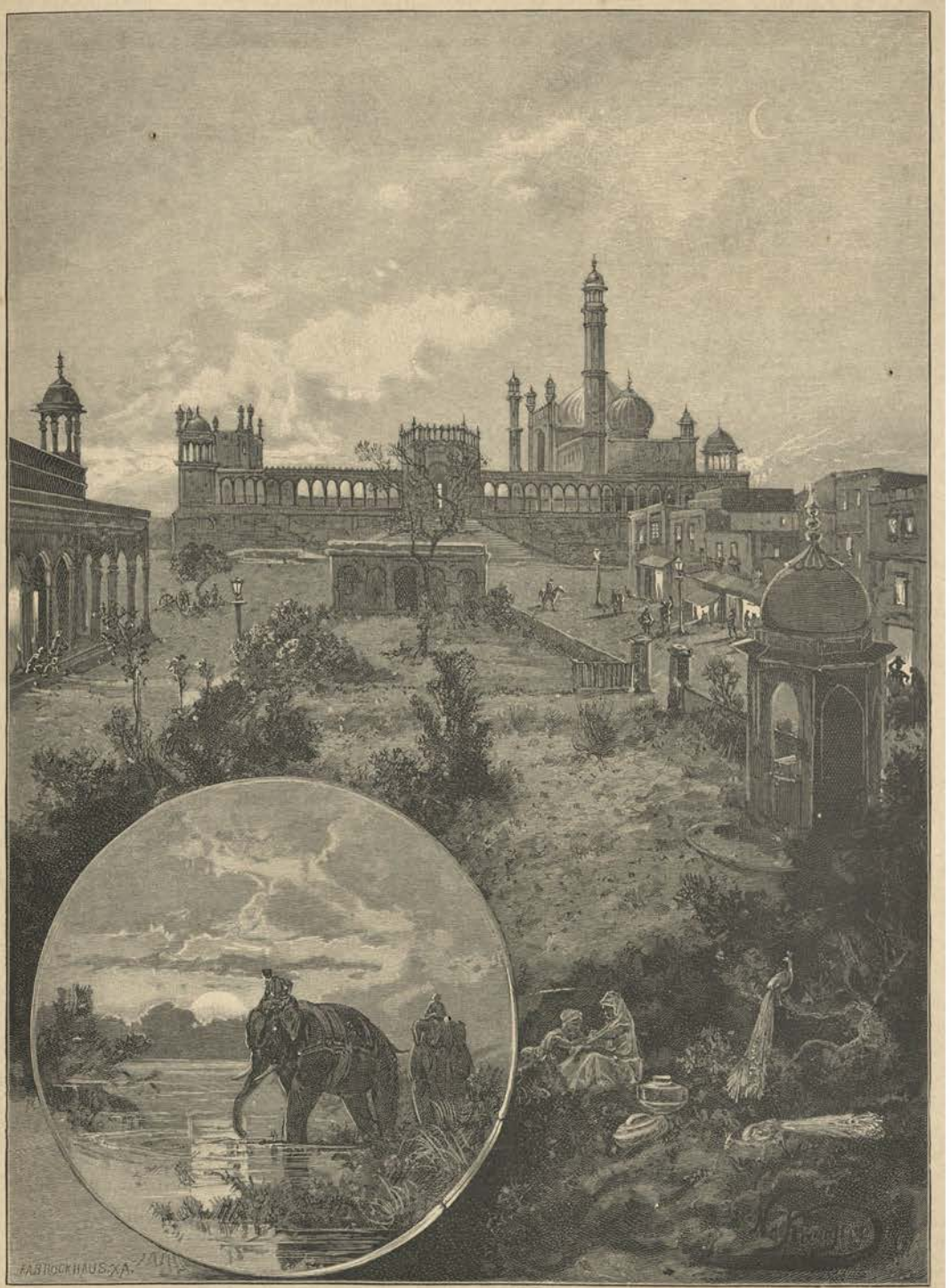
Steps of great width lead up in terraces to the vast court of the Jumma Masjid (the principal mosque, to which the faithful gather on Friday appointed days for the prayers). It



PEARL MOSQUE.

is built of dark red sandstone, combined with marble, both white and black—materials which are generally used here for a variety of monuments of Indo-Saracenic architecture.

At one of the side pavilions the credulous mullahs show foreigners, for a modest baksheesh, some rare and sacred objects: a hair from the beard of Mohammed, the Prophet's shoe (*Kafsh i Mubarak*), and a clearly written copy of the Koran, taken down from his dictation.



JUMMA MASJID MOSQUE, DELHI.

The Cesarewitch mounts to the minaret on the summit of the Jumma Masjid. Far down below, one may see the long 'silver street' (*chandni-chauk*), with its wealthy shops and the busy hum of the bazaar. When the British wished to plant trees down the middle of this street, the merchants petitioned that trees of a certain kind might not be planted there, as, according to popular belief, their leaves are quick of hearing and great babblers, so that, overhearing the merchants cheat and swear false oaths, they might report this to the gods and thus cause some misfortune to the guilty.

Beyond a labyrinth of lanes and hovels flows the muddy yellow Jumna; grey rocks rise amidst the forbidding sandy desert. A respectable citizen (the representative of the descendants of the fallen royal family) has mounted to the minaret along with us, and cannot take his eyes off the Cesarewitch, who gazes intently on the ancient capital of Hindustan.

MONDAY, *December* 31 (*January* 12).

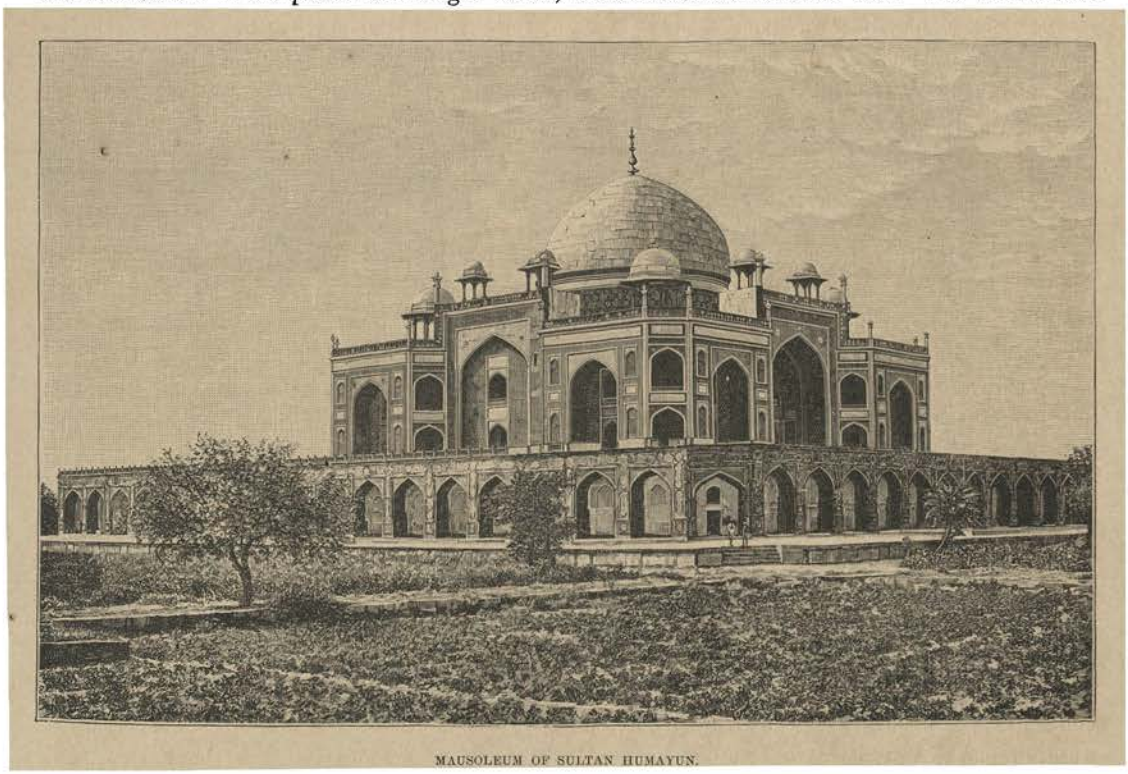
The morning is devoted to a long excursion into the environs of Shahjahanabad. The country around it, occupied with ruins, monuments, and the formless remains of former cities, stratified one above another, covers an expanse of many square miles, and presents a rich field for archæological investigation.

We drive in enormous *char-à-bancs* through what may be called 'the valley of death and oblivion.' Domes of mausoleums, with their bright-coloured tiles, rough heaps of stone and broken ramparts, dense vegetation and the arid surface of many a waste expanse, glance past us along the road, compared by some tourists, not without reason, to the Via Appia. The pungent grey dust rises in clouds as we drive rapidly along. The ashes of a forgotten past seem to mingle with the reflection of the great tombs, that are not yet reduced to inglorious ruins. Great historical names! the echo of vague legends! a chain of events, vanishing into the soulless gloom of the ages! . . .

The illustrious travellers are approaching a building, which, in the distance, appears something like a mosque. It is a mausoleum raised to her lord by the widow of the Emperor Humayun ('the fortunate'). Rarely has a name been more inappropriate to the life and fate of the bearer. The son of that bold descendant of Timur, Baber, who conquered part of India, he lost his father's heritage in his youth, and long wandered in exile, until the death of the usurper enabled the second Mogul to return. But his reign, begun late, did not last long. While reading one day in his library, Humayun attempted to reach the shelf on which lay a manuscript he required, but, losing his footing, was killed by the fall on the stone floor. His grief-stricken widow, Hamida Bani Haji Begum, erected a grand mausoleum near the spot (within the walls of the park.) Here lies the husband of the builder, and with him many other descendants of Tamerlane. This vault gave shelter to Bahadur Shah (the last Emperor of India) after the unsuccessful rising of the Sepoys. An English officer arrested him and his sons at the very grave of their ancestor, carried off the youths to the rebellious city, and had them shot in its streets in cold blood.

On the terrace of the stately mausoleum, built of pale marble and pink sandstone, a gloomy tombstone marks the grave of the Sultan Dara, the eldest of the unfortunate sons of Shah Jahan, all of whom perished at the hands of their treacherous brother Aurangzeb. This Dara,

the lawful heir to the throne—a man full of promise, humane, tolerant, and liberally educated—was first led in bonds through the streets of Delhi on a lame and miserable elephant, amidst the weeping people, who flocked to this atrocious sight, had sentence passed on him for favouring paganism (he was the first to have the *Upanishads* translated into Persian), and was executed. The still bleeding head was brought on a dish of gold to his monster of a brother. To guard against error and deceit, Aurangzeb ordered it to be carefully washed, examined the hated features, and then sent it to the prison to his aged father, whose favourite Dara had been. The unfortunate



MAUSOLEUM OF SULTAN HUMAYUN.

monarch was much rejoiced on receiving the box, seeing in this a sign of pity and repentance in his son. What feelings must have awakened in him on his opening this horrible gift!

A lonely cemetery on a little rise. A number of Mussulman tombstones gathered round one principal tomb.

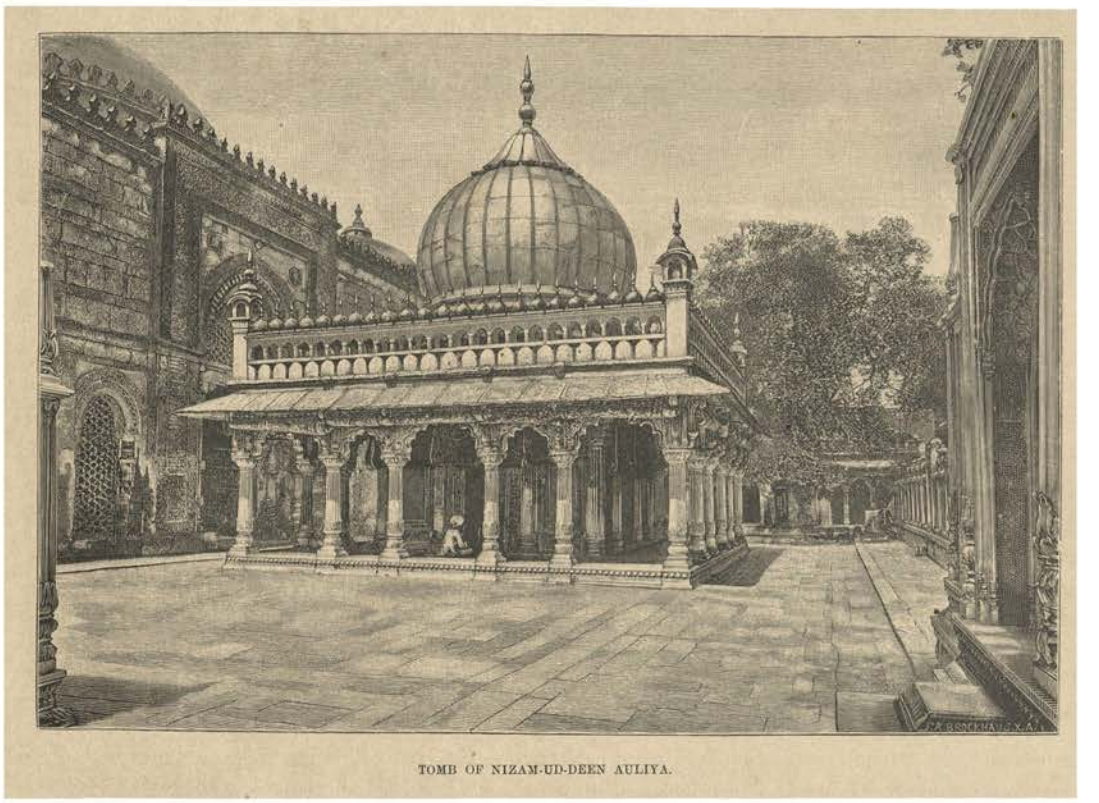
In the middle stands the mausoleum (*darga*) of Nizam-ud-deen Auliya, a mysterious being who lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Mystic and magician, the representative of the far-off society of assassins and (apparently) the founder of Indian Thuggism, he is in many respects interesting, both as a study for historians, and as the possible hero of a most singular poem. Being regarded as a saint, a mosque was built, during his lifetime, for him to rest in and to be buried in, but he declined this honour. It was only in the seventeenth century that the mausoleum by which we stand was at last raised to him.

Next to the sheikh, who reposes under a stone, covered, according to custom, with a pall of

red and green, lies buried his contemporary and friend, the epicurean bard Emir Khosroes, whose fame outlasted the reign of seven sultans, and still remains in India. The great Saadi is said to have come to Delhi from Persia solely to make his acquaintance.

A patriarchal tree, traditionally reported to have stood here for some five hundred years, grows near the grave of Nizam-ud-deen. The marble carving has grown dark from age, imparting an air of gloom to the monument of the wizard, who had managed to gain the favour of the people.

The needy descendants of this man's sister (he himself was never married) act as guides among the surrounding graves.



TOMB OF NIZAM-UD-DEEN AULIYA.

The number of the latter is considerable, as, during the last five hundred years, many a noble Mussulman has been brought here in his shroud. Among the tombs especial attention is drawn to that of Jahanara Begum, daughter of Shah Jahan. Remarkably beautiful, and a firm adherent of Dara, she devoted her life to her unfortunate father, deprived of his throne by Aurangzeb. Refusing all suitors, tenderly caring for the aged prisoner, who lingered on in the palace of Agra, of which he had long wearied, the princess, after his death, was transferred by her brother, the sovereign, to Delhi, where she was probably poisoned.

An incarnation of humility and self-sacrifice, the girl begged that no splendid monument should be placed on her grave, declaring that it would be superfluous for one who was 'poor in spirit' and a disciple of the fakir Khist (of Ajmere). Her tombstone bears the Arabic inscription: 'God is true being and regeneration.'

Next to her sleeps in peace the much-suffering Mogul, Muhammed Shah, during whose reign

a Persian army devastated the capital of India to an unheard-of extent. When Shah Nadir had ordered his troops there to burn and to slay without mercy, he retired to the nearest mosque and waited for his conquered foe (here buried) to beg for some mitigation of such inhuman commands. How quietly all voices and footfalls die away in this country graveyard! What a restful stillness! what a healing spirit of reconciliation breathes from these various monuments and half-forgotten tombs, above which the smiling heavens pour a flood of golden light.

A few yards beyond the cemetery, between high and gloomy walls, lie the dark waters of a tank, which are believed to possess healing virtues in consequence of certain spells pronounced over them by Nizam-ud-deen, numbers of pilgrims coming to bathe in them. The boys of the neighbourhood dive into it from a considerable height, without injuring themselves. Of course they have practised this from early childhood.

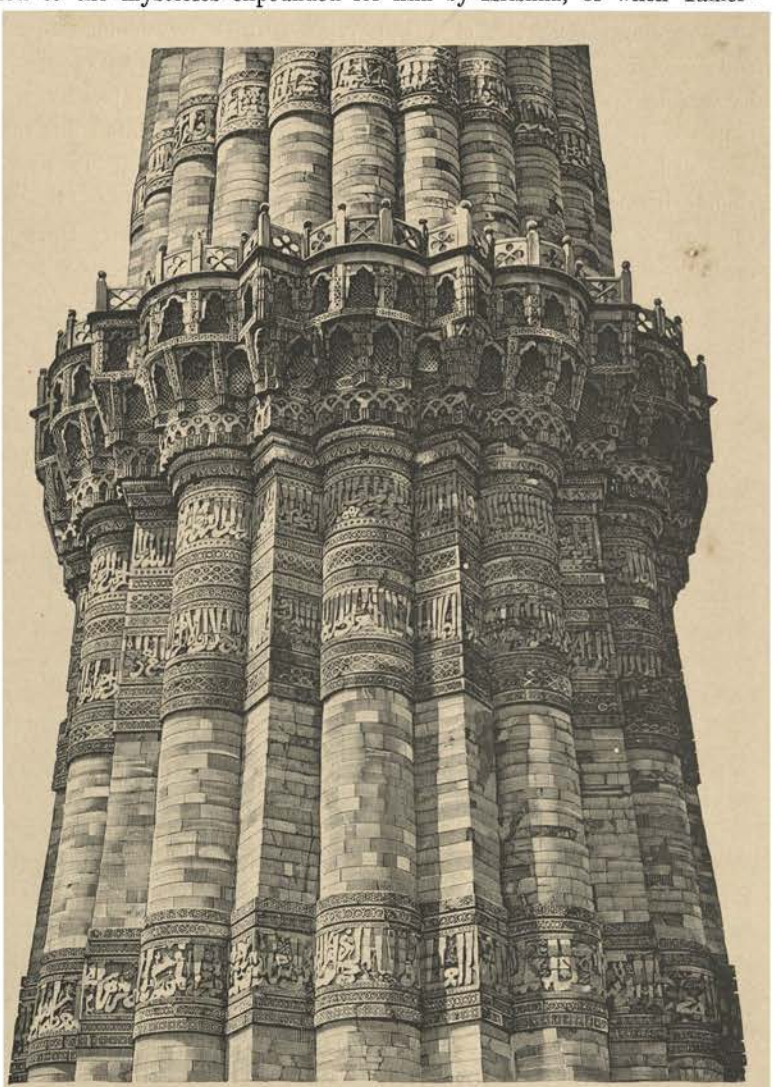
After lunching under the vaulted roof of the tomb of Adam-Khan, cruelly put to death by Akbar for his hot temper, the illustrious travellers will be shown a still deeper tank, more like a narrow well, into which the inhabitants of the neighbouring village of Mirovli fearlessly dive from a terrific height, and then climb out shivering with cold, but smiling, and stretching out their hands for money.

Their Highnesses drive on, through a labyrinth of ruins, to the site of the former heathen bastions. Desolation reigns here, and only a pillar of iron, erected at least fifteen hundred years ago, yet standing firm and free from rust, proudly recalls the age when Hindustan was ruled by invincible rajahs, who were so convinced of their power and of the everlasting protection of destiny, that they admitted the possibility of this pillar being connected with the bowels of the earth, where it was supposed to pierce the head of the king of the serpents, the donor of power and inexhaustible strength. One rajah wished to satisfy himself of the truth of this belief, and when the labourers had, with extraordinary difficulty, extracted the base of this gigantic column from the earth, to the horror of all present it was found to be covered with blood. The Brahmins at once foretold the ruin of the kingdom of the curious and impious rajah, and innumerable calamities besides.

Soon after this the armies of Islam overpowered the giaours. Mosques arose upon the plain, then studded with the temples and the palaces of the Rajpoots, the call of the muezzin rang out from them, and a minaret of stone, rather deserving the name of an immense tower, rose up to an enormous height among them. Successive sultans built story above story. Grey granite, delicately tinted reddish sandstone, and white Jaipur marble, supplied a rich material for the builders of that age. The Hindus are persuaded to the present day that this Kutb Minar, supposed to have been founded by Kutbuddin, existed before his time as the favourite watch-tower of a heathen princess, who gazed from here on the waters of the Jumna.

The ninety-nine names of Allah, and an inscription in praise of the builders, adorn the outer walls of this great tapering minaret. The illustrious travellers ascend it by an endless stair of three hundred and seventy-eight steps, lighted by windows and by doors opening on to little balconies. On reaching the summit of the tower, and looking thence on the remains of the immortal city, one is completely overwhelmed by the vision of departed glory, and of a majesty which has outlived oblivion and still seems to brood over the ruins. Far away in the misty distance lies the famous battlefield (Panipat), where, in days of yore, beginning with the fabulous dissensions of the Mahabharata, the fate of India and her much-suffering nations has

repeatedly been decided. All her conquerors have ridden over these fields enriched by merciless slaughter. Small need is there for straining the imagination to picture the dread roar of the battles that took place here, when Arjuna, the hero of the ancient Aryan epic, while marching against the foe, yet hearkened to the mysteries expounded for him by Krishna, or when Tamerlane, a stranger to illusion and metaphysics, erected pyramids of skulls and bones on the same spot.



KUTB-MINAR, NEAR DELHI.

During the two days of his stay in the nominal capital of Hindustan, the Cesarewitch devotes much attention to the manufactures of the city. The local merchants have brought to Ludlow Castle (also the scene of a fierce struggle in the year of the Mutiny) their best goods—splendid specimens of jewellers' work, of woven fabrics, etc., which used to be the pride of Delhi in the days of her wealth and power.

A large room is filled with the tempting and beautiful wares laid out for sale. Such a choice, such elegance, and, we may add, such prices we have not yet met with during our journey!

The silks bear off the palm for taste and originality. Next, the miniatures painted on ivory deserve mention. The natives who carefully paint on it scenes and men of the age of the Moguls are the descendants of artists, who, at one time, worked at the Imperial court, and have inherited their art from their ancestors of three hundred years ago. There is but little demand now for such articles. Foreign travellers are unwilling to spend their money on trifles, which, for them, have no historical meaning, and, as the art of the master passes on from father to son, often being a trade and family secret, it is quite possible that some of these trades may soon become quite extinct in the absence of encouragement and purchasers.

The Brahmins, those watchful guardians of the spiritual interests of the people during the last quarter of the century, fully comprehend the causes and the consequences of the decline of some of these branches of knowledge and art. To turn the attention of the people to this would be awkward; the alarm must be raised by various stratagems and devices. Ballads are accordingly composed of a semi-religious cast (containing appeals to the gods for prosperity, and beginning with a mention of H.M. the Queen), most of the verses, however, sung in the bazaars by special emissaries, disparaging in a sarcastic, humorous, or pathetic tone, the goods imported from Europe. Sir George Birdwood has printed in the *Times* and the *Athenæum* two such improvisations of very pronounced tendency. It seems that, at every step, the singers impress on the people who throng round the shops 'the spirit of poverty breathes o'er the land.' 'The strangers grow rich, while we grow poor. Have a care, while it is not yet too late, else ruin awaits our artisans!'

CHAPTER XIX

TUESDAY, *January*, 1/13, 1891.

THE Cesarewitch meets the New Year in the train, on his way to Lahore. Before the train left the station of Meerut (where the Mutiny of 1857 broke out, and the birthplace of most of our Mussulman servants—Raimbakas and others), the Russian suite, Sir Mackenzie Wallace, and Hardinge gathered in their Highnesses' saloon compartment, and here, glasses in hand, amidst the rattle of the wheels, offered their congratulations to the guests of H.M. the Queen-Empress. The night train rushes northward across the plains of the Punjab, bearing the Grand Duke to the land of the conquered Sikhs. Can there be any better proof of the mutual confidence of two mighty European nations, and of the peaceful disposition of Russia?

Lahore at midday. The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Lyall, the commander of the troops, Sir Hugh Gough, several Roman Catholic prelates, a number of officials and ladies, await H.I. Highness on the station platform, decked out with flags and wreaths, where a large guard of honour stands, furnished by the Wiltshire Regiment and the Punjab Volunteers.

Before entering his carriage, the Cesarewitch passes down the ranks of the guard, to the strains of the Russian anthem. The capital of the Punjab greets the arrival of the Grand Duke in the North-West of India with a salute of twenty-one guns.

The way to the fortress and thence to Government House is lined by Goorkhas and Sikhs, considered by the English themselves as one of the strongest bulwarks of British power in the land. The former come from Nepaul: short, but sturdy and remarkably enduring, insanely daring and devoted to war, these mountaineers of Mongolian stock remind us Russians wonderfully of exactly similar types in the ranks of our army.

That remarkable ruler of the Sikhs, Runjeet Singh, some ninety years ago made use of the Goorkhas as splendid material for soldiers, and it was this same sovereign who (by the advice of French instructors, who had served under Bonaparte) formed his own countrymen into battalions, the former methods of warfare with bodies of light cavalry being justly acknowledged to be obsolete and unpractical, when the steadiness of the Punjab foot-soldier in the ranks came to be known.

The British administrators only took advantage of these ideas, and of other men's experience, when they began to enlist excellent soldiers, in larger and larger numbers, from among the native population.

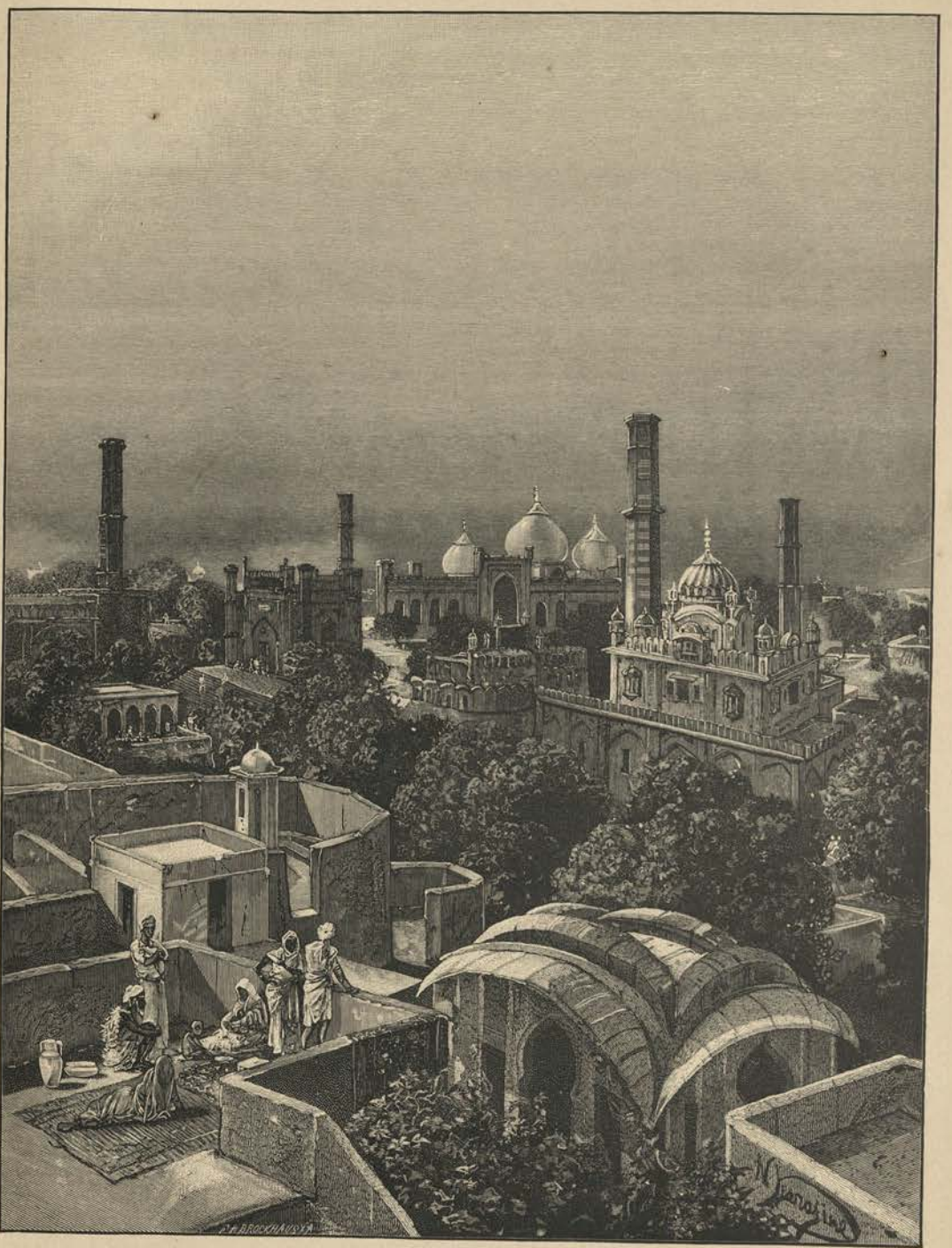
Lahore, of course, is picturesque enough with its Oriental colouring; but to say anything special about it in our series of descriptions of different Asiatic cities is somewhat difficult, unless we note that the streets are narrow, while the lanes seem to be simply an impassable wilderness. The inhabitants are identical with our Trans-Caspian natives and Sarts, and, as one moves through the Black Town, one might well fancy oneself back in one's native land. And how, indeed, are the townsfolk, among whom one often sees the characteristic figures of Bokhara merchants and Turcomen, not to resemble the people of our Central Asia? Since Lahore (or rather Lohawar, the Sanscrit Lohawarana) was founded, according to tradition, by Loha, the son of Rama, a current of Iranian and Turanian racial influence and culture has been steadily flowing, for ages, through the Punjab into India. Is there anything wonderful, then, in the visible results of this tide of foreign Turanian life, which, it may be remarked, acted at that time with equal force upon Russia?

The 'palace of mirrors' (*Shishmahal*), founded here under the Moguls, and still retaining its interest in the days of Runjeet Singh, that wise leader of the Sikh communities, dissociated, yet so powerful when united, is now deserted. Some two or three generations ago Southern Afghanistan trembled before this sovereign, Cashmere did homage to him, and the English, in all seriousness, sought for his friendship, hearing about a fantastic expedition, planned by Napoleon I. and the Emperor Paul I. against India.

In these gloomy halls the destinies of the Punjab hung for a short while in the balance. Far-seeing Brahmins and Mohammedans, the favourite counsellors of a Sikh sovereign, assisted him to carry out his clever foreign policy. Chief among them was the talented fakir, Aziz-ud-deen, a native of Bokhara, where members of his family are said to dwell to the present day.

Before the former royal palace is a small arsenal, where their Highnesses examine the helmets and the chain-mail, which were in use among the Punjabis at the end of the last century and even later. The eagles still remain on the cuirasses of the regiments which were trained by French generals (Allard, Ventura, and Court). Little camel-guns are exhibited side by side with some relics regarded as sacred by the warlike natives, viz. the rhinoceros-hide shield and the sharp battle-axe of Govind Singh, the tenth and last *guru* (master, teacher) of the faithful Sikhs, who flourished about the end of the seventeenth century. Next, the illustrious travellers descend from the upper platform of the citadel to a walled-in court, on the left side of which lies the tomb of Arjun, another teacher of the Sikhs, who preached three hundred years ago, and was tortured to death here in prison, leaving to his countrymen the Adi Granth, a religious book of a very peculiar character. It seems to embody an ethical protest—which, from the days of Mahavira and Buddha, was always present in the Indian spirit—against the claims of Brahminism, which drew a clearly marked line between the domains of religion and those of knowledge, in consequence of which, the people, burdened with ceremonies, but kept away from the 'springs of living water,' groaned under the yoke of caste prejudice and strict soulless laws, regulating their thoughts, their occupations, and their hopes. Daring reformers constantly sprang up (and still do so) among the sullen malcontents. Groups of followers gathered round them, and temporarily stood apart; but sooner or later the latter were inevitably reabsorbed into the majority, and sank in the flood of comparative indifference and blind devotion to the will of the ancient priesthood.

Kabir, Nanak, and many more passed through mediæval India, preaching a fiery pantheism, expounded to the people in their native tongue. Arjun gathered into a uniform whole (written



LAHORE.

in the Gurmukhi) both his own mystical sayings and the deeply significant poetical fragments of his predecessors of the same school (among others, the Adi Granth contains the verses of two Maratha poets of the Dekkan).

The work of their *guru* took the Sikhs by storm. They saw in it a revelation from on high, surrounded the book and the precious copies taken of it with regal splendour, and even offered up divine honours to it.

We are taken into the mausoleum of Runjeet Singh, erected on the spot where his body was burnt. Its marble arches do not impart a trace of beauty to this sullen building, where, on a raised platform of stone (opposite the entrance) lies a covered slab, on which (as we are told) twelve lotuses are represented, signifying that beneath it lie the ashes of the king himself and of eleven women who mounted the funeral pyre with his body.

Here, also, on an unsightly couch, lies the Adi Granth, carefully wrapped up in a cloth. The porter drives the flies off it with a fan. Three Sikh divines, sitting on the floor, chant a gloomy, warlike hymn to the strains of melancholy music. But one's attention is absorbed, not by the surroundings, but by the palpable fact that, on this very spot, some fifty years ago, several human beings in the prime of their life became the victims of a terrible fate. The *satis* of Runjeet Singh did not die with their lord of their own free will. Soldiers dragged them from the palace to his body, roughly denuded them of their ornaments, tore the rings of gold from their nostrils, and brutally forced the unfortunate creatures into the flames.

There was literally nothing here to recall the courage of the Rajpoot heroines, who voluntarily followed their adored husbands into another world. Those were worthy of admiration, not of pity. Each of them was a personified aspiration to the heaven of Indra and the pagan realms of bliss.

Dying fearlessly as they did, the widows of the great rajahs seemed to bathe in the flames,

'As sinful gods in the sacred lakes of Thibet.'

WEDNESDAY, *January* 2/14.

The day is devoted to a fatiguing excursion to Changa-Manga, some fifty-two miles from Lahore. The party goes another shooting expedition on elephants into a jungle swarming with game, large and small. The wise beasts make their way even more cautiously than usual through the undergrowth and past rough places.

About 10 P.M., after dining at the Lieutenant-Governor's, whose residence is a former Mussulman mausoleum adapted for a dwelling-house, the illustrious travellers proceeded to Montgomery Hall, a large building erected in memory of a well-known administrator of the Punjab, and intended for meetings of an official character. A number of richly attired rajahs and natives stand in groups in the fine, brilliantly illuminated hall. Some of them are presented to H.I. Highness, who is received with the strains of the Russian anthem. The most prominent among the native chiefs is the chief of the Kapurtala district, who, for services rendered to the British authorities, rules over nearly half a million subjects.

We are to witness the wild Afghan 'Khattak' dance. The open air is both damp and cold. A lawn is set apart in the gardens, with a fire burning in the midst: a number of stern, bearded soldiers of the Afridi tribe, armed with sharp swords, form round it in a circle of demoniacal figures, slowly revolving with their glittering weapons. They burst into shouts as the dance grows

wilder; the blades shine and whirl with exceeding swiftness in the strange purple gloom. There is much in this unique picture to remind us of our far-off home in the North.

THURSDAY, *January* 3/15.

In the morning the illustrious travellers leave Lahore, accompanied by Sir John Lyall and Sir Hugh Gough, a salute being fired at their departure. At 11 P.M. they arrive at the station of Amritsar. The guard of honour is furnished by the Manchester Regiment. An escort from the 16th Bengal Cavalry and a state carriage await H.I. Highness. The carriages for the suite are furnished by the Rajah of Kapurtala.

Amritsar, a wealthy, commercial, and industrial city, is still the centre of the religious life of the Sikhs. Runjeet Singh subdued the unruly independent chiefs of the district, but was more occupied than any one else with the idea of adorning the temple, whither the illustrious travellers are now proceeding.

The population has prepared a hearty reception for them. Two inscriptions of welcome are in Russian.

Before descending from the terrace at the entrance of the Sikh sanctuary to the large tank below, entitled 'the lake of immortality' by the faithful, we don soft, broad, coloured boots over our footgear.

The temple is built on a plot of ground, assigned, in the days of Akbar, to a *guru* named Ram Dass. Two hundred years later the Afghans defiled it, sprinkling it with the blood of buffaloes, and blew it up. The leaders of the Sikhs (whose name signifies 'followers' or 'disciples') gradually came together again and fortified themselves at Amritsar.

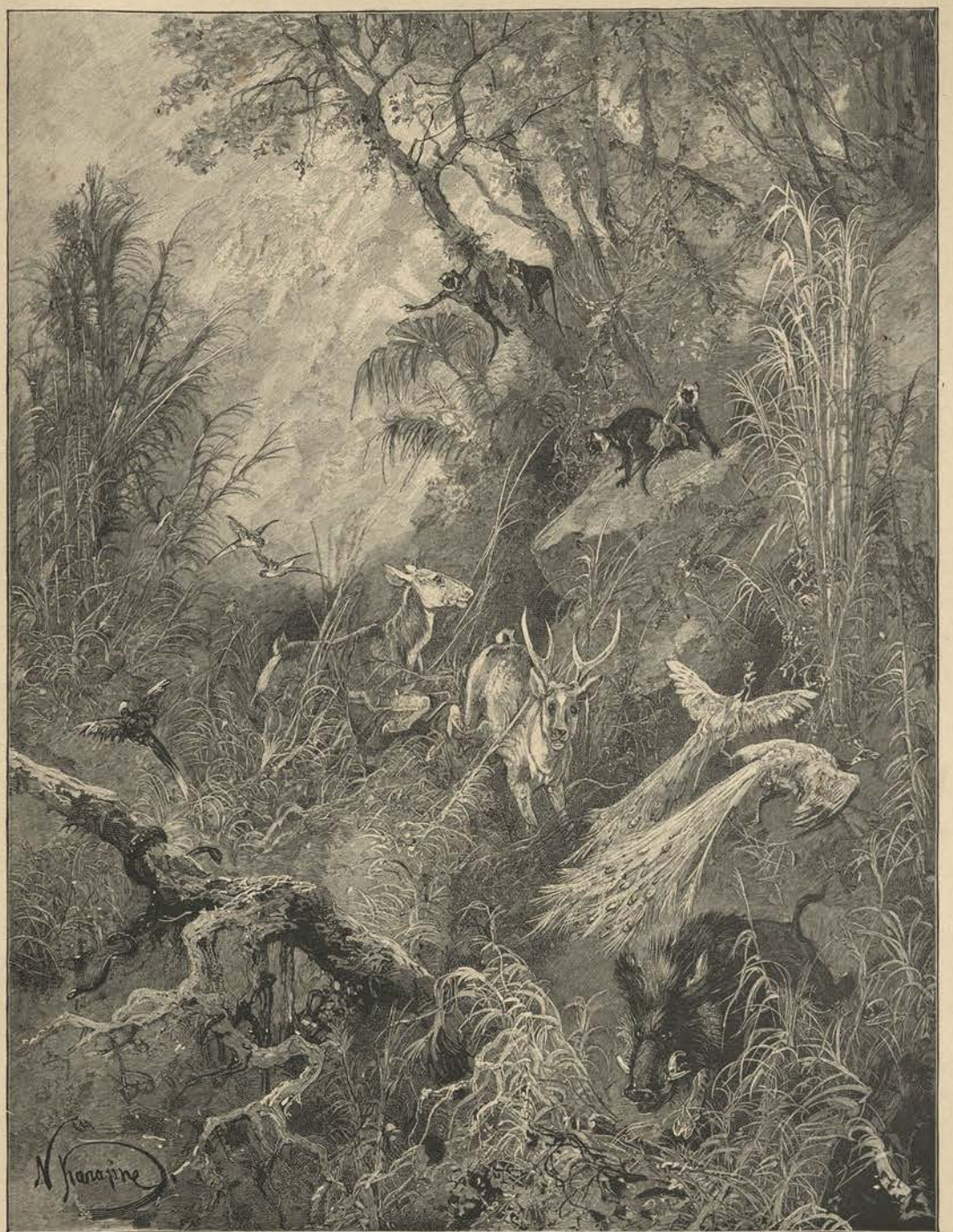
We are led along a quay of white marble, and over a bridge of stone, which connects it with the island, where stands the 'golden temple,' so called because it was covered with plates of gilded copper in the reign of Runjeet Singh, when no expense was spared for the adornment of the dome under which the Adi Granth is read and reverenced, while the interior was decorated not only with paintings, but also with mosaic-work and coloured marble broken out of Mussulman mausoleums.

The walls of the lower hall are covered with tracery. In the middle of it is a seat, with the sacred book lying open on it. Above it waves a punkah. Several aged singing priests (*granthi*), with inspired eyes, mutter in a dreary tone ecstatic words, such as cover the front of the building, erected in honour of the Adi Granth.

Their Highnesses mount to a fine pavilion, whence a better view can be obtained of the scene surrounding the 'lake of immortality'—*i.e.* a series of buildings occupied by Punjabi princes, who reverence Amritsar—and then pass back to the quay, where, amidst a dense crowd, highly flattered by the Cesarewitch's visit to the holy place of the Sikhs, the so-called 'baptism' of some new members of the local religious community is about to take place.

The community, strictly speaking, consists of those who, on coming to years of discretion, voluntarily take on themselves certain vows. Before this, the sons of the followers of the 'ten *gurus*' are not considered as belonging to the great brotherhood (*Khalsa*), which rapidly formed in the Punjab a proud, warlike, and almost invincible nation.

The number of Sikhs in India is about two millions. Latterly, the sober ideas of the first *gurus* have been insufficient for the mass of their followers, who were recruited mainly from the



IN THE JUNGLE.

lower castes, and who then sought for equality and social position: the women now easily come under the influence of the Brahmins, grow accustomed to the splendour of the Hindu ceremonial, and, in their zeal, draw away their male relations, so that now there are fewer and fewer who are willing to consecrate themselves to the service of the Adi Granth. The dying Govind Singh said to his warriors: 'You will have no new master. May the Divinity (*Akal*) preserve our community! The spirit of our religious leaders will henceforth be embodied in the sacred book of Arjun.' While their bloody wars with the Moslem excited and diverted the Punjabi peasantry, Sikhism could count on a prominent future. But the times are now changed: a creed of such an exceptional character must gradually give way to those more vital and ancient.

The more interesting it will be to have even a passing glimpse of the ceremony called *pakhul*, the very existence of which in a century or two may become an anachronism.

Their Highnesses have come up to the ancient native temple (Akal Bungah), with its gilded cupola, and gilded gratings on the projecting windows of the second story. Several young men drink the water, used by their sponsor for his ablutions, and sprinkle their heads with it: the initiator gives them a sword to kiss, pours water on to it, and sprinkles it on the heads of the new Sikhs. Of this water they must also drink, sugar having been crushed in it with a dagger, while certain mystic sentences were pronounced over it.

Having drunk the water, both the initiated and the initiator must exclaim: 'Wah! Guruji ka Khalsa!' ('Victory to the brotherhood of our *gurus*!') and partake of food out of a common dish.

Those who join the ranks of the real 'disciples' receive the title of 'Singh' (lion), neither cut their hair nor shave, always carry arms and a comb, wear short and narrow breeches reaching to the knee, etc.

When the illustrious travellers visited the 'golden temple' the priests presented us with tiny copies of the Adi Granth (which means 'the first book'). What was there in it to hold, for many years, whole throngs of fanatics spellbound, and inspire, binding it into a mighty whole, a great republic (the union of the different communities of the Punjab), counting hundreds of thousands of picked warriors,—the best in Asia, according to the British press?

The foundation of Arjun's philosophy is the pantheistical principle: God fills the universe, but the world of illusion (*Maya*) has naught to do with the sacred reality of things. The latter is inaccessible, impalpable, exists everywhere, is independent and separate from all else. The eternal power (light) penetrates all phenomena, and at the same time is indifferent, motionless, and is identified with complete emptiness, which does not, however, prevent pious *gurus* from praying—

'Thou art my father and mother and brother. Thou art my guardian in all the ways of life. Under Thy veil, I know nor grief nor fear.'

A fragment of the Adi Granth says plainly—

'If a man is naked, weak, and hungry, deserted by his neighbours, and sees no issue from his sorrows, let him but think of God, and he shall receive all things necessary.'

'Every man may find the Almighty in his own bosom.' The soul is regarded by Arjuna as *scintilla animae divinae*. Suffering is explained as the 'feeding,' so to speak, of the soul on the consequences of its evil deeds previously committed.

'O heart! canst thou cross over to the other shore of being when the ocean of hell lies before thee?' A certain kind of fatalism is peculiar to the philosophy of the Sikhs. It is for

this reason that they are even more impulsive and unswerving in their actions than the Mohammedans. Yet along with this we find an amazing depth of feeling in the lyrical outpourings of the mystic Adi Granth.

'O Thou Eternal One! did I not sin, Thy name would not be Purifier of Sins!' Before incarnation in human form all creatures have to pass through a countless number of forms and births; it is only the human form that gives the right and the possibility of rising in thought and aspiration to the ideal, which frees all mortal beings from further wanderings and torments, away from the regions of final bliss and spiritual peace. Sikhism, a true child of Indian metaphysics, acknowledges Nirvana, seeks it, and believes in the victory of our 'ego' over the bonds of temptation and corruptibility.

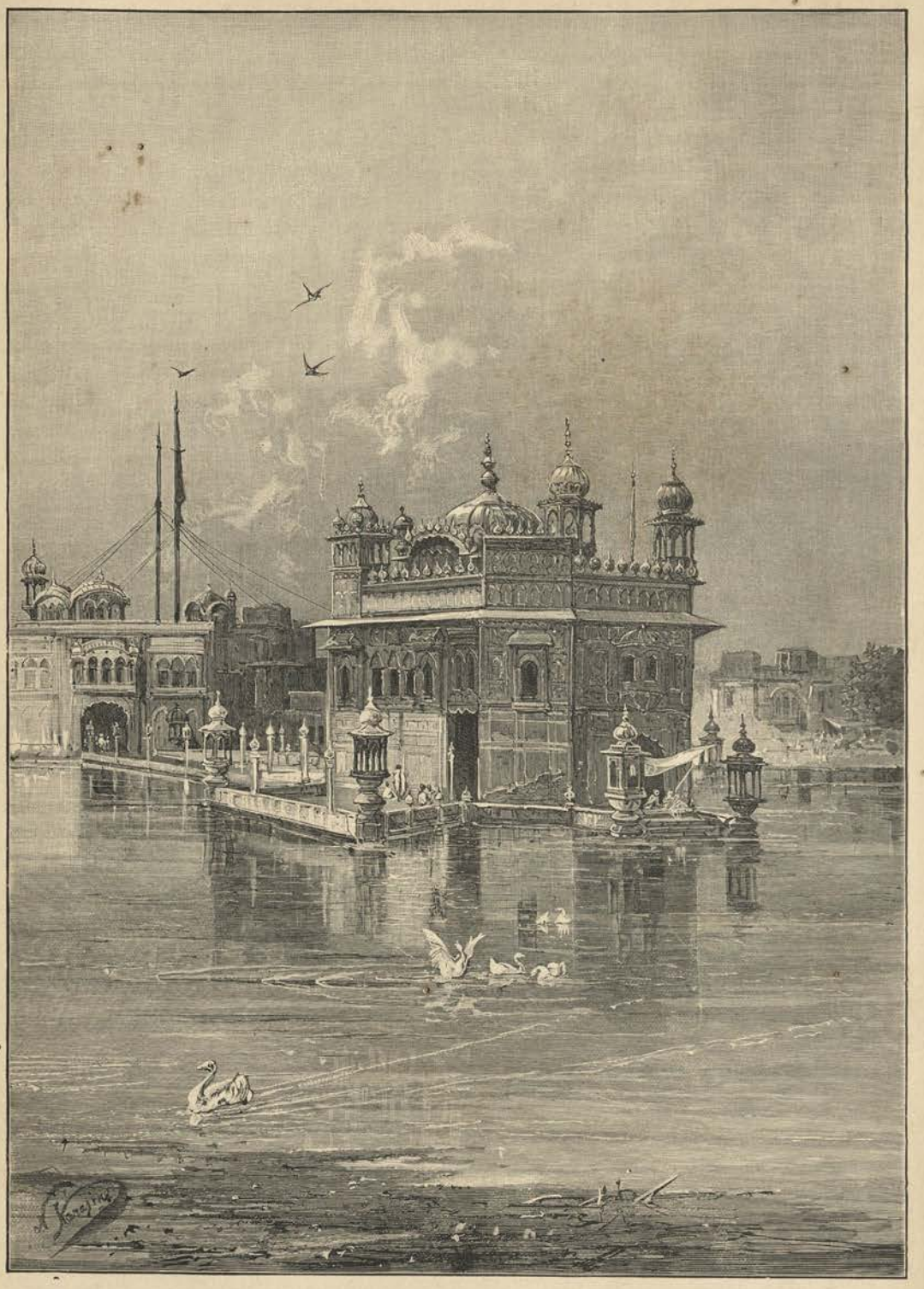
Obedience to one's spiritual preceptor is considered as the surest method of perfecting oneself. He can teach his disciples how to come into immediate communion with the Divinity, and, acting magically on him who receives the holy doctrine, through him can influence his neighbours. When the disciple has reached this high degree of knowledge he needs no outward purificatory ceremonies to ascend to heaven: 'he who hears and loves and guards the name of God, the same bathes in his own heart as in a sacred lake.'

Their Highnesses enter for a few moments into the Akal Bungah, where they are shown the sword that belonged to Govind Singh, an unfortunate *guru*, who was so hated by Aurangzeb, that this Mogul had his children buried alive.

Beyond a collection of weapons more or less famed, and the vessels used in the *pakhul* rite, there is nothing especially remarkable in the temple. The inner growth, however, and the true character of Sikhism stand out in bolder relief in this central sanctuary. Guarding the collections so precious to the faithful stands the powerful figure of a native warrior-monk (*akali*) in his characteristic dark-blue attire, with iron bracelets on his arms, and an extraordinary array of sharp-edged discs and knives on his head: these the Sikhs of the last century used as missiles in battle with fatal effect. The *akali*, a sect of celibate fanatics, who were a burden to their own chiefs and countrymen, now practically consists of a very limited number of members, but in the days of Runjeet Singh consisted of several thousand unruly warriors (the janissaries, so to speak, of the Punjab), with ultra-democratic leanings. They were constantly under the influence of opium or other narcotics, wore long hair and slept in their terrible bristling turbans (presenting a whole arsenal of cold steel and a nest of parasites).

Leaving Amrita Saras (the lake of immortality) the illustrious travellers again pass along its quay, past the strangest fakir we have yet seen in India. The majority of them wore a rather repulsive appearance, and were distinguished from the crowd only by their dirt and fanaticism. But this mystic, here in Amritsar, strikes one by his marked individuality: he sits by a wall on a platform of stone, with downcast gaze, sometimes lifting his splendid unfathomable eyes, full of the light of reason and of spiritual peace. Long thick meshes of hair fall over his shoulders. His face is so fine and attractive, that one might long gaze in admiration on it.

Whether he was a stranger visitor of the precincts of the 'golden temple,' or a Sikh of some modern sect, I was not able to find out. In any case, however, there was nothing in him of that wild and chaotic spirit which the fanatical followers of Govind Singh used to pride themselves. One of them, for instance, a captive in the hands of the Moslem, being required to slay his two sons, and feeling how inevitable was the end, cut their throats with a firm



GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSAR.

hand, and then calmly permitted his savage tormentors (soldiers of the armies of Delhi) slowly to tear pieces of flesh from his smoking, quivering body with red-hot pincers. Is there not too much purposeless heroism and preternatural callousness in this?

Before leaving Amritsar (about 1 P.M.) their Highnesses visit the manufactory of carpets and shawls, for which the town is especially famed, notwithstanding the extent of its other manufactures and its commercial dealings. The business is carried on by Mohammedans from Cashmere, but the workmen are inferior in skill and the work in quality to those of Cashmere.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, when we stop for dinner, the Grand Duke is received at the station of Umballa by a guard of honour and the Russian anthem, which has nowhere rung out with such a stately sway as here.

In the morning we are to change to the narrow little carriages of a branch line (Hathras-Muttra Road).

FRIDAY, *January* 4/16.

Mathura, the birthplace of Krishna, a former home of Buddhism and a city still held sacred by a countless number of natives, who flock hither to wash away their sins in the waters of the Jumna. The antiquity of this legendary site is indisputable, but the first authentic data concerning it refer to 1017, when its famous temples were plundered by Sultan Mahmud of Gazni. The sack lasted for twenty days. Amidst all the countless booty, the chief attraction lay in the gold and silver idols, with rubies for eyes, and adorned with precious stones. More than one hundred camels were needed to carry it away.

Neither did Sicandar Lodi, Emperor of Delhi (1488-1516), spare the holy places of Mathura, but destroyed the monuments of polytheism, so hateful to the Moslem. The remaining temples were converted into caravanserais, or into schools for the instruction of youth in the literature of Islam. The idols of stone were given to butchers (*i.e.* to the most unhallowed reprobates in the eyes of the Hindus, who reverence the cow), that the fragments might be used as weights. The heathen were forbidden to shave their heads and beards or to bathe in the river. Aurangzeb determined to destroy the very name of Mathura, replacing it by Islampur or Islamabad.

These barbarities assume even a darker colour, in that, according to the simple creed of the pilgrims who flocked hither from great distances, a day passed in the birthplace of Krishna was more efficacious for salvation than whole years passed in prayer in the holy city of Benares.

To the present day Orientalists are unable to settle who Krishna was, and what to consider as the nucleus of this complex myth. One thing seems to be undoubted: ages ago some nomad tribes (the Yadava) migrated to the Jumna, founded a kingdom here, with Mathura for its capital, and, on account of some remarkable qualities of his, deified one of their princes, the dusky Krishna. (It must be remarked that Buddha also belonged to a people of Scythian origin, and, as a non-Aryan, was sometimes represented as almost black.) The good Yadava divinity gained the favour of the surrounding populace within an immense radius. The Brahmins, pursuing their ancient tactics of overpowering a spiritual foe by receiving him into their own pantheon, did the same with Krishnaism, which from that time gained even greater influence over the masses. Worshipping Krishna as an avatar of Vishnu, the faithful glorified the triumph of the good and vital principle over the dejection and despair which to some extent, perhaps

too much so, predominate in the pessimistic philosophy of the Hindus. Krishna is gay, playful, subject to purely human frailties and passions, defends the weak . . . what more could the masses seek?

Gifted with the power of filling the universe with joy and happiness, the divinity of Mathura loved to inspire birds and beasts, shepherdesses and peasants, and even inanimate objects with his melodious piping. But when all around is penetrated with the thrill of pleasure,—Orpheus changes into a stern and thoughtful preacher of morality, into a sort of Buddha, seeing the vanity of all earthly cares, into a personification of passionless self-limitation. The spells of love and invitation to sinful pleasure were but now sparkling in the eyes of Krishna, which resemble two wondrous lotuses, when suddenly a spirit of something different, loftier, free from the defilement of the world and its host of passions comes over that same compelling face. What a strange supernatural being, what incomprehensible workings of the ardent Oriental mind!

The Cesarewitch accepts the invitation of the mess of the King's Dragoon Guards, quartered at Mathura, to lunch and dine with them to-day. In the interval between them the illustrious travellers make an excursion to a little place called Bindraban, a few miles beyond the city.

The name is derived from the native word *brinda*, an aromatic plant (*Ocymum sanctum*), held sacred by the natives, which at one time was found here in great quantities, while the place itself was yet a thick jungle (*ban*) and not a series of temples, surrounded by dwellings. Countless numbers of pilgrims come hither to worship.

Now the jungle is cleared, and amidst the verdure, so refreshing to the eye when compared with the surrounding sandy wastes, temples of red Jaipur sandstone are built one after another on the generous contributions of near and of distant worshippers.

Their Highnesses drive in a carriage, drawn by four horses, past several many-storied temples with locked gates. The natives are very unwilling to admit foreigners into the penetralia of buildings devoted to the worship of the gods. According to tradition, the Emperor Akbar was led blindfold into one of the fanes of Bindraban, where he was shown such incredible marvels, and told such hidden secrets, that the Mogul, in deep amazement, allowed the rajahs and the people to magnify the place in whatever manner they chose.

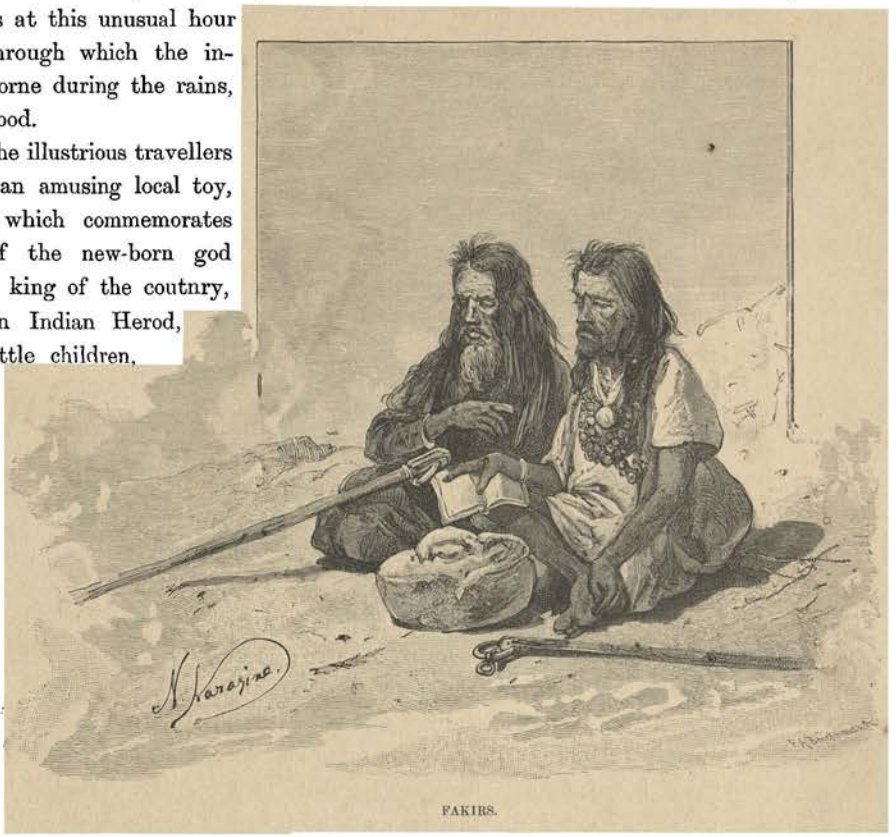
The illustrious travellers mount the hill on which stands the grim tower of the Madan Mohan temple, which owes its origin to the following occurrence. A merchant was bringing a cargo of valuable goods up the Jumna to Agra, which runs past at our feet. His vessel ran aground, and for three days no efforts availed to set it afloat again, until prayers were offered up to Krishna, when it floated off of itself. The grateful owner erected the above-mentioned temple on the shore.

Large monkeys, regarded as sacred by the faithful, run after us along the roofs of the neighbouring buildings, catching the oranges tossed to them. Two or three fakirs sit by the gloomy walls surrounding the Madan Mohan, looking about them indifferently. One of them is reading a book lying on his knees so attentively as not even to raise his eyes when one of the English gentlemen accompanying us laid a hand on his shoulder. Another (apparently a beggar), sitting by the water-side, under an enormous umbrella, planted in the earth, did not even stoop to lift up a rupee thrown at his feet.

STREET IN MATHURA.

The place where he sits is called the Kali-dha Ghat, and is much reverenced by the Hindus, as here in mythical ages Krishna trod down the head of the serpent Kaliya, who rose from the depths of the river and presumed to do battle with the invincible god.

A platform with some ten seats is improvised on two boats tied together, so that their Highnesses might obtain a view, if only cursory, of Bindraban from the Jumna itself. The sight is new, but not interesting, as the throng at the landing-stages and the stairs leading down to the river only moves about with noisy animation, following our raft as it floats down the stream, and offers up no prayers at this unusual hour by the sacred stream through which the infant Krishna was safely borne during the rains, when the river was in flood.



FAKIRS.

When at the mess, the illustrious travellers had already been shown an amusing local toy, called Vasudeva Katóra, which commemorates the miraculous escape of the new-born god from certain death. The king of the coutnry, enacting the part of an Indian Herod, began destroying tiny little children, it having been foretold that a boy would be born who would destroy him. The father carried the sleeping little Krishna over the river. Whenever his little feet touched the water it retreated, without daring to rise up to the arms of the father, who was saving his son, — and not only retreated, but ceased its rapid flow, so as to allow him to ford it easily.

The brass toy seen by us consists of a little basin and a man sitting in it with a child on his knees. When water is poured into it, it suddenly flows out of a hole at the side, barely touching the man.

On the sandy and uninhabited opposite bank of the Jumna turtles are enjoying their *siesta*, and a crocodile lies like a black log, while as we look we feel the hot breath of the open plain in our faces. Their Highnesses return to Bindraban, gaze from a distance on the fine temple which is being erected by the Maharajah of Jaipur, and pay a passing visit to an old and massive temple of the sixteenth century. Further on, on the other side of the wide street, rises the gigantic pyramidal building of the 'Seths' (exceedingly wealthy merchants) of Mathura, which cost them nearly £450,000. There an abundance of food is daily offered up to Krishna, and is then distributed

among hundreds of poor people. Here too there is a famous school of Sanscrit learning, and none but believers are allowed to enter here. This prohibition depends not so much on religious intolerance as on custom. The very same 'Seths,' only a little while ago, contributed liberally towards the building of a Catholic church, with a very ugly exterior, near the railway station.

The inner halls of the temple we have entered are locked. 'The god sleeps,' say the custodians, 'and the doors of the altar may not yet be opened.'

On further request, however, they ring a bell, wake the invisible idol, and slowly open the portals leading to the dwelling of the god. . . . But all is dark before us, nothing is to be seen, something seems to rise fantastically in the lifeless gloom and then melts away again.

SATURDAY, *January* 5/17.

Eight o'clock in the morning. Agra.—A state reception by the military and the civil authorities. The platform is decorated. The Maharajah of Bhurtpur, chief of the Jats, was among those present. The guard of honour, with colours and band, is furnished by the Leinster Regiment. The volunteers are also drawn up at the station. When, after the Russian anthem has been played, the Cesarewitch takes his seat in his carriage, the thunder of a salute welcomes H.I. Highness to the favourite city of the greatest of the Moguls.

Sights and days follow each other with such amazing rapidity, supplementing one another, but at the same time blending into far too complex a whole, that it becomes more and more difficult to work up one's scattered notes into a clear and connected account. 'On! on!' whispers the restless spirit of travelling: but 'this has not been examined into, these details of the greatest importance have been neglected, such and such things require deeper study, and it is too late . . .' is what one has to confess at every step.

After a general description of Delhi, very little remains to be said about Agra. Both the city and the citadel are comparatively modern. Their growth began with Akbar, and reached its height under Aurangzeb. The past of the monuments and palaces of this temporary imperial residence coincides and is closely connected with the political life, successes, and reverses of the chief Moguls. There is no reason for repeating their more or less well-known history in connection with the sights of Agra. There are moments in a journey, when the less conscious one is of the vivid panorama around one, the deeper is its influence on the spirit and the stronger its impression on the memory. To speak, when recalling it, of historical names, events, and dates is wearisome; what use for commentaries when the living reality is more eloquent than the most enthusiastic description, and the artist alone is able, though but faintly, to reproduce the features of the vision, which come and vanish like a dream?

The illustrious travellers visit the buildings of the ancient citadel, with its traditional Diwan-i-am, and Diwan-i-khaz, its 'Pearl mosque,' which in beauty and dimensions perhaps even excels that of Delhi, the whole palace with its silent chambers, and its terrace overlooking the Jumna.

On the terrace are two daïses—one white, the other black. There is a fissure in the latter, supposed to have been formed when the throne of the Moguls was ascended by an usurper, a Jat chief, who had accidentally gained possession of the city.

TEMPLE OF MADAN MAHAL, BINDRABAN.

Their Highnesses long gaze in admiration on the scene lying before the marble pavilion built by some Italian architect, whence the Taj is visible.

. . . The Taj! 'A poem in marble,' to use the words of an enthusiastic lady traveller: may it not rather be called 'the temple of conjugal faithfulness and happy love'?

It stands in a suburb of Agra, surrounded by a lofty wall, encircled by a park with flower-beds and fountains, and serves as a mausoleum, in which lie buried Shah-Jahan and the Empress Arjmand Banu Begum, called 'Mumtaz Mahal' (the chosen of the palace). Dark cypresses and bamboos stand in melancholy rows along the path that leads to the building. The garden is entered through crimson gates, bearing the inscription: 'Heaven is open for the pure in heart.' One enters the tomb itself and pauses in amazement and delight. . . .

Doors of silver once led into it, but the Jats tore them off their hinges and melted them down.

The Sultan's wife was buried by him in this home of peace after fifteen years of inseparable married life: Arjmand Bani Begum died in childbed, giving birth to her eighth child. The inconsolable Sultan reverenced her memory and raised a dome above her, where the echo answers in melodious chords to the faintest sound of the voice ringing softly in the dim heights of the airy perforated arches. The daylight penetrates into the sacred vault only because of the transparency and radiancy of the atmosphere in southern lands, only because the delicate lace-like fretwork of the walls of the Taj give admittance to what may be called 'an aroma of light.'

SUNDAY, *January* 6/18.

Sikandra. The tomb of Akbar.—Here there is just such a walled-in space as the last resting-place of Arjmand Banu. But the court is very much larger, has fewer trees in it, and is altogether more gloomy and majestic.

The grand building which has given shelter to the ashes of undoubtedly the greatest and most far-sighted of all the sovereigns of India is very remarkable both in conception and execution.

The stories rise one above the other in half-covered terraces, with turrets and little cupolas dotted over them, and are connected by interior staircases, ending at the unfinished upper platform which lies open to the fiery sapphire sky.

In the middle of it stands a sarcophagus, with the simple words: 'Allahu Akbar,' which evidently bear a double interpretation: 'God is great,' or 'Akbar is a god,'—as this Mogul, having studied the mysteries of the most various religions, gradually came to regard himself as a supernatural being of the highest order, and even required all but divine honours from his subjects.

Now he lies, a handful of dust, walled up in the vault beneath the first story of the mausoleum. The Mussulman sovereign, who sought for the truth of Parsees and Brahmins, of Catholic missionaries and Tibetan lamas, who prayed to fire and doubted not of the magical powers of Hinduism, has gradually become a somewhat fantastic tradition in the eyes of posterity.

The sun, whose incarnation he dared to consider himself, sheds its burning rays on the snow-white tracery of Akbar's tomb. The marble reading-desk for the Koran, where the most famous diamond in the world, the Koh-i-Nur, which brings misfortune to its possessor, is said to have lain, has vanished. The monument, with its characteristically mixed style of architecture,

rises darkly into the fathomless heavens, like the personified spiritual aspiration of an eclectic believer, thirsting for the highest truth, and petrified in his heretical philosophy.

THE TAJ MAHAL, NEAR AGRA.

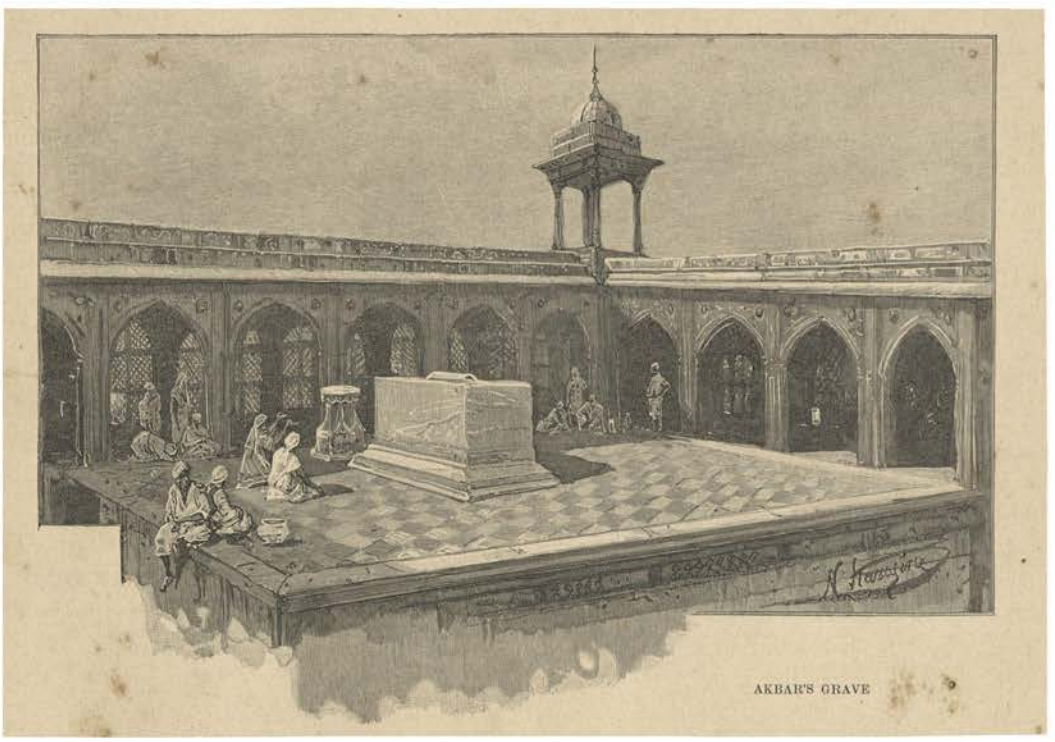
In spite of the remarkable talents which make him a prominent figure among his predecessors and successors, the Emperor could be more heartless than can well be credited. For instance, having shown much favour to a politically dangerous Maharajah, he handed him, in a friendly manner, a cup . . . of poison, himself taking the other. But the cups had been accidentally exchanged, and the Mogul

VIEW FROM THE OLD FORTRESS AT AGRA ON THE TAJ MAHAL.

died in great torment. His well-earned fame for the humanity of his measures for increasing the prosperity of his people is darkened by a crime, of a purely private character, not yet quite explained. One of Akbar's concubines once smiled on his son, Prince Selim, and the father, intercepting the glance of love, determined to show no mercy to the traitress (though faithless only in thought): she was buried alive in a marble coffin. . . .

MONDAY, *January* 7/19.

Eight o'clock in the morning. Gwalior.—The former stronghold of the Rajpoots and the Moslem, and afterwards the northernmost advanced post of the Maratha power. For many centuries



AKBAR'S GRAVE

it was ruled by the Kutchwahas, known to us through Jaipur. Prince Suraj Sen, who suffered from leprosy, was cured here by a native hermit of the name of Gwalipa, and having built a fortress on this spot, named it Gwaliawar. In the thirteenth century it was held by Sultan Altamoh, afterwards by the Tuar or Tomar dynasty, which ruled in Delhi at its fall, and finally by the Moguls. The leader of the Marathas, Daulat Rao Scindia, settled down here less than a hundred years ago, moved the city under the hill further off from it, named it Laohkar (the camp), and began a serious struggle as well with the effete Moslem as with the British, who were forcing their way into the depths of India. French instructors (De Boigne, Perron) afforded no small assistance to Scindia in the execution of his ambitious projects; but dissensions were arising, unfavourable to the Hindus themselves—their leaders made blunder after blunder, a portion of the mercenaries turned traitors, and the interference of Europe in the fortunes of the

country finally led to the subordination of the feeble nationalities of Hindustan to the powerful Anglo-Saxon race.

Their Highnesses take up their abode in a little palace prepared for them near the railway station. After the call of the Maharajah Madoji Rao Scindia, and before examining the famous antiquities of Gwalior, the illustrious travellers call on the youthful Maratha prince (he is only fourteen years old), who drives out to meet them several miles from his palace.

The latter, called Jai Indar Bhawan, was built by an Italian architect, Michael Filose, and contains an immense durbar hall, copied from the hall of one of the palaces of the Venetian doges.

The reception given by the sovereign of Gwalior differs from those in Rajputana only in so far that it lasts longer, and nautch-girls, who have gathered in a recess of the hall, strive to entertain their illustrious guests by their singing and dancing, while the court servants lay arms, shields, antelopes' horns, etc., at their Highnesses' feet. These are, so to speak, 'apparent gifts,' meant to express the warmth of the host's feelings towards his guests. Presents, however, are not accepted from the Rajahs.

The youthful Scindia is still very much of a child. For instance, for his amusement there stands in the great durbar hall a doll, representing an old woman, who knits a stocking and shakes her head. When, on the day after their arrival, the illustrious travellers dined at the Jai Indar Bhawan, the Maratha prince, having no right to be present at the meals of men of another creed, held the door of the dining-room ajar and peeped in to see how the Europeans ate.

His courtiers, typical representatives of that famous race, which rapidly and easily succeeded in gaining a reputation for courage and diplomatic skill, show a marked difference from the Rajpoots in the folding of their turbans and in the combinations of colour in their attire, but most of all in the Turanian cast of their faces, in which they partly recall our Tartars. The nobility of Jodhpur and Alwar, on the other hand, show more evidence of belonging to the Caucasian race, illustrating by their proud and reserved bearing the extraordinary case discovered by Tod in the annals of Rajputana, of a chief of the Kshatriya caste, who, having lost his principality, and even the royal umbrella, in battle, in his insane wrath began to shoot arrows at the sky, whence the sun presumed to scorch his royal head, unprotected from its rays.

There is not a trace of such blind and overweening pride in the features of the Maratha warriors. The more clearly, on the other hand, do they express an invincible determination, along with extreme craftiness and subtlety, and a combination of natural uninformed understanding with stormy, passionate impulses to believe in something terrible, and sometimes even absurd, but to fight only for something very real and definite. Sivaji and his successors, as well as the bold generals and governors, raised by them from the ranks of the people, founded a whole independent kingdom, which afterwards broke up into its component parts; but the connection between them continued to exist, and, *like the Sikhs, the Marathas personify the India of yore, built up of elements inimical to foreign interference in their life and rights.*

Their Highnesses and the suite, mounted on elephants, ascend the hill surmounted by the rosy-tinted walls of the former citadel, which used to be the pride of the hospitable rajahs, and served as a state prison in the days of the Moguls, when politically dangerous princes and noted men of action used to be immured for life within these grim walls.

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Gwalior

In 1857 Scindia endeavoured to put down the rebellion, but his troops sympathised with the mutinous Sepoys; then the British occupied the fortress, under the pretext of waiting until the disturbances were quelled, and did not return it to their faithful ally until 1885! At last Lord Dufferin solemnly returned the citadel of Gwalior to its lawful owner, and then only thanks to Russia's successes in Central Asia!

Having examined the old palace, built by the old rajahs, the illustrious travellers ride round the immense flat summit of the hill, which rises solitary in the plain, admire the ruins of two heathen temples, and descend into the lonely neighbouring valley of Urvahi, to look at the Jain idols, carved in rock in the fifteenth century, when this creed was especially favoured by the local princes. It is said that catacombs exist in the neighbourhood, where the natives concealed the objects of their worship from the Mohammedans, and where they gathered for prayer; but the subterraneous passages are neglected, and have not yet been explored. The English are beginning to take measures for the preservation of the antiquities of Gwalior, much having been done by an engineer, Mr. Keith.

DURBAR HALL IN PALACE OF MAHARAJAH SCINDIA.

To-day, on Tuesday, January 8 (20), the Cesarewitch again proceeds through a little place called Singapur, on a shooting expedition to the jungle of Tassin Koti, the favourite hunting-ground of that great sportsman, Akbar. The result is an enormous tigress shot by the Cesarewitch and Prince George of Greece. Another tiger, as large, was shot by Prince Kochubey, but it crawled away into the jungle, where the trained elephants seek for it in vain.

Owing to the distance we return to Gwalior somewhat late in the evening. The hunt was superintended by the British Resident, Colonel Barr, Major Mastern, and Dr. Crafts.

Wednesday, January 9 (21), is devoted to rest. In the course of the day native jugglers exhibit their art at the little palace assigned to their Highnesses, the most interesting exhibitions being the growth of a little tree in a basket of earth, and a fight between a snake and a mongoose. The first trick is attributed to the sleight of hand of the Hindus, who are supposed to plant a little sprout in a basket covered with a coarse cloth, and to keep replacing it constantly by

new and older shoots; but it is not easy to understand how they can do so, as their arms are bare up to the shoulder, and altogether they are more than half-naked.

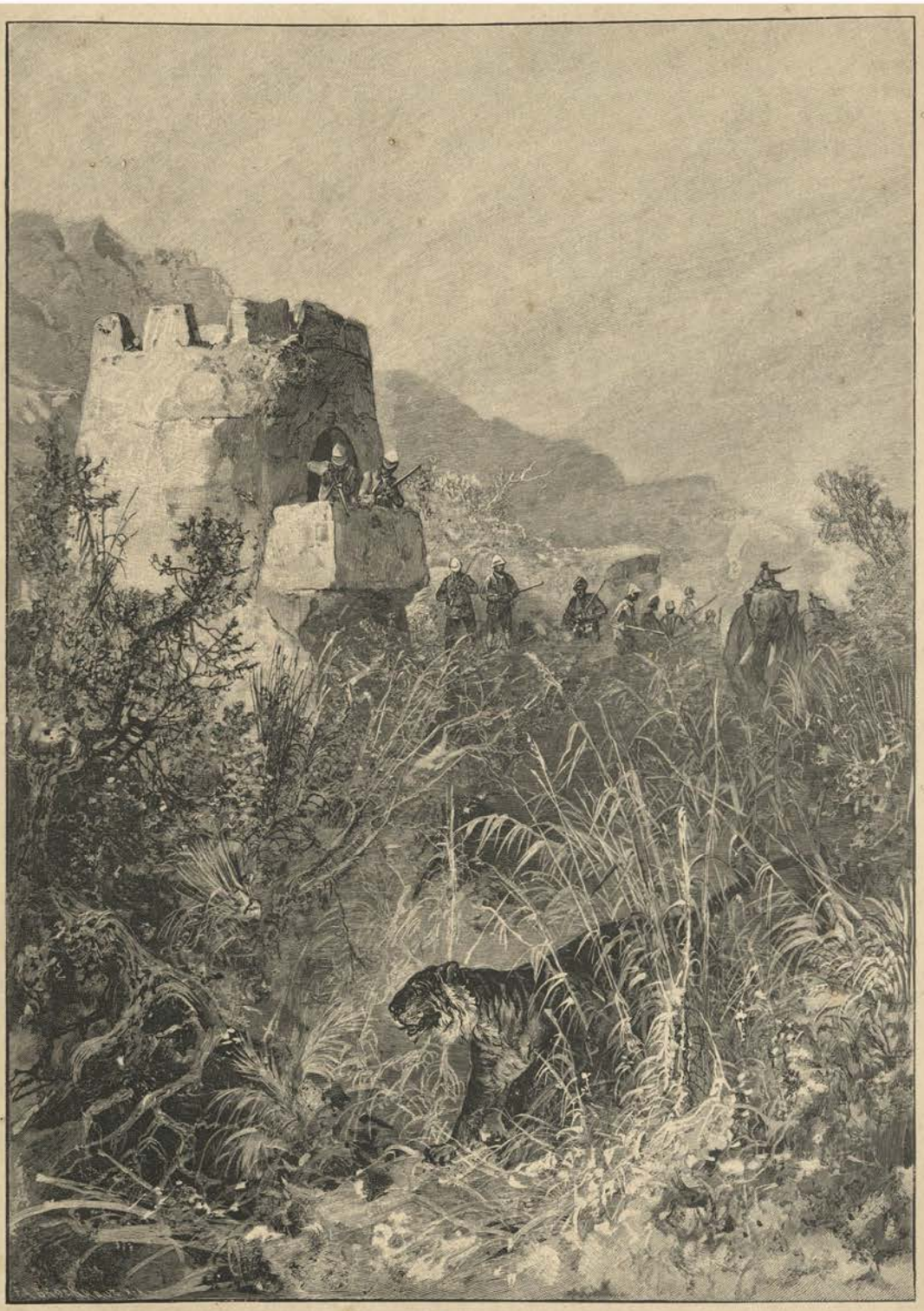
The mongoose, which is generally victorious, biting and shaking the reptile with all the fierceness of an implacable foe, is itself bitten by the snake to-day, and crouching up discontentedly in a corner, seems to suffer a good deal from the poison.

MEMORIAL, GWALIOR.

THURSDAY, *January* 10/22.

In the morning we arrive at Cawnpore. The English like to visit this place, so fraught with gloomy memories of the Mutiny. The name of the place, for some reason or other, is regarded as historical; if so, it is not in any Indian sense of the word, since the native land of Gautama Buddha has been the scene of so many bloody tragedies, far more appalling, that, regarded *sub speciê æternitatis*, the struggle of Nana Sahib with his pale-faced foes could not have ended otherwise; they worked in the country for gold and power,—he thirsted for both one and the other in a greater degree than the position of affairs could admit of,—the result was clear: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Christians have no reason to be surprised that this lawless and masterful heathen, stirred up by the fanatical Brahmins, and feeling that his cause was lost, brutally massacred his prisoners, not sparing even the little children. Those who speak with indignation about the Mutiny do not express the same feelings at the sons of the last Mogul having been shot in cold blood, and Sepoys having been blown from the mouths of loaded cannon. The savage and stubborn contest for the mastery being long over, foreigners travelling in India are strangely struck by the almost morbid feelings of the victors about the rebellion and the murders which were its fruit.

There are two great monuments of the year 1857 in Cawnpore,—the Memorial Well and Gardens, and the Memorial Church.

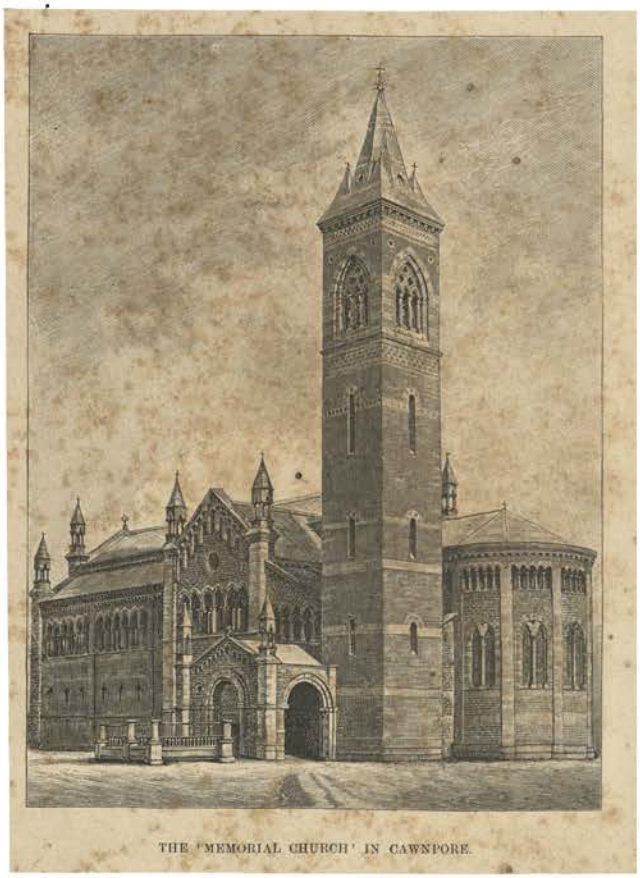


TIGER HUNT NEAR GWALIOR.

A beautiful park lies around the well, now filled up, into which the bodies of a number of Europeans of both sexes, murdered by Nana Sahib's orders, were thrown at the time of the massacre. The dead and the dying lay in one common heap; terrible groans were heard from the pit, and the British soldiers, who came to the rescue, found several of their countrywomen still alive, though at the point of death.

All is still in this region of death and reconciliation. Above the awful tomb an angel of snow-white marble (sculptured by Marochetti) stands with folded arms, holding a palm-branch in each hand.

The church, erected in memory of those who perished here, was finished in 1876, and cost nearly £20,000. Inside are a number of tablets with the names of the victims.



THE 'MEMORIAL CHURCH' IN CAWNPORE.

Midday. We are at Lucknow, another city remarkable in the history of the Mutiny, where the Mussulman King of Oudh once held his court, until the kingdom was abolished by the British, which was partly the cause of the dissatisfaction in the North-West Provinces.

The authorities (with General Perkins, and Mr. Moule, the Commissioner of the district, at their head) await their Highnesses at the decorated station. The strains of the Russian and the Greek anthems ring out in the air.

The guard of honour is furnished by the Scottish Rifles. The escort along Abbot and Forsyth Roads to Government House consists of a squadron of the 16th Queen's Lancers. Native troops are drawn up along the way. At Government House stands a guard of honour, furnished by the 5th Bengal Lancers. The sentries are from the Royal Irish Rifles.

In the course of the day the Cesarewitch surveys the historical museum, where he devotes a long time to the examination of a model representing the famous defence of the Residency, when the people of Oudh at last rose against the Europeans. Colonel May, a venerable veteran of those days, explains the details of the siege, and the heroic defence of the garrison cut off from the main army.

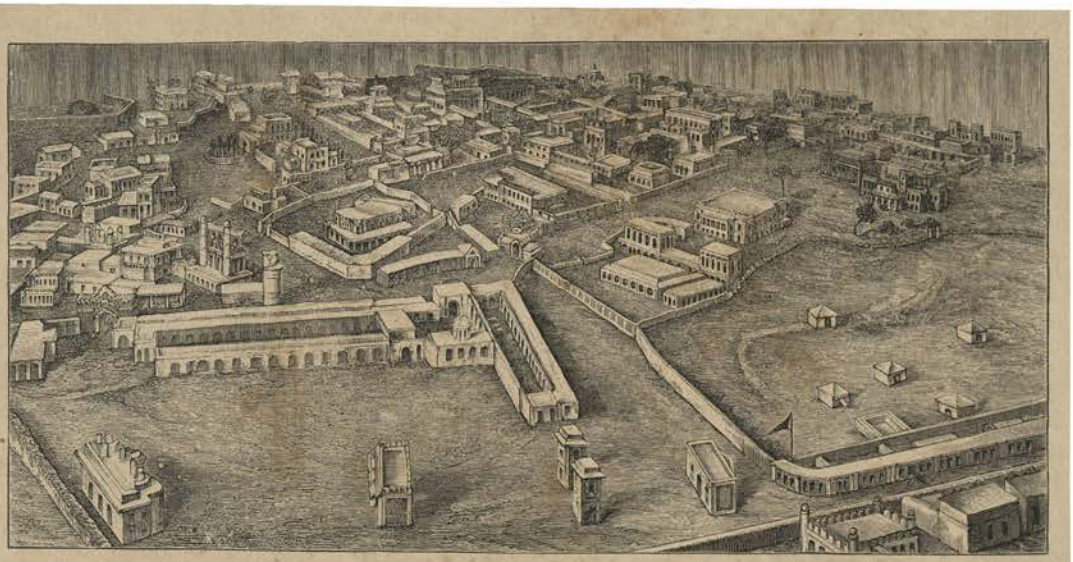
The wearisome suspense of hundreds of Europeans, shut up with their families within walls and ramparts, now half-ruined, as to whether help would soon come or whether all was lost, must have acted on them in the most depressing manner. Living amidst a hail of shot and bullets, con-

stantly repelling the assaults of the bold natives, knowing no peace, either by night or by day, from the unexpected attacks of the enterprising foe, the sons of England showed themselves worthy of their vocation to rule the dark and ignorant races of the East, and to die fearlessly when duty and dignity required it.

The grand inscription on the tomb of the first chief of the Residency (the command was afterwards assumed by Brigadier Inglis)—

HERE LIES
HENRY LAWRENCE,
WHO TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY,

bears most eloquent witness to the invincible courage of many a subject of the Queen's; but hearing of their deeds and daring bravery, one cannot help but ask oneself, what beautiful



PLAN OF THE RESIDENCY—LUCKNOW.

monuments should be raised to the memory of all those natives (both Sepoys and servants), who, at a time of fearful danger and privation, remained faithful to their salt, to their banner and their masters—sometimes very harsh ones—unmurmuringly continuing their duties and their care for the welfare of the pale-faced strangers, whose sun seemed to be rapidly setting, following them unto death, without ever knowing why they exhibited so much devotion, honour, and love!

The names of such natives (and there were thousands of them!) deserve to be remembered and reverenced by civilised mankind as an irrefragable proof that the divine spark glows as brightly in the heart of the simplest heathen barbarian, if only he yearns for the good and the true, as in the hearts of the representatives of the West, actuated by the purest religious principles of their native land.

Yesterday the Grand Duke dined at the mess of the 16th Queen's Lancers.

Friday had to be passed at home, on account of a heavy rain, which prevented any detailed survey of the capital of Oudh.

The Maharajah of Benares and his Guests

SATURDAY, *January* 12/24.

Eight o'clock in the morning. Benares. The guard of honour and band are furnished by the 12th Khilat-i-Ghilzai Native Infantry. Besides General Kinloch and the civil authorities, the Cesarewitch is received by the Maharajah Prabhu Narayan Singh, with his relations and his counsellors.

GATE, LUCKNOW.

With him the Cesarewitch, amid the thunder of a salute, enters a carriage drawn by four artillery horses, specially sent by the 34th Royal Battery from Allahabad.

In our journey through India we have now reached a most interesting Eastern city, whose name is equally sacred to the natives of the land and to the Buddhists of Siam, Annam, the Celestial Empire, and our own Buriats and Kalmucks.

END OF VOLUME I.

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